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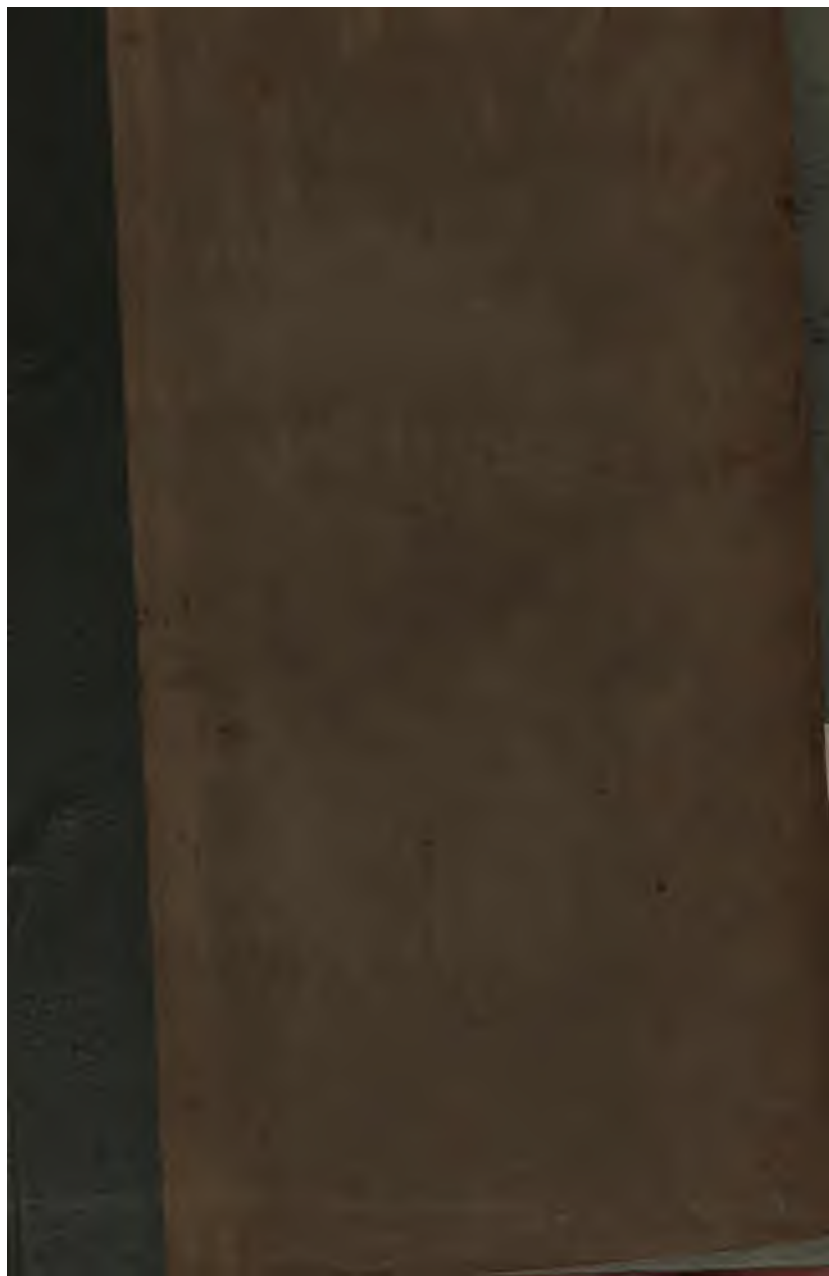
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JAMES KAY,

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F. Serave. sc.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

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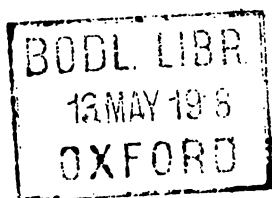
WRITTEN BY THE PARTIES THEMSELVES.

**WITH BRIEF INTRODUCTIONS, AND COMPENDIOUS
SEQUELS CARRYING ON THE NARRATIVE TO THE
DEATH OF EACH WRITER.**

VOL. XVI.—BENVENUTO CELLINI.

LONDON:

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THE
L I F E
OF
BENVENUTO CELLINI,
A FLORENTINE ARTIST.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS NUGENT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON: 1828.

PRINTED FOR HUNT AND CLARKE,
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INTRODUCTION.

THE established character of the **Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini**, as a piece of very curious autobiography, renders all apology unnecessary for its introduction into a collection, the very object of which is to form a gallery of self-portraiture of the most various and inclusive description. The life of a man of genius by himself can scarcely fail to be interesting under any circumstances; but in regard to Cellini, the peculiar sphere in which he moved, and the period in which he lived, unite with his own wild and wayward eccentricities, to give a charm to his personal adventures, which has been acknowledged not only in his own country and language, but throughout Europe. His employment by the Popes Clement VII and Paul III, by Francis I;

the Emperor Charles V, the Grand Dukes Alexander and Cosmo de' Medici,—with most of whom he held frequent communion and conversation,—bring all these personages before the eyes of the reader, and give him the best of all possible insight into the social spirit of the age. His sketches of the papal conduct and manners are especially curious and interesting. His own high character as an artist also brought him in contact or acquaintance with the kindred men of genius of his day, including Michael Angelo, Titian, Julio Romano, and nearly the whole of the leading painters and sculptors who were his contemporaries. Nor is the attraction lessened by the jealousy and spirit of competition which frequently guides his pen; for however such feelings might warp his inclinations, Cellini was one of those children of impulse, who usually display all the springs of action by which they are guided, whether they intend it or not. Looking to his warm, reckless, and impetuous notions, the life of such a man would be a romance in any age; it was peculiarly so in his own.

It is impossible not to perceive in these remarkable memoirs, that, deeply imbued with the superstition and credulity of the times, Cellini

gives several marvellous anecdotes which prove both that he sometimes imposed upon himself, and was frequently imposed upon by the simplicity or imposture of others. A warm imagination, undisciplined by much either of education or reflection, will readily account for this tendency in the early part of the sixteenth century, without affecting his veracity on less extraordinary occasions. It is of less moment to admit, that the picture which this gifted artist draws of himself is not always calculated to excite our admiration. Even as delineated by his own hand, he appears to have been one of the most petulant, capricious, and revengeful, men of genius on record; and he was evidently treated by the majority of his great employers as a wayward child. It is to be feared, that the manner in which more than one life was sacrificed to his revenge merits no other name than assassination; and the little difficulty with which he obtained pardon and absolution, affords a curious example of papal justice, and of the lax police which has for so many ages been the opprobrium of Italy. All this, however, adds to the curiosity of the work, as descriptive of a singular variety in human nature; and taken

altogether, the Memoirs of Cellini are now generally admitted to be among the most interesting and amusing pieces of self-biography extant.

To this edition, which is a reprint, with due revision, of that of Dr Nugent, are added four letters, to be found in Cellini's works, from whence they have been translated.

LIFE

OF

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

Motives which induced the Author to write the history of his own life.—Origin of the city of Florence.—Account of the Author's family and parentage, with the reason of his being named Benvenuto.—He discovers an early taste for drawing and designing; but his father advises him to learn music; to oblige him, he, with reluctance, learns to play upon the lute.—His father in favour with Pope Leo X.—Benvenuto is bound apprentice to a jeweller and goldsmith.

IT is a duty incumbent on all men, in whatever state or condition of life, who have performed praiseworthy actions, or distinguished themselves by gallant exploits, to be their own biographers; yet they should not enter upon this important and arduous undertaking, in which a strict adherence

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to honour and truth often obliges them to pass censure on their own conduct, till they are forty years of age. That this observation is strictly just, I am now fully convinced, since I have reached my fifty-eighth year, and am peaceably settled in this city of Florence; where I find myself freer from every kind of distress than I have been at any other time of life, and possessed of a greater share of content and health than I have hitherto enjoyed. Thence it is, that recollecting some delightful scenes which afforded me a transient enjoyment; as likewise many dreadful disasters, (the very idea of which, upon a retrospect of my past conduct, fills me with the deepest horror; and with no less surprise that I have lived to this age, which, thanks be to God, is not attended with any great infirmities,) I have formed a resolution to publish an account of the several events that have befallen me. I am not indeed ignorant, that to men who have acted upon this public stage with any degree of honour, and have rendered themselves conspicuous to the world, virtue alone should be sufficient to immortalize their names. But as we are bound to conform to the manners and customs of the society of which we are members, I must in compliance with this law, commence my narrative with the explanation of some particular points, in which the public curiosity will expect to be indulged.

The first of them is to make known to the world, that a man is descended from a virtuous and ancient family. My name then is Benvenuto Cellini, and I am son to Signor John Andrew, son of Christofano Cellini. My mother was Mary Elizabeth, daughter to Stefano Granacci, and both were citizens of Florence. It appears from the ancient chronicle compiled by natives of that city, men highly deserving of credit, that it was built after the

model of Rome: this is evident from the vestiges of the colosseum, and the hot baths, near the holy cross: the capitol was an ancient market-place: the rotunda, which is still entire, was built for a temple of Mars, and is now called St. John's church. This is so clear and evident that it cannot be denied; but the abovementioned structures are of much smaller dimensions than those of Rome. It is said, that they were erected by Julius Cæsar, in conjunction with some other Roman patricians, who having subdued and taken Fiesole, in this very place founded a city, and each of them undertook to erect one of these remarkable edifices. Julius Cæsar had a very gallant officer of the first rank in his army, named Florentius of Cellino, which is a castle within two miles of Monte Fiascone: this Florentius having taken up his quarters under Fiesole, where Florence at present stands, to be near the river Arno for the convenience of his army; all the soldiers, and others who had any business with that officer, said, Let us go to Florence; as well because the name of the officer was Florentius, as because on the spot where he had fixed his headquarters there was great plenty of flowers. Thus, in the infancy of the town, the casual appellation of Florence happening to please Julius Cæsar, and the mention of flowers appearing to have something auspicious, he gave it the name of Florentia, in compliment to his valiant officer, for whom he had the greatest affection; he had indeed raised him from an humble station, so that Florentius might properly be deemed his own creature. The other name of Fludentia, which the learned inventors and investigators of the connexion of names, pretend that Florence had obtained on account of the Arno's flowing through the town, cannot be admitted; because the Tiber runs through Rome, the Po

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through Ferrara, the Soane through Lyons, the Seine through Paris, which cities have different names, no way derived from the course of those rivers. We have found the etymology to be as above, and are therefore of opinion, that this city takes its name from the valiant captain Florentius. I have likewise met with persons of the name of Cellini in Ravenna, a much more ancient city than Florence; and have been told they were men of great consequence: there are also some of the family in Pisa, and several other parts of Italy, besides a few that still remain in Tuscany. Some of these have embraced a military life; and it is not many years since a young man, of the name of Luca Cellini, fought with an able veteran who had formerly distinguished himself in single combat, and whose name was Francis da Vicorati; Luca encountered him at his own weapons, and slew him with such undaunted prowess as surprised the world, who expected quite the reverse: so that, upon the whole, I think I may safely boast of being descended from brave and worthy ancestors. What honour and reputation I have in any respect acquired to my family, I shall relate in a proper place; being more proud that I, though of an humble origin, have laid a foundation of grandeur for my descendants, than if I had sprung from a noble lineage, and had disgraced or injured it by degeneracy. I shall, therefore, now begin to inform the reader in what manner it pleased God that I should come into the world.

My ancestors lived in the valley of Ambra, where they had considerable possessions, and resided on that solitary spot as lords of the manor: they were all trained to arms, and distinguished for their courage. At this time, a son of theirs, whose name was Cristofano, had a great quarrel with some of

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their neighbours and friends ; and because on both sides the chief relations had engaged in the dispute, and it seemed likely that the flames of discord would end in the destruction of the two families ; the old people, having maturely considered this circumstance, removed the two young men out of the way, who first gave occasion to the quarrel. The opposite party obliged their kinsman to withdraw to Sienna ; and Cristofano's parents sent their son to Florence, where they purchased a small house for him in the Via Chiara, from the monastery of St. Ursula, with a pretty good estate near the bridge of Rifredi. This Cristofano married a wife in Florence, and had both sons and daughters by her : the daughters he procured matches for, and portioned off ; his sons divided the remainder of their father's substance between them. After his decease, the house of Via Chiara, with some appurtenances, fell to one of the abovementioned sons, whose name was Andrew : he, in his turn, took a wife, by whom he had four male children : the name of the first was Girolamo ; that of the second Bartholomew ; the third was John, my father ; the fourth was Francis. Andrew Cellini, my grandfather, was tolerably well versed in the architecture of those days, and made it his profession. John, my father, cultivated it more than any other person else belonging to the family ; and since, according to the opinion of Vitruvius, those who are desirous of succeeding in this art, should, amongst other things, know something of music and drawing, John having made himself a complete master of the art of designing, began to apply himself to music. Thus he learned to play admirably well upon the violin and the flute ; and being of a very studious disposition, he hardly ever went abroad. His next door neighbour was Stephen Granacci, who had several

daughters of extraordinary beauty. It pleased God that John happened to cast his eye upon one of these girls, named Elizabeth; and she captivated his affection to such a degree, that he asked her in marriage: their fathers being intimate, and next-door neighbours; it was no difficult matter to bring about the match, as both parties thought they found their account in it. First of all, the two old men concluded the marriage, and then began to talk of the portion; but they could not rightly agree on that point; for Andrew said to Stephen, "My son John is the cleverest youth in Florence, and even in all Italy; and if I had thought of procuring him a wife before, I might have settled him very advantageously for a person of his station." Stephen made answer, "You may have a thousand reasons on your side; but I have five daughters, and several sons; so that, all things duly considered, it is as much as I can afford." John stood some time listening to their conversation in a corner where he had lain concealed, when suddenly bolting into the room, he expressed himself thus: "Ah! father, it is the girl that I love and doat on, and not her money; miserable are those who marry to repair a shattered fortune; and since you have boasted that I am so clever and knowing, is it to be supposed that I am not able to maintain my wife, and supply her necessities? As I want only your consent, I must give you to understand that the girl shall be mine, and I resign the portion to you." Andrew Cellini, who was somewhat whimsical, seemed to be not a little displeased at this; but in a few days John took his wife home and required no portion of her father.

They enjoyed all the felicities of the matrimonial state eighteen years together, except that of having children, which had been their ardent wish; but

at the expiration of the eighteenth year, John's wife miscarried of two male children through the unskilfulness of her physician; she became pregnant again, and was brought to bed of a girl, who was called Rose, after my father's mother. Two years after she was once more with child; and, as women in her condition are liable to certain longings, her's being exactly the same upon this occasion as before, it was generally thought that she would be brought to bed of another girl, and it had been already agreed to give her the name of Reparta, after my mother's mother. It came then to pass that she was brought to bed precisely the night of All Saints day, at half an hour past four, in the year 1500. The midwife, who was sensible that the family expected the birth of a female, as soon as she had washed the child, and wrapped it up in fine swaddling clothes, came softly up to my father, and said to him, "I here bring you a fine present which you little expected." My father who was of a philosophical disposition, and happened to be then walking about, said: "What God gives me I shall always receive thankfully;" but taking off the clothes, he saw with his own eyes the dear unexpected boy; upon which he joined his hands together, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, said: "Lord, I thank thee from the bottom of my heart for this present, which is very dear and acceptable to me." The standers by asked him, joyfully, what name he proposed to give the child: but he made them no other answer than "Let him be *Benvenuto*;"* so I was christened with God's blessing.

Andrew Cellini was still living when I was about three years of age, and he then above a hundred. They had one day removed a water pipe, and there

* An Italian word which signifies *welcome*.

came out of it a large scorpion, which they had not perceived: it descended upon the ground, and had got under a great bench, when I saw it and ran to take hold of it. This scorpion was of such a size, that whilst I held it in my little hand, it put out its tail on one side, and on the other darted its two mouths; I ran overjoyed to my grandfather, crying out: "Grandfather, see my pretty little crab." The good old man, who knew it to be a scorpion, was so frightened that he seemed ready to drop down dead, and begged it of me with great eagerness; but I grasped it the harder, and cried, for I did not choose to part with it. My father, who was in the house, flew to my assistance upon hearing the noise, but was struck with such terror and surprise, at the sight of that venomous reptile, that he could not think of any means of rescuing me from my perilous situation. But happening, just at that instant, to espy a pair of scissors, he gently laid hold of them, and humouring me all he could, he cut off the tail and head of the scorpion: then finding I had received no harm, he pronounced it a happy omen.

When I was about five years of age, my father happened to be in a little room in which they had been washing, and where there was a good fire of oak burning: with a fiddle in his hand he sang and played near the fire, the weather being exceedingly cold: he looked at this time into the flames, and saw a little animal resembling a lizard, which could live in the hottest part of that element; instantly perceiving what it was, he called for my sister, and after he had shown us the creature, he gave me a box on the ear; I fell a crying, while he, soothing me with his caresses, spoke these words: "My dear child, I don't give you that box for any fault you have committed, but that you may recollect that

the little creature in the fire is a salamander; such a one as never was beheld before, to my knowledge;” so saying, he embraced me, and gave me some money.

My father began to teach me to play upon the flute, and to sing by note; and though I was very young, at an age when children, generally speaking, are highly pleased with piping, and such other amusements, I had the utmost aversion for it, and played and sang merely in obedience to his authority. My father at that time made surprizing organs with tubes of wood, the finest and best harpsicords that were to be seen in those days, fiddles, lutes, and most beautiful and excellent harps. He was an engineer, and constructed a variety of machines, such as draw-bridges, fulling-mills, &c. He worked admirably in ivory, and was the first that excelled in that branch. But as he was also musically inclined, insomuch that this art having engrossed his whole thoughts and attention, he was requested by the court musicians to join with them; and as he was willing to oblige them, they made him one of their band. Lorenzo de’ Medici, and Piero his son, who were very much his friends, seeing afterwards that he attached himself entirely to music, and neglected his business as an engineer, and his admirable art of working in ivory, removed him from that place. This my father highly resented, and thought himself very ill used by his patrons. He, therefore, on a sudden applied again to his business, and made a looking-glass about a cubit in diameter, in bone and ivory, adorned with carved figures and foliages, with the finest polish and the most admirable elegance of design. It was in the form of a wheel; the mirror was placed in the middle; round it were seven circles, in which the seven virtues were carved in ivory and black bones;

and both the mirror and the figures of the virtues were balanced in such manner, that the wheel turning round, all the virtues moved at the same time, and had a weight to counterpoise them at their feet, which kept them in a straight direction. As he had a smattering of the Latin language, he carved a verse round the mirror, the purport of which was, "That on which side soever the wheel of fortune turns, virtue stands unshaken upon her feet:—

"Rota sum semper, quò quò me verto, stat virtus."

A short time after, his place of court musician was restored to him: at that period (which was before I was born) these musicians were all eminent artists; some of them were manufacturers of wool, and others of silk; this was the reason that my father did not think this profession beneath him; and his first desire with regard to me was, that I should become a great player on the flute. I on my part was never more offended than when he touched upon this subject, and when he told me that if I had a mind, I might become the best musician in the universe. As I have already observed, my father was a staunch friend to the house of Medici, so that when Peter was banished from Florence, he entrusted him with many affairs of consequence. The illustrious Peter Soderino having afterwards assumed the reins of government, when my father was in his service in quality of musician, that great statesman discovering his extraordinary genius, began to have recourse to him in many matters of importance. At this time my father, when I was of a tender age, caused me to be carried upon a person's shoulders to play upon the flute before the senate, and one of their servants supported me all the time. After the music was over,

Soderinò took pleasure to hear me prattle, and giving me sweetmeats, desired my father to teach me the other two elegant arts as well as that of music. My father made answer, "That he did not intend I should follow any other business than that of playing upon the flute and composing; for if it pleased God to spare his days, he hoped to make me the most eminent in that profession." To this one of the old gentlemen present replied: "For God's sake, Cellini, mind what the gonfalonier says; why should the boy aim at nothing higher all his life than being a musician?" Thus some time passed till the Medici family was restored; the Cardinal de' Medici, who was afterwards Pope Leo X. immediately upon his recall, showed the utmost kindness to my father. While the family was in exile, the roundles were removed from the coat of arms in the front of their palace; and the citizens had caused to be painted in their place the figure of a red cross, which was the arms and crest of the republic: but, at the sudden return of the Medicean princes, the red cross was effaced, and upon the said escutcheon were again painted the red roundles, and the golden field was replaced with the most striking and beautiful decorations.

A few days after died Pope Julius the second, and the Cardinal de' Medici having repaired to Rome, was elected Pope* contrary to the general opinion; my father was invited by him to repair to that capital, which would have been greatly for his advantage, but he did not choose to leave Florence: however, instead of being rewarded for it, his place at court was taken from him by Jacob Salviati, as soon as that nobleman was made gonfalonier. I, for this reason, applied myself to the goldsmith's

* Leo X.

LIFE OF

business; but while I was learning that trade, I, in part, spent my time in practising upon the flute, much against my inclination. For when my father spoke to me in the manner abovementioned, I requested him to let me draw so many hours a day, telling him that I would dedicate the remainder of it to the flute: upon which he said to me: "Do you not take pleasure in playing on that instrument?" I answered in the negative, because the profession of a musician appeared to me mean, in comparison with that to which I aspired. My father then, in the utmost despair, bound me apprentice to the father of the Cavalier Bandinello, who was called Michael Angelo, goldsmith of Pinzi di Monte, a man of great skill in his art: he had not the honour of being descended from any illustrious race, but was the son of a collier. This is not intended as a reflection on Bandinello, who laid the foundation of his family's grandeur; for whatever may be said of his family, I have nothing to alledge against himself. When I had staid there a few days, my father took me away from Michael Angelo, as being unable to bear me any longer out of his sight; so that I continued, much against my will, to learn to play upon the flute till the age of fifteen. If I should attempt to relate the extraordinary events that befel me till that period, and the great danger to which my life was exposed, I should strike my readers with surprise and astonishment. Having attained to the age of fifteen, I, against my father's inclination, engaged myself with a goldsmith, named Antonio di Sandro, who was commonly called Marcone. This was an excellent artist, and a very worthy man, high spirited, and generous in every respect: my father would not have him allow me any wages, as it is customary with other workmen; for this reason, that, since I voluntarily applied

myself to this art, I might likewise have an opportunity to draw whenever I thought proper. These conditions I readily accepted; and my worthy master was well pleased with having a cheap bargain of me. He had an only, but illegitimate, son, to whom he often enjoined hard tasks in order to spare me. So great was my inclination to improve, that I, in a few months, rivalled the most skilful journeymen in the business, and began to reap the fruit of my labour. I did not, however, fail to play sometimes, through complaisance to my father, either upon the flute or the horn; and I constantly drew tears, and deep sighs, from him every time he heard me; indeed I often, through filial piety, gave him that satisfaction, endeavouring to persuade him that I took a particular delight in music.

CHAPTER II.

The Author seeing his brother almost killed in a fray, takes his part; this gives rise to some untoward accidents, and is the cause of his being banished from Florence.—He removes to Sienna, and from thence to Bologna, where he improves greatly in learning to play upon the flute, and still more in his own trade of a goldsmith.—Quarrel between his father and Pierino, a musician; lamentable catastrophe of the latter.—The Author removes to Pisa, and enters into the service of a goldsmith of that city.—He returns to Florence, and is taken ill; but, upon his recovery, engages with his old master Marccone.

AT this very juncture an adventure happened to my brother, which was attended with very serious consequences to us both: he was two years younger than myself, of a warm temper, and the most undaunted courage, qualities which fitted him for the military school of the illustrious Signor John de' Medici, father to Duke Cosmo, where he became an excellent proficient. One Sunday, in the evening, having, between the gates of St. Gallo and Pitti, given a challenge to a young man of twenty, though he was but fourteen himself; he behaved so gallantly, that, after wounding the youth dangerously, he was upon the point of either killing or disarming him. There was a great crowd present, and amongst others were many of his relations; seeing the young man at a nonplus, they took up stones, and threw them at my brother's head, who immediately fell to the ground. I, who happened to be present, unaccompanied with friends, and unarmed, cried out to my brother, as loud as I could, to quit the place. But as soon as I saw him fall, I took his sword, and

standing as near him as possible, I confronted a great many swords and stones, till some valiant soldiers, who came from the gate of St. Gallo, saved me from the exasperated multitude. I carried my brother home for dead, who was with great difficulty brought to himself, and afterwards cured; the magistrates condemned our adversaries to a few years' imprisonment, and banished me and my brother, for six months, to the distance of ten miles from the city. Thus we took leave of our poor father, who, having no money, gave us his blessing. For my part I repaired to Sienna, in quest of an honest goldsmith, whose name was Signor Francis Castoro; I was well acquainted with him, as I had worked with him some time before at my trade, when I had eloped, for some frivolous reason, from my father. Signor Castoro received me very kindly, and found me employment, offering me a house for the whole time I should reside at Sienna: I accepted his offer, and brought my brother to the house, where I followed my business for several months, with close application.

Soon after this troublesome affair the Cardinal de' Medici, afterwards Pope Clement VII. was prevailed upon, by the intreaties of my father, to obtain permission for us to return to Florence. A pupil of my father's, excited by the natural malignity of his temper, desired the cardinal to send me to Bologna, in order to learn to play upon the flute, of a great master, whose name was Antonio: the cardinal told my father, that if he sent me thither, he would give me a letter of recommendation: the old gentleman had the strongest inclination conceivable to oblige the cardinal; and I was glad of that opportunity of seeing the world. Upon my arrival at Bologna, I undertook to work under a person whose name was Signor Ercole del Piffero, and I began to

eller, (whom the Pope had sent for about some job,) in his way happening to pass by, and seeing the man in so dismal a plight, asked who had used him in that manner; he was told that Benvenuto was the man, but that it had been all of the fool's own seeking. Pompeo ran in all haste to the Pope, and said to him, "Most holy father, Benvenuto has just murdered Tobia, and of this I am myself an eye-witness." The Pope hearing this, flew into a most violent passion, and ordered the governor, who happened to be present, to seize and hang me directly upon the very spot where the murder was committed; he enjoined him to use the utmost diligence in taking me, and upon no account to appear before him till he had seen justice done. As soon as I beheld the unfortunate man in the situation I have described, I began to think of taking measures for my security, seriously reflecting on the power of my enemies, and the danger in which this affair might involve me. I therefore quitted the place, and retired to the house of Signor Gaddi, clerk of the chamber, proposing to get myself in readiness with all possible expedition, and go where Providence should direct me; though Signor Gaddi advised me not to be in such a hurry, as the danger might possibly be much less than I imagined. Having thereupon sent for Annibale Caro, who lived in the same house with him, he desired him to inquire into the affair. Whilst we were talking of this matter, and the above orders were giving, there came to us a gentleman who lived with Cardinal de' Medici, and had been sent to us by that prince; this gentleman taking Signor Gaddi and me aside, told us, that the cardinal had repeated to him the words above-mentioned, which he had heard uttered by the Pope; he added, that it was impossible to save me, advising me to fly that first ebullition of

John Cellini, most men when they advance in years begin to doat: this is your case; nor am I surprised at it, as you have already lavished all your substance, without reflecting that you were likely to want; now I, for my part, propose taking a quite different course; I intend to leave so much to my sons, that they shall be able to assist yours." To this my father replied, "No bad tree ever brings forth good fruit, but the reverse; and I must tell you, that if you be a bad man, your sons will be fools and indigent, and come to beg of my children, who shall be crowned with affluence." At this they parted, grumbling and railing at each other. I, who, as it was reasonable, took my worthy father's part, said to him at quitting the house, that "I intended to revenge the affront he had received from that scoundrel, if he would give me leave to dedicate my talents to the art of design." My father made answer, "Dear child, I have been myself in my time a master of that art; but will not you, in your turn, promise me, by way of recreation, after your business is done, and for my sake, who am your father, who have begot you, educated you, and laid the foundation of so many shining qualifications, sometimes to take in hand your flute and cheerful horn, and play for your pastime and amusement?" I made answer, that "I would readily comply with his desire." My good father then rejoined, that "the virtues which I displayed to the world, would be the best revenge I could take for the affronts and abusive language he had received from his enemies." Before the month was expired, it happened that the abovementioned Pierino, causing a vault to be made to a house he had in the street Dello Studio, and being one day in a room on the ground floor over the vault, which was then repairing, entered into conversation with some company, and spoke of his

master, who was no other than my father, repeating the prophetic words which the latter had uttered concerning his approaching ruin. Scarce had he made an end of his discourse, when the chamber in which he then stood, suddenly sunk in, either because the vault had been unskilfully constructed, or through an effect of the divine vengeance, which, though late, never fails to overtake offenders. Some of the stones and bricks falling with him, broke both his legs; whilst the rest of the company, standing upon the extremities of the vault, received no manner of hurt, but remained in the utmost surprise and astonishment at what they saw; and most of all at what he had said to them a little before in a scoffing mood. My father having heard of this accident went to see him; and, in the presence of his father, whose name was Niccolajo da Volterra, trumpeter to the senate, addressed him in these words: "My dear pupil Piero, I am very sorry for your misfortune; but you may remember that it is but a short time since I apprized you of it; and my prophecy will likewise be verified with regard to our children."

Soon after the ungrateful Piero died of the consequences of his fall; and left behind him a lewd wife, and a son, who, a few years after, came to me at Rome, asking charity: I gave him an alms, as well because I am naturally of a charitable disposition, as by reason I could not without tears recollect the affluence with which Pierino was surrounded when my father spoke the words above-mentioned.

Continuing to apply closely to my business as a goldsmith, by the emoluments arising from thence I assisted my good father, as well as my brother Cecchino, whom he caused to be instructed in the Latin language; for, as he intended I should be the best player upon the flute in the world, it was his

design that my younger brother should be a man of learning, and a profound civilian. He was not, however, able to force nature, which gave me a turn to drawing, and made my brother, who had a fine person, entirely devote himself to the military profession. This brother of mine having, in his early youth, learned the first rudiment of war, under that renowned commander John de' Medici, returned to my father's house, at a time when I happened to be out of the way: as he was very much in want of clothes, he applied to my sister, who, unknown to my father, gave him a new surt-out and cloak which belonged to me; for besides assisting my father and my sisters, who were virtuous and deserving girls, I had, by the profits arising from my extraordinary application, contrived to purchase this handsome apparel. Finding my clothes gone, and my brother disappearing, I said to my father, "How could you suffer me to be wronged in such a manner, when you see I spare no toil or trouble to assist the family?" He made answer, that "I was his good and worthy son; but that what I thought loss, I should find to be true gain;" adding that, "it was a duty incumbent on us, and the command of God himself, that he who had property should share it with him that had none; and that if I would for his sake patiently bear the wrong I had suffered, God would increase my store, and pour down blessings upon me." I behaved to my poor afflicted father like an inexperienced young man; and taking with me what little money and clothes I had left, I bent my course towards one of the city gates; and not knowing which of them led to Rome, I travelled to Lucca, and from thence to Pisa. Upon my arrival in the last mentioned city, when I was about sixteen, I stopped hard by the middle bridge, near a gold-

smith's shop, and looked attentively at the master whilst he was at work : he asked me my name, and what business I followed ; I made answer, that I worked a little in the same branch that he did. The man, upon that, bid me come in, and, setting before me some tools to work with, he told me that my physiognomy induced him to believe that I was an honest youth ; so saying, he laid before me gold, silver, and jewels ; and, after I had finished my first day's task, he carried me to his house, where he lived very genteely with his wife and children. I then called to mind the concern which my father must have had upon my account, and wrote him word that I was at the house of a very worthy tradesman, one Signor Ulivieri dello Chiostro ; and that, under him, I worked in my profession ; I therefore desired him to make himself easy, as I was learning my business, and hoped soon to procure him both profit and honour by my improvement. He immediately wrote me an answer, the purport of which was as follows : " My dear son, so great is the love I bear you, that I should instantly set out for the place where you now reside, were it not that the laws of honour, which I always adhere to, prevent me : for I think myself deprived of the light of my eyes every day that I am without seeing you, as I did formerly, when I gave you the best instructions." This letter fell into the hands of my master, Ulivieri, who read it to himself, and then said to me : " Thy good looks, Benvenuto, did not deceive me, as I find by a letter from thy father, which has fallen into my hands : he must, doubtless, be a man of worth, therefore consider thyself as in thy own house, and under the care of thy father." Whilst I stayed at Pisa I went to see the Campo Santo, where I discovered a great number of antiquities, such as large marble chests ; and, in many parts of

the town, I saw other monuments of antiquity, which afforded me constant amusement, whenever I was disengaged from the business of the shop. As my master came daily, with great good nature, to see me at the little apartment which he had assigned to my use; when he found that I spent all my time in laudable and virtuous occupations, he conceived as strong an affection for me as if he had been my father. I improved considerably, during a year's stay in that city, and executed several fine pieces of workmanship, which inspired me with an ardent desire to become more eminent in my profession. My father, at this juncture, wrote to me very affectionately to come home; and, in every letter, exhorted me not to neglect my flute, in which he had taken so much pains to instruct me: upon this I entirely lost all inclination to return to him; and to such a degree did I hate that abominable flute, that I thought myself in a sort of paradise during my stay at Pisa, where I never once played upon that instrument. At the expiration of the year, Signor Ulivieri happened to have occasion to go to Florence, to dispose of some filings of gold and silver; and, as I had in that unwholesome air caught a slight fever, I returned, whilst it was upon me, with my master to Florence; where my father secretly entreated my master, in the most urgent manner, not to carry me back again to Pisa. My fever still continuing, I kept my bed about two months, and my father attended me with the greatest affection imaginable; telling me, repeatedly, that he thought it a thousand years till I recovered, that he might hear me play upon the flute: and feeling my pulse, as he had a smattering of physic, and some learning, he perceived so great a change in it whenever he mentioned the flute, that he was often frightened, and left me in tears. Observing then the great concern

he was in, I bid one of my sisters bring me a flute, for, though I had a fever constantly upon me, the instrument was a very easy one, and would do me no hurt. I thereupon played with such skill and dexterity, that my father entering the room on a sudden, gave me a thousand blessings, assuring me that, during my absence from him, I had made great improvement; he requested me, moreover, that I would endeavour to continue my progress, and not neglect so admirable a qualification. No sooner had I recovered my health, than I returned to my goldsmith, Marcone, who put me in a way of making money, and with my gains I assisted my father and my relations.

CHAPTER III.

Piero Torrigiano, an Italian statuary, comes to Florence in quest of young artists for the King of England.—The Author gets acquainted with him, but refuses to leave Italy.—He improves in drawing by studying the designs of Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci.—In order to make himself master of his art, he repairs to Rome, accompanied by a young artist named Tasso.—He meets with great encouragement in that capital, as well as with a variety of adventures.—At the expiration of two years he returns to Florence, where he cultivates his art with great success.—His fellow artists grow jealous of his abilities.—Quarrel between him and Gerard Guasconti.—Being prosecuted for beating and wounding his antagonist, he disguises himself in a friar's habit, and makes his escape to Rome.

ABOUT this time there came a sculptor to Florence, named Piero Torrigiano, who was just arrived from England, where he had resided several years; and as he was an intimate friend of my master's, he every day came to see him. This artist having seen my drawings, and my workmanship, said to me thus: "I am come to Florence to invite as many young persons as I can to England, and, having a great work in hand, I should be glad of the assistance of my fellow citizens of Florence: I perceive that your manner of working, and your designs, are rather those of a sculptor than a goldsmith; now I have considerable undertakings in bronze, so that if you will go with me to England, I will at once make your fortune." This Torrigiano was a handsome man, but of consummate assurance, having rather the air of a bravo than of a sculptor; above all, his strange gestures, and his sonorous voice, with a manner of knitting his brows enough to frighten every

man that saw him, gave him a most tremendous appearance; and he was continually talking of his great feats amongst those bears of Englishmen. His conversation one day happened to turn upon Michael Angelo Buonarotti; and a drawing of mine, taken from one of the cartoons of that divine artist, was what gave rise to this discourse.

This cartoon was the first in which Michael Angelo displayed his extraordinary abilities, as he made his and another which were to adorn the hall where the senators assembled, in emulation of Leonardo da Vinci; they represented the taking of Pisa by the Florentines. The admirable Leonardo had chosen for his subject a battle fought by cavalry, with the taking of certain standards, in which he acquitted himself with a force of genius that cannot be surpassed by conception. Michael Angelo Buonarotti in his cartoon exhibited a considerable body of foot, who were bathing in summer time in the river Arno; at this very instant he represents an alarm of battle, and all the naked soldiers running to arms, with gestures so admirably expressive, that no ancient or modern performance was ever known to attain to so high a degree of perfection: and, as I have already observed, that of the great Leonardo was also a work of extraordinary beauty. These two cartoons stood, one of them in the palace of the Medici, the other the Pope's hall: so long as they remained there, they were the school of the world; and though the divine Michael Angelo painted the great chapel of Pope Julius, he never again rose to that pitch of excellence; his genius could not reach the force of those first essays. Let us now return to Piero Torrigiano, who holding the abovementioned drawing of mine in his hand, spoke thus: "This Buonarotti and I went, when we were children, to learn to draw in the church of the Carmelites, at the chapel of

Masaccio; and it was afterwards customary with Buonarrotti to rally all those who were learning to draw there. One day, amongst others, a sarcasm of his having stung me to the quick, I was provoked to an uncommon degree, and, having doubled my fist, I gave him so violent a blow upon the nose, that I felt the bone and cartilage yield under my hand as if they had been made of paste; and the mark I then gave him, he will carry to his grave." This rodomontade raised in me such an aversion to the fellow, because I had seen the works of Michael Angelo, that, far from having any inclination to go with him to England, the very sight of him gave me offence.

Whilst I was in Florence I did my utmost to learn the exquisite manner of Michael Angelo, and never once lost sight of it. About this time I contracted an intimate acquaintance and friendship with a youth of my own age, who, like me, was learning the goldsmith's business; his name was Francesco, son to Fra Filippo, an excellent painter. Our intercourse gave rise to so great an affection between us, that we were never asunder. His house was full of the admirable performances of his father, which consisted of several books of drawings by his own hand, representing the antiquities of Rome; I took high delight in these, and our acquaintance lasted about two years. At this time I produced a piece of basso-relievo in silver, about as big as the hand of a little child; it served for the clasp of a man's belt; clasps of that size being then in use. Upon it was carved a group of foliages, made in the antique taste, with several figures of youths, and other beautiful grotesques. This piece of work I made in the shop of a person named Francis Salimbeni; and, upon its coming under the inspection of the goldsmith's company, I acquired the reputation of the most expert young man in the trade. At this time I was also

acquainted with one John Baptist, surnamed Tasso, who was a carver in wood, a youth of my age exactly, and who had a difference with his mother, like mine with my father about learning the flute. On this occasion I said to Tasso, "You appear to me likely to prove a man of deeds, and not of words." Tasso made answer, "I have had a dispute with my mother, and, if I were possessed but of money sufficient to bear my expenses to Rome, I would never more trouble my head about my little hole of a shop." To this I replied, that if there were no other obstruction to our journey, I had money enough in my pocket to defray our expenses. Thus chatting as we walked along, before we knew whereabouts we were, we came to the gate of St. Pier Gattolini, when I said to my companion—"My good friend Tasso, it is the direction of God that we should insensibly reach this gate; since I am got so far, I think I have performed half the journey:" matters being thus agreed, we said to each other, as we were jogging on, what will the old folks at home say this evening? We then came to a resolution not to think of or mention them any more, till we arrived at Rome; so we proceeded in silence to Sienna. As soon as we reached that city, Tasso said that he had hurt his feet, and did not choose to walk any farther, at the same time asking me to lend him money to return home. I answered that I should have none left to bear my expenses to Rome, and that he should have well weighed his project before he left Florence; adding, "That if the hurt he had received prevented his accompanying me, we should find a return horse for Rome, and then he would have no excuse." Thus having hired a horse, as I saw he did not answer me, I bent my course towards the gate that led to Rome; perceiving that I was resolved, he came hopping after me the best he could, at a distance,

grumbling and muttering all the time. When I reached the gate I was touched with compassion for my companion, and having waited his coming, took him up behind me, using these words :—"What would our friends say of us, if, after having commenced a journey to Rome, we had not the courage to push any farther than Sienna?" My friend Tasso acknowledged that my observation was just, and, as he was a person of a cheerful disposition, he began to laugh and sing, and in this merry mood we pursued our journey to Rome. I was then in the nineteenth year of my age. As soon as we got to that capital, I went to work with a master whose name was Firenzuola of Lombardy, an excellent artist in making vases, and other things of a considerable size: having shown him part of the model which I had made at Florence with Salimbeni, he was highly pleased with it, and spoke thus to a journeyman of his, named Gianotto, a native of Florence, that had lived with him several years—"This is one of the geniuses of Florence, and thou art one of its dunces." As I knew this Gianotto, I had a mind to have some chat with him: before he set out for Rome, we often practised drawing in the same school, and had been for several years intimate acquaintances. He was, however, so much nettled at his master's speech, that he affirmed he was not acquainted with me, nor did so much as know my person: provoked at his behaving in this manner, I said to him, "Oh, Gianotto! formerly my intimate friend, when we were employed together in drawing, and when we ate and drank in such and such apartments of your native town; I do not desire that you should bear testimony of my abilities to your master, for I hope, by my own hands, to show what I am, without your assistance." When I had done speaking, Firenzuola, who was a man of spirit, turned to Gianotto, and

said—"You vile scoundrel, are you not ashamed to behave in such a manner to one that was formerly your intimate acquaintance?" At the same time he addressed himself to me thus: "Come in, young man, and do all you said you would; give, with your own hands, a specimen of your abilities." So saying, he set me upon a fine piece of work in silver, which was intended for a cardinal. This was a small chest, in imitation of that of porphyry, which stands before the door of the rotunda. That which I made, I adorned with so many fine figures, that my master went about showing it every where, and making it his boast that his shop had produced so admirable a piece of art. It was about half a cubit in circumference, and made in such a manner as to hold a saltcellar at table. This was the first time I earned money at Rome; part of it I sent to the relief of my good father, and the remainder I kept to support me whilst I studied the antiquities of that city; which I did till my money began to fail, and then I was obliged to return to the shop, and work for my subsistence. My fellow traveller, Baptista di Tasso, made but a short stay at Rome, and returned to Florence. For my part, I took new jobs in hand, and when I had finished them I had a fancy to change my master, being enticed away by a Milanese, whose name was Signor Paolo Arsago. My first master Firenzuola had thereupon a great quarrel with this Arsago, and gave him some abusive language in my presence. I began to speak in defence of my new master, and told Firenzuola that I was born free, and resolved to continue so; that he had no cause of complaint against Arsago or me; that I had still some money left to receive from him, and that, as I was a free artificer, I would go wherever I thought proper, not being conscious of injuring any body thereby. At the same time Arsago made a

great many apologies, affirming that he had never persuaded me to leave my master, and that I should oblige him by returning to Firenzuola. I replied, that as I was not conscious of having wronged my master in any respect, and as I had finished all the work I had undertaken, I was resolved to be at my own disposal, and that he who had a mind to employ me, had nobody to consult but myself. Firenzuola made answer—"I will no longer solicit you, or give myself any trouble about you; and I desire you never more to appear in my presence." I then put him in mind of my money, but he only answered by scoff and derision. I told him "That if I used my tools well, as he was sensible I did in my trade, I equally knew how to use my sword in recovering my right." As I uttered these words, there came up an old man named Signor Antonio, of St. Marino, one of the best goldsmiths in Rome, and who had been Firenzuola's master; hearing what I had to say for myself, he immediately took my part, and desired Firenzuola to pay me. The dispute was very warm, for Firenzuola was still a better swordsmen than a jeweller; but justice and reason, which are not easily baffled, had such force, and I exerted myself to such purpose, that my demand was satisfied. Some time after Firenzuola and I were reconciled, and I stood godfather to a child of his, at his own request. Continuing to work with my new master, Paulo Arsago, I earned a great deal of money, and constantly sent the best part of my gains to my father.

After two years were expired, I, at the request of my good father, returned to Florence, and began to work again under Francis Salimbeni; with whom I gained a genteel subsistence, taking great pains to become perfect in my profession. Having renewed my acquaintance with Francis di Filippo, though

that odious flute drew me into some pleasurable dissipation, I contrived to dedicate some hours, both of the night and the day, to my studies. About this time I made a silver clasp girdle, such as were usually worn at that time by new married ladies; it was three inches broad, and the bottom was a half relieve, with some other round figures below it; this I made for a person of the name of Raphael Rappaccini. And though I was very ill paid for my trouble, the work did me so much honour, that the reputation I acquired by it was of more service to me than any pecuniary recompence. Having at this time worked with several masters in Florence, amongst the different goldsmiths I knew in that city, I met with some persons of worth, as was Marcone, my first master; whilst others, who had the character of honest men, did me the greatest injustice. When I perceived this, I shook off my connexions with them, and looked upon them all as men of no principle, and arrant thieves. One goldsmith, amongst others, named John Baptist Sogliani, was so complaisant as to lend me part of his shop, which stood at the side of the new market, hard by Landi's bank. There I did many little jobs, earned a great deal of money, and was very well able to assist my relations. Envy began then to rankle in the hearts of my former bad masters, whose names were Salvatore and Michele Guasconti. They had three grand goldsmiths' shops, in which much business was transacted; seeing that they did me ill offices with some men of worth, I complained of it, and said they should be satisfied with having robbed me, as they had done, under the mask of benevolence. This coming to their ears, they declared that they would make me repent having uttered such words; but I being a stranger to fear, little regarded their menaces. As I hap-

pened one day to lean against the shop of one of these men, he called me to him, and, in the most abusive language, bullied and threatened me; upon which I said, "That if they had done their duty with respect to me, I should have spoken of them as persons of fair character; but as they had behaved in a different manner, they should complain of themselves only. Whilst I spoke thus, one Gherardo Guasconti, a cousin of theirs, who was in all probability set on by them, took the opportunity, as a beast loaded with bricks happened to pass by, to push it so violently against me, that I was very much hurt; upon which I instantly turned about, and seeing him laugh, gave him so violent a blow on the temple, that he fell down, and lay upon the ground motionless and insensible: then turning to his cousins, I said to them, "That is the way I use cowardly rascals like you." And as they, confiding in their number, seemed preparing to take their revenge, I, in a violent passion, drew a little knife, and vented my anger in these words: "If any one of you offer to quit the shop, let another run for a confessor, as there will be no occasion for a physician." this declaration struck such terror into them all, that not one of them ventured to stir to the assistance of his cousin.

No sooner had I left the place, than both the fathers and sons ran to the magistrates, and told them that I had violently assaulted them with arms, in so audacious a manner, that the like had never been known in Florence. The magistrates summoned me, and I, without delay, presented myself before them: here I met with a severe reprimand; as well in consequence of the appearance of my adversaries, which was much superior to mine, as because they had taken care to prepossess them in their favour, a precaution which I, through inex-

perience, and trusting to the goodness of my cause, had neglected. I told them, that as I had received such provocation from Gherardo, and had only given him a slap on the face, I did not think I deserved so severe a rebuke. Prinzivalle della Stufa, who was one of that court, hardly suffering me to make an end of the words "slap on the face," exclaimed, "You gave him a violent blow with your fist, and not a slap." The bell having rung, and we being all dismissed, Prinzivalle thus spoke in my favour to the rest of the bench: "Do but see, gentlemen, the simplicity of this poor youth, who acknowledges himself to have given a slap on the face, thinking it to be a less offence than a violent blow; whereas there is a penalty of five-and-twenty crowns, for giving a person a slap on the face in the new market; while the penalty for a blow with the fist is little or nothing. This is a very worthy young man, who supports his poor relations by his industry; would to God that there were many like him in our town, which can indeed boast but a very small number of virtuous citizens."

There were in the court some rusty old stagers, who, moved by the importunities and misrepresentations of my adversaries, because they were of the faction of Fra Girolamoni, were for having me sent to prison, and condemned in the coal measure; but the good Prinzivalle prevented their malice from taking effect, by getting me fined only in four little measures of meal, which were to be given in charity to the monastery of the Murate. This same judge, having called me into his presence, commanded me not to say a single word, but obey the orders of the court, upon pain of incurring their displeasure. They sent us then to the chancellor, and I muttering the words "slap" and not "a blow in the face," the magistrates burst out a

laugning. The chancellor commanded us all to give security to each other for our good behaviour, and sentenced me only to pay the four measures of meal. I thought myself very hardly used, and having sent for a cousin of mine, whose name was Signor Annibale Librodro, father to Signor Librodro, a surgeon, that he might be bail for me; he refused to appear. This incensed me to the highest degree; and I exclaimed loudly at his behaviour, as he owed great obligations to my family. Inflamed by this treatment, and being naturally of a very passionate temper, I waited till the court was broken up, and the magistrates gone to dinner; finding myself then alone, and that I was no longer observed by any of the officers of the court, I left the place in a violent fury, and went in all haste to my workshop, where I took up a dagger, and ran to attack my adversaries, who by that time were come home. I found them at table, and young Gherardo, who had been the chief cause of the quarrel, immediately flew at me: I thereupon gave him a stab in the breast, which pierced through his cloak and doublet, without once reaching his skin, or doing him any sort of harm; imagining, however, from the rustling of his clothes upon my giving the stab, and from his falling flat upon the ground through fright and astonishment, that I had done him some great hurt, I cried out, "Traitors, this is the day that I shall be revenged upon you all." The father, mother, and sisters, thinking that the day of judgment was come, fell prostrate upon their knees, and, with voices full of terror and consternation, implored my protection. Seeing then that none of my adversaries stood upon the defensive, and that Gherardo lay stretched out upon the ground like a corpse, I scorned to meddle with them, but ran down stairs like a madman.

When I got into the street, I found the rest of the family, who were above a dozen in number, ready to attack me; one of them held a ball of iron, another a thick iron tube, others a hammer taken from an anvil, and others again had cudgels in their hands. Rushing amongst them like a mad bull, I threw down four or five, and fell to the ground along with them, now aiming my dagger at one, now at another. Those who continued standing, exerted themselves to their utmost, belabouring me with their hammers and cudgels. But, as God sometimes mercifully interposes upon such occasions, it so happened that I neither received nor did any harm; I lost nothing but my cap, which fell into the hands of my adversaries, and each of them struck it with his respective weapon; but, upon looking about for the wounded and slain, it appeared that none of them had sustained any injury. The scuffle being over, I bent my course towards the convent of Santa Maria Novella, and accidentally met with a friar named Alesso Strozzi; though I was not acquainted with the good father, I intreated him to save my life, for I had been guilty of a heinous crime. The friar desired me not to be under any apprehensions: for that whatever crimes I might have committed, I should be in perfect security in his cell. In about an hour's time the magistrates having met in an extraordinary manner, published one of the most tremendous edicts that ever was heard of, threatening the severest penalties to whoever should grant me an asylum, or be privy to my concealment, without any distinction of place or quality of the person that harboured me.

My poor afflicted father appearing before the judges, fell prostrate upon the ground, and begged them to show compassion to his young but unfor-

tunate son. Thereupon one of those incensed magistrates, shaking the top of his venerable hood, stood up, and thus angrily expressed himself: "Rise directly and quit this spot, or, to-morrow morning, we shall banish you from the town." My father, in answer to these menaces, said "You will act as God permits you, and no farther." The magistrate replied, that "Nothing could be more certain than that God had thus ordered matters." My father then said boldly to him: "My comfort is, that you are a stranger to the orders of Providence." Having thus quitted the court, he came to me with a youth about my age, whose name was Piero, son of John Landi; (we were much dearer to each other than if we had been brothers;) this young man had under his cloak an excellent sword and a coat of mail. My father having acquainted me with the situation of affairs, and what the magistrates had said, embraced me most tenderly, and gave me his blessing, saying: "May the protection of God be with you:" then presenting me with the sword and the coat of mail, he, with his own hands, helped to accoutre me, concluding with these words. "My worthy son, with these arms you must either live or die." Piero Landi, who was present, wept without ceasing, and brought me ten crowns of gold. I desired him to pull off some little hairs from my cheeks, which were the first down that overspread them. Father Alesso dressed me in the habit of a friar, and gave me a lay brother for a companion. I came out of the convent by the Al Prato gate, and walked by the side of the town walls, as far as the great square, ascending the steep of Montui; where I found, in one of the highest houses, a person of the name of Grassuccio, who was brother, by the same father and mother, to Benedict of Monte Varchi. After I had

laid aside my friar's disguise, and resumed my former appearance, we mounted two horses, which there stood ready for us, and galloped away in the night to Sienna. Grassuccio, upon his return to Florence, waited on my father, and acquainted him with the news of my having reached a place of safety. My father, highly rejoiced at these tidings, was impatient to see the magistrate who, the day before, had rebuked him with such severity: as soon as he came into his presence, he said to him: "You see, at last, Antonio, it was God, not you, that knew what was to befall my son." To which the other answered, "I wish I could see him once more before this court." My father replied, "I return thanks to God that he has rescued him out of your hands." During this time I was waiting at Sienna for the Roman Procaccio, with which I travelled on the rest of my journey; and, when we had passed La Puglia, we met with the courier who brought intelligence of the election of Pope Clement VII.

CHAPTER IV.

The Author meets with extraordinary success at Rome; he is greatly encouraged by a noble patroness, Signora Porzia Chigi.—Particular account of that lady.—Rivalship between him and Lucagnolo da Jesi.—He plays at a concert before Pope Clement VII. who is highly pleased with his performance, and takes him into his service in the double capacity of goldsmith and musician.—He is employed by the Bishop of Salamanca at the recommendation of a scholar of Raphael d' Urbino.—Whimsical adventures between him and the bishop.

UPON my arrival at Rome I began to work at Signor Santi's the goldsmith; for though that artist was dead, his son continued to carry on the business; the latter did not work himself, but conducted matters by means of a young man, whose name was Lucagnolo da Jesi. This was a country lad, who had lived with Signor Santi from his childhood: he was low in stature, but very well shaped. This youth was cleverer than any journeyman I had ever seen before, at making beautiful vases, basons, and other things of the same kind. Having engaged to work in this shop, I began to make some candlesticks for the Bishop of Salamanca, a Spaniard: these were wrought with as much art as it was possible to bestow upon a work of that nature. A pupil of Raphael d' Urbino, one John Francis, surnamed the factor, who was an excellent painter, and intimate with the said bishop, found means to introduce me into his favour, insomuch that he frequently employed me, and I gained considerably by my business. About this same period I sometimes went to draw in the chapel of Michael

Angelo, and sometimes at the house of Agostino Chigi of Sienna, in which were several admirable paintings by that great master Raphael d' Urbino; this was only upon holydays, because Signor Gismondo, brother to the said Signor Agostino, was come to live there; the family however were greatly pleased when they saw such young men as I frequent their house as a school of painting. The wife of the said Signor Gismondo, a most genteel and beautiful lady, having often seen me thus employed under her roof, one day came to examine my drawings, and asked me whether I was a painter or a statuary: I told the lady that I was a goldsmith. She replied that I designed too well for one of that trade; and having ordered her waiting-maid to bring her a set of very fine diamonds in the form of a flower-de-luce, mounted in gold, she desired me to tell their value. I thereupon estimated them at eight hundred crowns. The lady declared that I had judged very right. She then asked whether I would undertake to set them properly; I answered that I would do it most willingly: I began the design in her presence, for I took pleasure to converse with so fair and agreeable a lady. When I had finished my design, another beautiful lady, who had all this while been above stairs, entered the room, and asked Porzia (which was the first lady's name) what she was about: to which the latter answered smiling: "I divert myself with admiring the drawings of this ingenious young man, who is an excellent hand." Though I had acquired some assurance, I had with it a mixture of bashfulness; so I coloured and said: "Let me be what I may, madam, I shall always be ready to serve you." The lady reddening a little herself, replied, "you are an able artist, and I have a mind to employ you:" she then bid

me take the diamonds home with me, and pulling out her purse, gave me twenty gold crowns, saying, "Set these diamonds according to the design which you have drawn, and preserve me the old gold in which they were mounted." The other lady said thereupon, "If I were the young man I would go off with wna' I had got." Signora Porzia subjoined; "That virtues are seldom coupled with vices, and by behaving in that manner, I should belie my honest countenance;" then taking the other lady by the hand, she turned about, and said to me with a smile of condescension, "Farewell, Benvenuto." I stayed sometime after I had drawn the design, copying a figure of Jove, the work of Raphael d' Urbino. As soon as I had finished it, I went away, and set about making a little model of wax, to show in what manner the work was afterwards to be executed; this I carried to Signora Porzia at a time that the other lady, whom I have spoken of above, was with her; both of them were so highly pleased with my specimen, that somewhat emboldened by their compliments, I promised them that the execution of the work itself should be far superior to the model. I thereupon began the work, and in twelve days set the jewels in the form of a flower-de-luce, as I said above, adorning it with various figures of cupids, all sorts of animals, and the finest enamel; so that the diamonds of which the flower-de-luce was composed, appeared with redoubled lustre.

Whilst I was busy with this piece of work, Signor Lucagnolo seemed highly offended; and told me, several times over, that it would be more for my interest, as well as reputation, to help him in working at pieces of plate. I made answer, "That I had not such jobs to do every day, and that there was not less, but more reputation to be

acquired by them, than by large silver vases; and that they were at the same time much more lucrative." Upon my telling Lucagnolo that they were more lucrative, he laughed at me, and said: "You'll see that, Benvenuto, for by the time that you have completed your job, I shall contrive to finish this piece of plate, which I began precisely at the time when you undertook the setting of the jewels; and experience will convince you of the difference between the profit accruing to me from my piece of plate, and to you from your trinkets." I answered, "That I would with pleasure make such a trial of skill with so consummate an artist, that it might appear which of us was mistaken, when both our performances were finished." Thus with countenances that betokened some displeasure, we both fell hard to work, eager to finish our several undertakings; and we exerted ourselves so much to the purpose, that in about ten days time, we had both of us, with great elegance and art, completed our respective tasks. That of Lucagnolo was a large silver vase, which was to be placed near the table of Pope Clement, and to receive bones and the rinds of various fruits, whilst that pontiff was at his meals; a work rather calculated for show and ostentation than of any real use. This piece of plate was adorned with two beautiful handles, as likewise with many figures of different sizes, and several fine foliages of such beauty and ingenious contrivance, that nothing could possibly surpass them. Upon seeing this performance, I told Lucagnolo, that it was the finest piece of plate I had ever beheld. Lucagnolo, thinking he had as good as convinced me of his having gained his point, made answer. "Your work appears to me equally admirable, but we shall soon see the difference between them:" he then carried his piece of plate to the Pope, and

was punctually paid the ordinary price. In the mean time, I took my work to Signora Porzia, who expressed great surprise at my finishing it so expeditiously, and told me that I had more than performed my promise: she then desired me to ask whatever I thought proper in return for my labour; declaring, that she judged my deserts to be so great, that were she to make me lord of a castle, she should hardly think she had rewarded me in proportion to my merit; but that surpassed her abilities. I answered that the greatest recompence which could crown my endeavours, was the satisfaction of having pleased so excellent a lady. This I said in a pleasant way, and having made my bow, I took my leave, declaring that I desired no other payment. Thereupon Signora Porzia, turning about to the other lady, said, "See how he answers the good opinion we had conceived of him; and they both expressed equal surprise. Signora Porzia then said to me, "My good friend Benvenuto, don't you remember the old proverb, when the poor gives to the rich, the devil laughs?" I replied, that since he had met with so many disappointments, I had a mind he should laugh for once; but as I was going away, she said she did not intend to humour him so much. Upon my return to the shop, Lucagnolo, who had the money he got from the Pope wrapped up in a paper, said to me, "Do but compare the recompense that I have received for my piece of plate, with that which you have had for your jewels." I answered, "That we might let the matter rest for that time, but I hoped the day following to make it appear, that as my work was in its kind as exquisite as his, I should be rewarded with equal munificence." The next day Signora Porzia having sent her steward to the shop, he called me

out, and put into my hands a paper bag of money, which he brought from that lady: telling me at the same time, it was not his mistress's intention that the devil should laugh at my expense; and that the money she sent me, was not a reward adequate to my merit; with several other compliments worthy of a lady. Lucagnolo, who thought it an age till he had compared his money to mine, that instant rushed into the shop, and in the presence of twelve workmen, and other neighbours, who were come to see how the contest would end, took his paper, laughing with an air of triumph; then having made three or four efforts, he at last poured out the cash which rattled loudly upon the counter; it amounted to the sum of five and twenty crowns in silver. I was quite stunned, and disconcerted with his noise, and with the laughter and scoffs of the by-standers; having just taken a peep into my paper, and seeing it was filled with gold, without discovering any emotion, or making the least bustle, held my bag up in the air; as I stood on one side of the counter, and emptied it as a miller does a sack, my money was double the sum of his; so that all the spectators who before had their eyes fixed upon me with a scornful air, suddenly turned about to him, and said; "Lucagnolo, Benvenuto's money being all gold, and twice as much as yours, makes the grander appearance of the two." Such an effect had envy, and the scorn shown by all present, upon Lucagnolo, that I thought he would have dropped down dead; and though he was to receive a third part of the money, as I was only a journeyman, and he my master: envy had more power over him than avarice. Equally provoked on my part, I said, that every man might boast as he thought proper; for I found that he began to

curse his art, and those from whom he had learned it, declaring that for the future he would never undertake works of importance in the business, but give his attention entirely to making such gew-gaws, as they proved so lucrative. I then told him I would venture to prophecy, that I should succeed in his branch of business, but that he would never be successful in my trifles, as he called them.

Thus I went off in a passion, telling him, I would soon make it appear that I was no false prophet. Those who were present all declared him to be in the wrong, looking upon him as a mean fellow; which he was, in fact, and upon me as a man of spirit, as I had shown myself. The next day I went to return Signora Porzia thanks, and told her that her ladyship had done the reverse of what she said she would, that I proposed to make the devil laugh, and that she had again made him renounce God: we both were merry upon the occasion, and she gave me other lucrative commissions.

About this time I contrived, with the assistance of a pupil of Raphael d'Urbino, to be employed by the bishop of Salamanca, in making one of those silver vases, for holding water, which are used in cupboards, and generally laid upon them by way of ornament. The bishop being desirous of having two of equal size, employed Lucagnolo to make one, and the other was to be done by me; but with regard to fashion, John Francis, the painter, gave us a design, to which we were to conform. I with great alacrity set about this piece of plate: and a Milanese whose name was Signor Giovanni Pietro della Tacca, lent me part of his shop to follow my business. Having begun my work, I laid by what money I wanted for my own private use, and the remainder I sent to the relief of my poor father. At

the very time the money was paid him in Florence, he happened to meet with one of those rigid magistrates, who had menaced and used him so roughly in consequence of my unfortunate scuffle. As this fiery magistrate had the misfortune of having very bad sons, my father took an opportunity to say to him: "Untoward accidents may happen to any body, especially to men of choleric tempers, when they know themselves to be injured, as was the case with my son, when he quarrelled with those jewelers. But it is evident, from the general tenor of his life, that I knew how to give him a virtuous education; would to God your sons might turn out as good with respect to you, as mine are to me; and that I wish for your sake: for as God enabled me to give them a virtuous education, where my abilities ceased to have any power, he interposed himself, and found means to rescue them out of your violent hands." After he had left the magistrate, he wrote me the account of the whole affair, requesting me to play sometimes upon the flute, that I might not lose that admirable art, which he had taken so much pains to teach me. I had now a strong desire to oblige him in this respect, before he died; for God often grants us those blessings which we pray for with faithful hearts.

Whilst I was going on with the Bishop of Salamanca's plate, I had no assistance but that of a little boy; whom, at the earnest request of his relations, I had, half against my will, taken as an apprentice. This boy, then about fourteen, and named Paulino, was son to a citizen of Rome, who lived upon his fortune. Paulino was one of the best bred, sweetest tempered, and prettiest boys that I ever saw in my life; and on account of his good qualities, his extraordinary beauty, and the

great love he bore me, I conceived the strongest affection for him that can inspire the human breast.

One of the effects of this great fondness was, that in order to diffuse a ray of cheerfulness over his features, which had naturally a serious melancholy cast, I from time to time took in hand my flute: he used then to smile in so graceful and affecting a manner, that I am not the least surprised at the fables which the Greeks have written concerning their deities; had my apprentice lived in that age, he would, in all probability, have turned the heads of some of the poets of antiquity. Paulino had a sister named Faustina, of so exquisite a form that she might justly be compared to the renowned Faustino, whose charms are so much vaunted by historians; and as he sometimes carried me with him to his father's, so far as I could judge from observation, that worthy man seemed desirous that I should be his son-in-law. This made me set a much higher value upon music than I had done before. It happened about this time that John Jacobo, a musician of Cesena, who belonged to the Pope's household, and was an excellent performer, sent Lorenzo Trombone of Lucca, a person who is now in the service of our duke, to propose to me to assist them at the Pope's ferragosto,* in playing certain spiritual pieces upon the flute, as he had selected some of the most beautiful compositions for the occasion. Though I had an earnest desire to finish the fine piece of plate that I had begun, yet as music has a secret charm in it, and as I was in some measure desirous of gratifying my aged father, I agreed to make one at their concert; so

* A feast at Rome, the 1st of August.

that eight days before the ferragosto we every two hours had a rehearsal. Upon the first of August we repaired to Belvidere, and whilst Pope Clement was at dinner, we played those fine compositions, which we had long practised, insomuch, that his holiness declared, he had never been delighted with more exquisite harmony: then sending for John Jacobo, he inquired of him how he had procured so great a master of the flute, and ordered him to give a full and circumstantial account of my person. Upon John Jacobo's mentioning my name, the Pope said, "Is this the son of John Cellini?" Being fully informed of my character, he added, that "He had a mind to take me into his service, and make me one of his band of music." Jacobo answered, "Your holiness will do great things indeed, if you get him into your service; for his business is that of a goldsmith and jeweller, in which he is a complete master, and by working at it constantly, he makes a great deal more money than he could acquire by music." The Pope replied, "I am therefore the more desirous of having him in my service, since he is possessed of a qualification more than I expected: let him have the same salary with the rest of you; and tell him from me, that I desire he will become one of my band, and I will find him constant employment in his other business." His holiness thereupon gave him a handkerchief, which contained a hundred gold crowns, desiring him to divide them amongst the band, and let me have my share. John Jacobo having quitted the Pope, came to us, and repeated word for word all that his holiness had said; having then divided the money amongst eight musicians, and given me what fell to my share, he added, "I have orders to set you down as one of our band."

To this I made answer, "Give me a day to consider of it, and to-morrow I will let you know my determination." When I had left them, I deliberated within myself whether I should accept the offer, as it was likely to prejudice me so much in my business. The night following my father appeared to me in a dream, and intreated me with tears of affection, that I would, for his sake, accept the place of musician to the Pope; to whom I, as I thought, made answer, that it was my firm resolution not to do it upon any account. He then appeared to me to assume a form so horrible, that I was shocked to behold him; and he said, "If you act otherwise, you will have your father's curse; but if you conform to my desire, I will bless you for ever." No sooner was I awake, than I ran in a fright to get my name entered among the Pope's musicians. I then wrote to my aged father, that I had done as he desired; who, upon receiving the intelligence, was through excess of joy attacked by a disorder, which brought him almost to death's door. Immediately upon his recovery he wrote me word, that he had just had the same dream as mine: I therefore concluded that I had given my father full satisfaction, and that all things would succeed to my wishes. I then exerted myself to the utmost to finish the piece of plate, which I had began, for the Bishop of Salamanca.

This prelate was an extraordinary person; and exceedingly rich, but very hard to be pleased: he sent every day to inquire how I went on; and as the messenger happened once not to find me at work, his master came in a great passion, and said he would take the job out of my hands, and give it to another to finish. This was occasioned by my attaching myself to that odious flute; I therefore

continued the work day and night with the most assiduous application, till I had forwarded it to such a degree, that I thought I might venture to show it to the bishop; but upon seeing what I had done, he grew so impatient to have the piece completed, that I heartily repented ever having shown it to him. In about three months I finished this grand piece of plate, which I adorned with a variety of beautiful animals, foliages, and figures, pleasing to the eye beyond imagination. I then sent my apprentice, Paulino, to show it to the ingenious Lucagnolo: Paulino delivered his message in the most graceful manner imaginable, in these terms: "Signor Lucagnolo, my master, Benvenuto, has, in pursuance of his promise, sent me to show you a piece of work, which he has made in imitation of your performances, and he expects in return to see some of your little nicnacks." These words being uttered, Lucagnolo took the piece of plate into his hand, and having examined it sufficiently, said to Paulino: "My pretty youth, tell thy master he is an excellent artist; and there is nothing I desire more than his friendship." The lad joyfully delivered his message. The plate was then carried to the bishop, who wanted to have a price set upon it. Just at this juncture, Lucagnolo entered the room, who spoke of my work so honourably, and praised it to such a degree, that he even surpassed my own good opinion of it. The bishop having taken the plate into his hand, said, like a true Spaniard, "By God, I will be as slow in paying him, as he was tedious in finishing the work." When I heard this I was highly mortified, and cursed the Spaniard, as well as all who were friends to Spain.

Amongst other beautiful ornaments, there was a handle to this silver vase of the most exquisite work-

manship, which by means of a kind of spring stood exactly upon the mouth of it. The bishop one day, through vanity, showing this piece of plate to some Spanish gentlemen of his acquaintance, it came to pass that one of them meddling indiscreetly with the handle, the spring, unable to bear his rough touch, suddenly broke, and this happened after his lordship had left the room. The gentleman thinking this a most unlucky accident, intreated the person who took care of the cupboard, to carry it directly to the artist who made it, and order him to mend it without delay, promising that he should be paid his own price in case he proved expeditious. The piece of plate being thus again come into my hands, I promised to mend it without loss of time; and this promise I performed, for it was brought me before dinner, and I finished it by ten o'clock at night. The person that left it with me, then came in a most violent hurry, for my lord bishop had called for it again, to show it to other gentlemen. The messenger, not giving me time to utter a word, cried, "Quickly, quickly; bring the plate in all haste." Being determined to take my own time, and not to let him have it, I said, "I did not choose to make such dispatch." The man then flew into a passion, and clapping his hand to his sword, seemed to be ready to break into the shop by main force, but this I prevented by dint of arms and menacing expressions: "I will not let you have it," said I. "Go tell your master that it shall not be taken out of my shop, till I am paid for my trouble." Seeing he could not obtain it by bullying, he began to beg and pray in the most suppliant manner; telling me, that if I put it into his hands, he would take care to see me satisfied. These words did not in the least shake my resolution; and as I persisted in the same

answer, he at last despaired of success, and swearing that he would return with a body of Spaniards, and cut me to pieces, thought proper to depart. In the mean time I, who gave some credit to what I had heard of Spanish assassinations, declared I would defend myself courageously; and having put in order an excellent fowling piece, I said in my own mind, "He that takes both my property and my labour, may as well deprive me of life." Whilst I thus argued with myself, a crowd of Spaniards made their appearance with the abovementioned domestic at their head, who with great arrogance bid them break open the shop. At these words I showed them the muzzle of my loaded fusil, and cried out with a loud voice, "Vile traitors and cut-throats, are the houses and shops of citizens of Rome to be assaulted in this manner? If any of you should offer to approach this door, I will shoot him dead." Then taking aim at the domestic, and making a show as if I was going to fire at him, I cried out, "As for you, you rascal, that set them on, you are the very first I shall make an example of." Upon hearing this, he clapped spurs to a jennet upon which he was mounted, and began to fly full speed. The disturbance had now brought all the neighbours out of their houses, when some Roman gentlemen passing by, said, "Kill the dogs, and we will stand by you." These words had such effect, that they left me in a terrible panic, and told his lordship all that had happened. The bishop, as he was a proud, haughty man, reprimanded and scolded his servants very severely, both because they had committed such an act of violence, and because they had not gone through with it. The printer who had been present at the abovementioned accident, entering at this juncture, his lordship desired him to go and tell me,

that, "If I did not bring him the piece of plate directly, he would leave no part of my body entire but my ears; but that if I brought it without delay, he would instantly settle my demand." The proud prelate's menaces did not in the least terrify me, and I gave him to understand, that I should lay the whole affair before the Pope. In the mean time his anger and my fear having subsided, upon the assurances of some gentlemen of Rome, that I should come to no harm, and that I should be paid for my trouble, armed with my dagger and coat of mail, I repaired to the house of the bishop, who had caused all his servants to be drawn up in a line. There I made my appearance, Paulino following me close with the piece of plate: to make my way through the line of domestics, was like passing through the Zodiac; one of them looked like a lion, another like a scorpion, and a third like a crab, till at last we came into the presence of this reverend prelate, who uttered the most priest-like, Spaniard-like words that I ever heard. All this time I never once looked at him, or so much as answered a single word; at which his lordship seemed to discover more resentment than ever, and having ordered pen, ink, and paper, desired me to write him a receipt. I then looked him full in the face, and told him that I would readily do so after I had received my money. The haughty bishop was then more exasperated than ever; but in fine, after a great deal of scolding and hectoring, I was paid, and having written a receipt left the place in high spirits.

Pope Clement afterwards heard the whole affair, having first seen the piece of plate in question, though it was not shown him by me; he was highly pleased at what had happened, and said publicly, that he entirely approved of my behaviour;

so that the bishop heartily repented of what he had done; and, in order to make atonement for the past, sent me word by the same painter, that he intended to employ me in many commissions of importance: to which I made answer, that I was very willing to undertake them, but that I insisted upon being paid beforehand. These words coming likewise to the ear of Pope Clement, made him laugh heartily. Cardinal Cibo was at Rome when the affair happened, and his holiness told him the whole affair of the difference between me and the Bishop of Salamanca, with all the disturbances it had given rise to; then he turned to one of his domestics, and bid him find constant employment for me in my business as a goldsmith. The above cardinal sent for me, and after much conversation ordered me to make him a piece of plate, more considerable than that which I had lately finished for the Bishop of Salamanca. I likewise worked for Cardinal Cornaro, and for many other cardinals, especially Ridolfi and Salviati: I was employed by them all, and earned a great deal of money. Signora Porzia Chigi told me, I should open a shop entirely upon my own account: I did so accordingly, and was kept in constant employment by that good lady, so that it was perhaps by her means chiefly that I came to make some figure in the world. At this time I contracted an intimate acquaintance with Signor Gabriello Cesarini, Gonfalonier of Rome, and frequently worked for that gentleman: amongst other jobs I did for him, one was particularly remarkable, namely, a large gold medal to be worn upon a hat, and on which was engraved Leda, with her enamoured swan: he was highly pleased with the execution, and said he would get my work to be examined, in order to pay me according to its full value. My

medal being a master-piece of art, the connoisseurs set a much higher price upon it than he expected; and as it was in bad hands, I reaped no benefit from my labour. This medal occasioned me as much trouble as the Bishop of Salamanca's piece of plate; but that narratives of this sort may not interfere with matters of much greater importance, I shall content myself with having barely touched upon that unlucky adventure.

CHAPTER V.

The Author has a quarrel, and accepts a challenge from Rienzo da Ceri.—He applies himself to seal engraving, and improves in that art under Lautizio.—The plague breaks out at Rome, during which he amuses himself with taking plans of the antiquities of that city.—Story of Signor Jacomo Carpi the famous surgeon, and of the vases designed by Benvenuto.—The pestilence having ceased, a society is formed of artists, viz. painters, sculptors, and goldsmiths, with weekly meetings.—Grand entertainment at one of these meetings, and a merry frolic of the Author's, at which were present Michael Angelo and Julio Romano.

As I am sometimes obliged to quit the sphere of my profession, in writing the history of my life, I find it expedient, with regard to such articles as the last-mentioned, not to give a circumstantial account of them, but a compendious summary of the chief particulars. I happened once, at our feast of St-John, to dine with several of my countrymen of different callings, painters, sculptors, and goldsmiths; where, amongst other artists of distinguished reputation, were present, one Rosso a painter, John Francesco a pupil of Raphael d' Urbino, and many more: as I had invited them thither without any ceremony or constraint, they laughed and jested, which is usual with mixed companies, and made merry upon occasion of so great a festival. A young mad-cap, who was in the service of Signor Lorenzo de' Medici, and whose name was Rienzo da Ceri, happening to pass by during this entertainment, turned the Florentines into a jest, and cast many injurious reflections upon the whole body of the nation. As it was I that had invited all these men

of genius and worth to this meeting, I considered myself as the person insulted upon the occasion, and, without being taken notice of by any of the company, went up to the spark abovementioned, who was with a woman of the town, and continued his gibing to divert her. I asked him whether he was the audacious man that spoke ill of the Florentines; and he immediately made answer that he was. Scarcely had he uttered these words when I gave him a slap on the face, and we both instantly drew. But we had hardly made three paces, when several of the by-standers interposed, all seeming to take my part, rather than that of my adversary; for as the company present were sensible that I was in the right, they declared in my favour accordingly. The day following I received a challenge from my adversary, which I accepted with cheerfulness, declaring that I thought this an affair of much greater importance than the business of my shop. I instantly went to speak to an old man, named Bevilacqua, who had the reputation of being the best swordsman in Italy, having fought above twenty duels, and always come off with honour. This worthy man was my friend, had had connexions with me in business, and even interposed in some disputes between me and my employers; he therefore said to me, "My good friend, Benvenuto, if you were to cope with Mars himself, I have not the least doubt but you would come off with honour; for though I have been acquainted with you so many years, I never knew you in the wrong, with regard to any quarrel." He consented, therefore, to be my second, and, having repaired to the place appointed in arms, I came off with credit, though there was no blood shed. I pass by the particulars of this combat, which might indeed be entertaining to some readers; but I rather choose to dwell upon the events that



befel me in the business of my calling, which was my chief motive for taking pen in hand, and in recounting of which I shall find sufficient employment. Though I was excited by an honest emulation to produce a piece of work, which might equal, or even surpass those of that able artist, Lucagnolo; I did not, however, upon that account quit my agreeable art of jewelling, and, by uniting the two, I acquired much more reputation and profit, than I could have done by either singly: for, in both branches, I often hit off things unknown to other artists,

There was at this time, in Rome, a native of Perugia, of great abilities, named Lautizio; the only man that worked in his branch of the business, which was that of a seal engraver. Every Cardinal at Rome has a seal on which his title is engraved; it is made of the bigness of a child's hand, and the title is embellished with a variety of figures: one of these seals, well executed, costs a hundred crowns and upwards. I could not help desiring to rival so eminent an artist, though this business widely differs from that of the jeweller and goldsmith; but Lautizio, who was master of the art of seal making, seemed to be confined to that alone, and knew nothing of any other branch. I therefore set about learning this business, and though I found it exceedingly difficult, was never wearied out by any labour it cost me; but attached myself constantly to it, and making money. There was likewise in Rome, another eminent artist, a native of Milan, who went by the name of Caradosso; this man worked only in medals, engraved with a chisel, upon thin plates of metal, and many other materials; he made some scripture pieces, and figures of Christ, a palm long, of thin plates of gold, and of such admirable workmanship, that I looked upon him to be one of

the greatest masters in this branch that I had ever known; and I envied him more than any of the rest. There were likewise other masters there, who worked in medals engraved on steel; these are the true guides and models of those who desire to acquire perfection in coining money. I set about learning all these different branches with the greatest assiduity. Next to these came the most elegant art of enamelling, in which I never heard of more than one that excelled, and this was a Florentine, named Amerigo, with whom I was not acquainted; his performances were indeed admirable, and such as were never equalled in any part of the globe; nor could I, or any other man, ever boast of having seen a piece of workmanship of the kind, that made even a faint approach to their excellence. The art of enamelling is extremely difficult on account of the fire, which is the last thing used in works of that nature, and often spoils and totally destroys them; nevertheless I attached myself likewise to it with the utmost ardour; and, though I found it very hard to be acquired, such was the pleasure I took in learning it, that its greatest difficulties appeared delightful to me. This was a peculiar indulgence of the author of nature, and the effect of a genius so happy, that I could, with the utmost ease, learn any thing I gave my mind to. These several branches are very different from each other; insomuch, that the man that excels in one, seldom, or never, attains to an equal degree of perfection in any of the rest; whereas I, having exerted myself with the utmost assiduity to be eminent in all these different branches, at last compassed my end, as I shall show in a proper place.

About this time, whilst I was still a young man of three-and-twenty, so dreadful an epidemic disease prevailed in Rome, that there died every day

several thousands. Though I was somewhat terrified at this calamity, I began to indulge myself in certain pleasures of fancy, arising from different causes, which I shall hereafter specify; for, on holydays, I amused myself with visiting the antiquities of that city, and sometimes took their figures in wax; at other times I made drawings of them. As these antiquities are all ruinous edifices, where a number of pigeons build their nests, I had a mind to divert myself among them with my fowling piece; but being greatly afraid of the plague, I avoided all commerce with the inhabitants, and made Paulino carry my gun; thus we repaired together to the ruins, from whence I often returned home loaded with pigeons of the largest size. But I never chose to put more than a single ball into my piece, and in this manner, by being a good marksman, I procured a considerable quantity of game. The fowling piece which I held in my hand, was, both on the inside and outside, as bright as a looking-glass; I likewise made the powder as fine as the minutest dust; and in the use of it, I discovered some of the most admirable secrets that ever were known till this time. Of this I will, to avoid prolixity, give only one proof, which will surprise even those who are adepts in this matter. When I had charged my piece with a quantity of powder, equal in weight to the fifth part of a ball, it carried two hundred paces point blank: in a word, so great was the delight I took in shooting, that it often diverted me from the business of my shop. Though it had this ill consequence, it, in other respects, procured me considerable advantages; for, by this exercise of shooting, I greatly improved my constitution, the air was of vast service to me, and braced my nerves, which were naturally relaxed: whilst I was

enjoying these pleasures, my spirits suddenly revived; I no longer had my usual gloom, and I worked to more purpose, than when my attention was totally engrossed by business; upon the whole my gun turned rather to my advantage, than the contrary. Add to this, that by means of this recreation, I contracted an acquaintance with some people that kept a look out for the peasants of Lombardy, who, at a particular season of the year came to work in the vineyards about Rome: these peasants, in digging the ground, scarcely ever failed to discover ancient medals, agates, cornelians, and camaieus; they likewise found precious stones, such as emeralds, zaphyrs, diamonds, and rubies. Those who went in quest of the peasants, often bought such things of them for a trifle; and I dealing with the former, have frequently given them gold crowns for curiosities, which had cost them only so many pence. This traffic, besides the great profit I derived from it, which was at least a tenth, procured me the friendship of most of the Roman cardinals. I shall mention only a few of the most remarkable of these rarities that happened to fall into my hands; imprimis, a dolphin's head, about the size of a large bean; though art was eminently conspicuous in this head, it was still surpassed by nature; for this emerald was of so fine a colour, that the person who purchased it of me for ten crowns, caused it to be curiously set in a gold ring, and sold it for a hundred. I had likewise one of the finest topazes that ever was beheld: art and nature seemed to rival each other in embellishing this stone, of the size of a large nut; and upon it was carved an amazingly fine head, intended to represent a Minerva. I had likewise in my collection, another stone of a different sort from any of these; this was a camaieu, upon which

was engraved a Hercules binding a triple-headed Cerberus; this was a piece of such extraordinary beauty, and such admirable workmanship, that our great Michael Angelo declared he had never beheld any thing that surpassed it. Amongst a number of bronze medals one fell into my hands, upon which was represented a head of Jupiter; this medal was the largest I ever beheld; the head was one of the most complete masterpieces of art; on the reverse were several other figures, resembling the head, in which the artist displayed his ingenuity in a manner equally conspicuous. I might launch out into a long dissertation upon this subject, but I choose to avoid prolixity.

The epidemic disorder had prevailed for some time in Rome (for I must partly go back in order to connect my narrative), when there arrived in that city an eminent surgeon, named Signor Giacomo da Capri. This extraordinary man had, amongst other nostrums, certain violent remedies for the French disease; and moreover, understood the art of design extremely well. Happening one day to pass by my shop, he cast his eye upon some drawings, amongst which were several little vases of a variety of grotesque figures, which I had sketched out by way of amusement; these vases being, in form, very different from any that had ever been seen before, Signor Giacomo desired me to make him some of silver, according to the same model; this I readily agreed to do, because they were of my own invention. Though he paid me generously for my trouble, the reputation which I acquired by them was of an hundred times more value to me than the profit; for the whole trade declared they had never seen any thing more complete, or better executed. I had no sooner finished these pieces, than my new employer showed them to the

Pope, and the day following quitted Rome. He was a man of great learning; and talked admirably upon medical subjects. The Pope was desirous of having him in his service; but he declared he did not care to confine himself to any service whatever; and that whoever had occasion for his assistance, should send for him. He was a person of great sagacity, and did very wisely to leave Rome; for, not many months after, all his patients relapsed, so that he would have been murdered if he had staid. He showed my little vases to the Duke of Ferrara, and to several other princes; and told them that they were presents from a great nobleman at Rome, of whom he had demanded them, upon undertaking to cure him of a certain disorder; that the nobleman had told him they were antiques, and begged he would rather ask any thing else, which he would freely part with, and leave him those; but he refused to cure him on any other terms; and thus got them into his possession. This I was told by Signor Alberto Bendidio; who, with great ceremony, showed me certain figures at Ferrara; at which I laughed, without making any other answer. Signor Alberto, who was a proud, haughty man, said to me in a passion: "You may laugh as much as you please; but I must tell you that there has not been a man these thousand years able to make such figures." I, that I might not seem to detract from reputation, stood admiring them in silent astonishment. I was told in Rome, by many noblemen who were my friends, that these drawings appeared to them very extraordinary, and of genuine antiquity; encouraged by this declaration, I confessed they were my performances: they not giving credit to what I said, I formed a resolution to make new designs, in order to prove my veracity, because the abovementioned Signor

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Giacomo had carried off the others. By this job I was considerably a gainer. The epidemic disease continuing to rage, I escaped it very happily; many of my acquaintance had died of it, while I continued in perfect health.

The plague had by this time almost spent its fury; insomuch, that those who had survived it, congratulated each other, and expressed great joy at having escaped that fatal scourge. Upon this occasion there was established in Rome a society of painters, statuaries, and goldsmiths, the best that had ever been known in that capital: the founder of this society was a statuary named Michael Angelo, a native of Sienna, and possessed of such extraordinary abilities, that he might justly vie with any artist belonging to the profession; but still more eminently distinguished for being the most complaisant and obliging man in the universe: he was the oldest member of this society; but might be considered as the youngest, on account of his vigorous constitution. We were frequently together, at least twice in the week. I must not omit, that to this society also belonged Julio Romano, a painter, and John Francesco, both excellent pupils of the great Raphael d'Urbino. After we had been several times in company together, our worthy president thought proper to invite us to sup at his house one Sunday; directing that every man should bring his mistress with him; and he who failed to comply, should be obliged to treat the company with a supper. Such members of the society as had no acquaintance amongst the courtezans, were obliged to procure ladies with great trouble and expense, for fear of exposing themselves at this agreeable entertainment. I had thought myself vastly well provided in a fine girl of the name of Penthesilea, who had a fondness for me; but I was

obliged to resign her to one of my most intimate friends, named Bacchiaca, who had been, and still continued to be, deeply in love with her. The girl, upon this occasion, was somewhat piqued, perceiving that I gave her up to Bacchiaca, at the first word; a circumstance which induced her to imagine that I slighted her, and made a bad return for the affection she bore me. Her resentment afterwards involved me in a perplexing affair, of which I shall speak more at large in its proper place.

As the time drew near that we were to repair to the assembly abovementioned, and I happened to be without a female companion, I looked upon myself as guilty of a great oversight in not providing one; but not choosing to be disgraced by bringing any low, despicable creature amongst so many brilliant beauties, I thought of a frolic to increase the mirth of the company. Having formed my plan, I sent for a boy named Diego, of about sixteen, who lived next door to me, and was son to a Spanish coppersmith; this lad was learning Latin at the grammar-school, to which he applied with great diligence: he had a very genteel person, with a fine complexion: the contours of his face surpassed those of the ancient statue of Antinous; and I had often drawn his likeness, by which I acquired great reputation in my performances. The boy had no acquaintance in town, nor was he known to any of the society; he neglected his dress very much, his attention being entirely engrossed by study. Having sent for him to my house, I begged that he would dress himself in woman's clothes, which I had provided. He was easily prevailed on to comply; and I, by means of a variety of ornaments, added a considerable lustre to the beauty of his countenance. I put two rings in his ears, in which were two fine and beautiful pearls, the rings

being divided in the middle, fastened upon his ears, which appeared to be bored; I then dressed his neck with gold necklaces and costly jewels. In the same manner I adorned his fingers with rings; and, taking him gently by the ear, brought him before a looking-glass. The boy, seeing himself in the glass, exclaimed with an exulting tone: "Lord, what a Diego am I now!" "Diego," said I to him then, "I never before asked you any favour, but now for the first time, I beg you will oblige me in one thing; it is, that you would, in your present dress, repair with me to the agreeable society which I have mentioned to you so often." The lad, who was virtuous and discreet, modestly cast his eyes upon the ground, and deliberated for a few moments; then suddenly looking up, made answer: "I will go with you, Benvenuto;" finding him so very ready, I replied, "Let us set out directly." I put on his head a large handkerchief, which is called at Rome a summer-cloth. When we came to the place, the whole company were already met, and all rose to salute me; Michael Angelo was between Julio Romano and John Francesco. As soon as I had taken the handkerchief from the head of my beautiful companion; Michael Angelo, who, as I have already observed, was one of the most facetious and diverting men in the world; with one hand taking hold of Julio, and with the other of John Francesco, with his utmost might, drew them towards Diego, and obliged them to kneel down; at the same time falling upon his knees himself, and calling to the company, he exclaimed aloud—"See in what form angels descend from the clouds!—Though celestial spirits are represented as males, behold there are female spirits in heaven likewise!" So he continued to exclaim, "O beautiful angel!" oh angel,

worthy of all praise, vouchsafe to save, vouchsafe to direct me?" At these words the facetious creature lifted up his right hand, and gave him a papal benediction. Michael Angelo rising, said, that it was customary to kiss the Pope's toe, but that adoration should be paid to the cheeks of angels;" he then gave him a salute, and the youth coloured up, which greatly added to his beauty. This scene being over, every man produced a sonnet, upon some subject or other, and we gave them to Michael Angelo for his perusal. The latter began to read them aloud, when the attention of Diego increased his beauty to such a degree as is impossible to express. The company fell into discourse, and gave many tokens of admiration, which I shall not here particularize, as that is not now my business; I shall only mention one expression which I recollect to have heard from that famous painter Julio. This great man having looked upon all present with affection, but more attentively upon the ladies, turned about to Michael Angelo, and spoke to him thus: "My dear Michael Angelo, the name of crow, which you have given to our ladies, suits them pretty well; though they are even inferior in beauty to crows, when compared to one of the finest peacocks that ever was beheld." Dinner was now ready to serve up, when Julio begged to be the person that should place us in proper order. His request being granted, he took the ladies by the hand, and made them sit at the upper end of the table, with mine in the midst of them; the men he placed next, and me in the middle, telling me that I was deserving of all manner of honour and distinction. Behind our backs there were rows of flower-pots, with beautiful jessamines, which seemed to heighten the charms of the young ladies, and especially of my Diego, be-

yond expression. Thus we all, with great cheerfulness, began to regale ourselves at that elegant supper. After our repast was over, we were entertained with a concert of music, both vocal and instrumental; and because the performers sang and played with books before them, my angelical companion desired that he might be allowed to sing his part: as he acquitted himself better than any of the rest, Julio and Michael Angelo, instead of expressing themselves in the same facetious terms they had done before, seemed to be struck with astonishment, and grew wild and extravagant in their praises. The music being over, one Aurelio Ascolano, who was very clever at repeating verses extempore, which is called in Italy *improvvisare* began to repeat some admirable lines in praise of the ladies. Whilst this person was singing, the two girls who had my beauty between them, never ceased prating and chattering; one of them told me in what manner she had fallen into that loose way of life; the other asked my companion how it came to be her fate, who were her friends, and how long she had been at Rome, with several other questions of the same kind. Were I to dwell upon trifles of such a nature, I might relate many odd things that were said and done there, occasioned by Penthesilea, who was passionately fond of me; but as that would be foreign to my design, I shall be content with briefly touching upon them.

The discourse of the two courtezans began to disgust my counterfeit lady, who had taken the name of Pomona; as she was desirous to disengage herself from them, and get rid of their loose conversation, she sometimes turned to one side, sometimes to the other: the lady that Julio brought with him, asking whether she was not ill, the counterfeit Pomona answered in the affirmative, declaring

that she believed herself to be some months advanced in pregnancy; and felt, at that very time, the qualms of breeding. Upon which the two ladies who had her between them, taking compassion of Pomona, begged her to withdraw, when she was acknowledged to be a boy; immediately they quitted the table, loading him with all the abusive language that is usually given to disorderly young fellows. An outcry being instantly set up, accompanied with great laughter and expressions of surprize, the grave Michael Angelo desired permission of all present to inflict upon me a penance in his own way: the company giving their assent to this with loud acclamations, he put me out of pain by thrice repeating, "Long live Signor Benvenuto;" and that, he said, was the punishment I deserved for so humorous a frolic. Thus ended this pleasant entertainment, together with the day, and the company separating, retired to their respective habitations.

CHAPTER. VI.

The Author learns to make curious Damascenings of steel and silver on Turkish daggers, &c.—Derivation of the word grotesque in works of design.—His ingenuity in medals and rings.—His great humanity to Lewis Pulci is repaid with the utmost ingratitude.—Tragical end of Pulci in consequence of his amour with Panthesilea.—Gallant behaviour of the Author on this occasion, in defeating a band of armed adversaries; his escape, and reconciliation with Benvenuto of Perugia.

WERE I to give a complete account of all the works I did at this time for persons of different stations in life, my narrative would become altogether tedious; suffice it at present to observe, that I exerted myself with the utmost diligence and care to acquire perfection in a variety of different arts, as above enumerated; and therefore, hitherto with unceasing perseverance worked at them all. But as an opportunity has not hitherto occurred of giving an account of my remarkable performances, I shall wait till such a one offers. Michael Angelo, the statuary, was at this time employed in erecting a monument to the late Pope Adrian; Julio Romano, the painter, was gone into the service of the Marquis of Mantua; the other members were retired to different quarters as their business happened to lead them; so that our ingenious society was almost entirely dispersed. Soon after there fell into my hands some little Turkish daggers; the handles of which were of iron as well as the blade, and even the scabbard was of that metal; on these were engraved several fine

foliages in the Turkish taste, most beautifully filled up with gold. I found I had a strong inclination to cultivate this branch likewise, which was so different from the rest; and finding that I had great success in it, I produced several pieces in this way. My performances indeed were much finer and more durable than the Turkish for several reasons; one was, that I made a much deeper incision in the steel than is generally practised in Turkish works; the other was, that these foliages are nothing else but cichory leaves, with some few flowers of Echites; if these have some graces, they are not lasting like those of our foliages. In Italy there is a variety of tastes, and we cut foliages in many different forms; the Lombards make the most beautiful wreaths, representing ivy leaves and others of the same sort, with agreeable twinings highly pleasing to the eye. The Romans and Tuscans have a much better notion in this respect, for they represent acanthus leaves with all their festoons and flowers, winding in a variety of forms, and amongst these leaves they insert birds and animals of several sorts, with great ingenuity and elegance in the arrangement. They in part likewise have recourse to wild flowers, such as those called lions mouths, accompanied by other fine inventions of the imagination, which are termed grotesques by the ignorant. These foliages have received that name from the moderns, because they are found in certain caverns in Rome, which in ancient days were chambers, baths, studies, halls, and other places of the like nature. The curious happened to discover them in these subterraneous caverns, whose low situation is owing to the raising of the surface of the ground in a series of ages; and as these caverns in Rome are commonly called grottos, they from thence acquired the name of grotesque. But this is not their proper

name, for as the ancients delighted in the composition of chimerical creatures, and to the mixed breed of animals supposed to spring from the promiscuous conjunction of goats, cows, and mares, gave the appellation of monsters; in like manner artists produced by their foliages monsters of this sort; and that is the proper name for them, not grotesques. In such a taste I made foliages filled up in the manner abovementioned, which were far more elegant and pleasing to the eye than the Turkish works.

It happened about this time that certain vases were discovered, which appeared to be antique urns filled with ashes; amongst these were iron rings inlaid with gold, in each of which was set a diminutive shell. Learned antiquarians, upon investigating the nature of these rings, declared their opinion that they were worn as charms by those who desired to behave with steadiness and resolution either in prosperous or adverse fortune.

I likewise took things of this nature in hand at the request of some gentlemen who were my particular friends, and wrought some of these little rings; but I made them of steel well tempered, and then cut and inlaid with gold, so that they were very beautiful to behold; sometimes for a single ring of this sort, I was paid above forty crowns. At that time a sort of small medals were in fashion, upon which it was customary for noblemen and gentlemen to engrave certain devices and fancies of their own; and they wore them commonly upon their caps. I made several things of this sort, but found such jobs very difficult: the celebrated artist, named Caradosso, would not take less than a hundred crowns for one of them, because they contained a variety of figures. I was therefore employed, not so much on account of the greatness

of his price, as his slowness in working, by some gentlemen, for whom I made one medal amongst others in emulation of this renowned artist, on which were four figures I took uncommon pains with. It happened upon this occasion, that the gentlemen comparing my works with that of the famous Caradosso, declared mine to be by much the more elegant and masterly; and bid me ask whatever I thought proper for my trouble; for I had given them such satisfaction, that they were willing to pay me my own price. To this I answered, "That the best recompence I could receive for my labour, and that which I desired most, was the happiness of making an approach to the excellence of so great a master; and if I appeared to gentlemen of their taste to have attained that honour, I thought myself sufficiently rewarded." Upon my leaving them at these words, they immediately sent me a generous present, with which I was perfectly satisfied; and my ardour to gain the approbation of my employers increased to such a degree, that it gave rise to the adventures which I am going to relate. For in the course of this history, I must sometimes lose sight of my profession, to record some unlucky accidents, by which this toilsome life of mine has been occasionally embittered.

I have already given an account of the ingenious society of artists; and of the pleasant scene of Pentesilea the courtesan, who had so false and dangerous a passion for me, and had been so greatly irritated an account of the merry frolic of introducing Diego the Spaniard at supper; I shall conclude now that whimsical adventure. As she thought herself injured in the most outrageous manner imaginable, and had vowed revenge, an opportunity soon offered to carry her wicked purpose into execution; and I shall here inform the reader in what

manner my life was brought by her malice into the most imminent danger. There happened about this time to arrive at Rome a young gentleman, named Lewis Pulci, son to one of the Pulci family, who had been beheaded for having incestuous intercourse with his daughter: this young gentleman had an uncommon genius for poetry, was well versed in the Latin language, and wrote with great elegance; he was likewise extremely handsome and genteel. He had just quitted the service of some bishop whose name I do not remember, and was very ill with the French disease. When he was at Florence there were meetings in the open street, where he sang extempore, and distinguished himself amongst those who had the greatest talent that way: this singing was so well worth hearing, that the divine Michael Angelo Buonarotti, that renowned statuary and painter, whenever he heard that Pulci was to perform, went to listen to him with the utmost eagerness; and upon these occasions was generally accompanied by one Piloto, a goldsmith, and myself. This was the first rise of my intimacy with Lewis Pulci; after two years had elapsed, he discovered to me the condition he was in at Rome, and begged I would procure him some relief. I was moved to compassion on account of his excellent qualities, and farther excited by the love of my country, as well as a compassionate disposition: I therefore took him into my house, and had him treated with such care, that with the assistance of youth and a vigorous constitution, his health was quickly restored. While the young man was in this manner endeavouring to recover, he constantly amused himself with reading, and I procured him as many books as I could: sensible of the obligations I had laid him under, he often thanked me with tears in his eyes, assuring me, if God ever prospered him, or any way put it in his

power, he would endeavour to give me convincing marks of his gratitude. I told him that I had not served him as well as I could have wished, but had done my best; and it was the duty of human beings to assist each other; only admonishing him to show the same kindness to others, who might happen to stand in need of his assistance, as he had done of mine; and desiring that he would look upon me as his friend, and always love me.

The young man began to frequent the court of Rome, in which he was soon taken notice of, and entered into the service of a prelate, a man of fourscore, who was the Bishop of Urgenis. This prelate had a nephew, named Signor Giovanni, a Venetian gentleman: Signor Giovanni seemed to be greatly struck with the shining qualities of Lewis Pulci, and had contracted such an intimacy with him, that he seemed to be a second self. Lewis having talked to him of me, and the great favours I had done him, Signor Giovanni conceived a desire to know me. It happened about this time that I had made a little entertainment one evening for my mistress Penthisilea, to which I invited several men of genius of my acquaintance; at the very moment that we were sitting down to table, Signor Giovanni and Lewis Pulci entered the room, and after some little ceremony, were prevailed upon to stay to supper. The wanton courtesan no sooner fixed her eye on the handsome youth, than she immediately formed a design upon him; I perceived the snare; so that the instant supper was over, I called Lewis aside, and requested him, by the obligations which he had acknowledged himself to have to me, not to listen upon any account to the insinuations of that lewd woman. In answer to this he exclaimed, "What, my friend Benvenuto, do you take me for a madman!" I told him, I did not take him for a mad-

man, but for an inexperienced youth ; at the same time assuring him, that I gave myself not the least trouble about her ; but that my concern was for him, and I should be sorry to see him ruined by so abandoned a strumpet. To this he answered, that " He wished he might break his neck, if he ever would so much as open his lips to her." He must have sworn this oath with great earnestness, for it was his fate afterwards to break his neck, as will appear in the sequel. Signor Giovanni's affection for the youth proved not to be of the virtuous sort, but the reverse ; for the latter was every day seen new clothed either in velvet or silk, and appeared to be addicted to all manner of debauchery : in short, he had divested himself of all his laudable qualities, and pretended neither to see nor know me, when we met ; because I had reprov'd him, telling him that he had abandoned himself to all kinds of vices, and that they would be his destruction. Signor Giovanni had bought him a fine black horse, which cost a hundred and fifty crowns ; it was an admirable pacer, and Lewis rode it every day to pay his court to that strumpet Penthesilea. Though I beheld this scene, it gave me no manner of concern : I said only that all animals acted according to their nature, and I attached myself to my business. It happened one Sunday evening that we were invited by the famous statuary, Michael Angelo, of Sienna, to sup with him, and it was then summer time ; at this supper Bacchiacha, of whom mention has already been made, was a guest, and he had brought with him Penthesilea, with whom he had been formerly connected. Whilst we were at supper she rose from table, telling us that a sudden indisposition obliged her to retire, but that she would quickly return. As we were engaged in cheerful conversation, she stayed away longer than we expected ; I stood listening,

and heard some people talking in a low voice in the street, whilst I held a knife in my hand, which I made use of at table to cut my victuals: the window was so near the table, that having risen up a little, I saw Lewis Pulci and Pentesilea in close conference, and overheard the former say: "If that cursed Benvenuto should happen to discover us, we must be undone." She made answer: "Lewis, be under no apprehensions; mind what a noise they are making; we are the least of their thoughts." At these words I perceived who they were; when immediately leaping from the window, I seized Lewis by the cloak, and should certainly have killed him with the knife in my hand, had he not instantly clapped spurs to his little white horse, and leaving his cloak behind to save his life, fled with Pentesilea to a neighbouring church. Those who were at table, having suddenly risen, came all up to me, and begged I would not give myself or them any trouble for the sake of a harlot. I answered, that "I should never have stirred upon her account; but that I could not help showing my resentment to that villain, who behaved to me in so perfidious a manner." I would not, therefore, give ear to the persuasions and entreaties of my worthy friends, but snatching up my sword, went unaccompanied to Prati; for the house where we were at supper, was near the gate Del Castello, which led to Prati. It was not long before the sun set, and I returned slowly to Rome, when it was already dark, but the gates of the city were not locked. I repaired to Pentesilea's habitation, firmly resolved, in case Lewis Pulci should be there, to treat them both very roughly: perceiving that there was nobody in the house but a servant girl, named Corida, I laid aside my cloak and the scabbard of my sword, and came up to the house, which stood behind the place

called Banchi, upon the river Tiber. Opposite to this house was a garden, belonging to an innkeeper, whose name was Romolo; this garden was enclosed with a thick hedge, in which I concealed myself, in order to await the coming of the lady and her gallant. When I had stayed there some time, my friend Bacchiaca happened to pass by, who, whether he really thought I should go there, or had been told so, called to me in a low voice by the name of gossip, for so we used to stile each other in joke. He besought me, for God's sake, to desist; uttering these words, almost with tears in his eyes: "Gossip, I beg you will not hurt this poor unfortunate woman, for nothing can justly be laid to her charge." "If you do not," said I, "directly quit the place, I will cut you across the head with my sword." My poor gossip, frightened by this language, felt a sudden call from nature, and had not gone far, when he found himself under a necessity of obeying it. It was a bright starry night, and the sky shone with a refulgent lustre; when suddenly I heard the noise of several horses galloping on both sides: this was occasioned by Lewis and Penthesilea, who were accompanied by one Signor Benvenuto Perugino, chamberlain to Pope Clement; they had four valiant captains from Perugia attending them, with other brave young officers, in all twelve persons that wore swords. When I perceived my situation, not knowing which way to get off, I resolved to continue under the hedge; but the briars pricked and hurt me very much, so that I could no longer bear it, but began to think of consulting my safety by flight. At this time Lewis had his arms about Penthesilea's neck, and told her that he must have a kiss in spite of that traitor Benvenuto. These words, which received a new sting by the pricking of the briars, provoked me to such a degree, that I leaped out of

the hedge, and lifting up my sword, cried out, "I will instantly be the death of you all." My sword fell upon Lewis's shoulders, but as the young fellow was protected by a coat of mail, the blow, though very heavy, had no effect upon him; and the sword turned its edge upon the fair but deceitful face of Penthesilea. Both having fallen to the ground, Bacchiaca, with his stockings half down his legs, began to run away screaming. I then turned about boldly to the rest, with my drawn sword, when my valiant adversaries hearing a loud uproar in the inn, imagined they had to deal with an army of a hundred men; they had however drawn their swords, but some of their horses taking fright, this occasioned so much confusion amongst them, that two of the cleverest were thrown, and the rest betook themselves to flight. I, seeing the affair turn out happily, made off with the utmost speed, pleased to get rid of this troublesome affair with honour, and not caring to expose myself to more danger than honour required. In this terrible confusion and hurly-burly, some of the gentlemen and officers had wounded themselves with their own swords. Signor Benvenuto, the Pope's chamberlain, was thrown down and trampled upon by his own mule; his servant attempting to draw his sword, fell with him at the same time, and gave his master a deep wound in the hand. This accident, more than all the rest, made Signor Benvenuto swear, in his Perugian jargon, that, "By G—d, Benvenuto should teach Benvenuto manners." He desired one of the officers, who perhaps had more courage than the rest, but was young, and had very little to say for himself, to deliver me a challenge. This gentleman called upon me at the house of a Neapolitan nobleman, who had heard of my abilities, and seen some of my performances; and being likewise convinced

that I was, both in mind and body, fit for the military profession, to which he was attached above all others, grew exceedingly fond of me: seeing myself thus protected and caressed, and being in proper spirits, I gave such an answer to the officer, as I believe made him heartily repent his coming on such an errand. A few days after, Lewis, Penthesilea, and the rest, being pretty well recovered of their wounds, the nobleman, my patron, was solicited by Signor Benvenuto, whose passion had by this time subsided, to prevail upon me to be reconciled to Lewis, adding, that the gallant officers who were with him, and who had never had any difference with me on their own account, would be glad to cultivate my acquaintance. The nobleman made answer, that he would persuade me to agree to all that was proposed; and should willingly undertake to accommodate matters, upon condition that there was to be no upbraiding on either side for what had passed, as that would reflect dishonour on themselves; that we should only shake hands and drink together, in token of reconciliation, and so he would engage to make all things agreeable. This design was carried into execution: one Thursday evening the nobleman carried me to the house of Signor Benvenuto, where all the military gentlemen who had been in the late skirmish were at table. My patron was accompanied by above thirty gallant men, well armed; a circumstance which Signor Benvenuto did not expect. Having entered a little hall, my friend going before, and I following him, he addressed them thus: "Save you, gentlemen, I am come with Benvenuto, whom I love as my own brother, and we gladly present ourselves, with an intention to do whatever you think proper to enjoin us." Benvenuto seeing the hall crowded with such a number, made answer: "All we desire of you is

peace; we want nothing more." He then promised, that the governor of Rome should give me no trouble. Thus we were reconciled, and I returned to my shop; but I was scarcely able to pass an hour without the company of the Neapolitan nobleman, who either visited me, or sent for me to his own house. In the mean time, Lewis Pulci being cured, every day took an airing upon his black horse, which he knew so well how to manage: one day, amongst others, after there had fallen a drizzling rain, having made his horse prance, and curvet before Pentheselea's door, he happened to slip, and the horse fell upon him: by this accident he broke his right leg, and a few days after died in the house of Pentheselea; the curse, which he had solemnly invoked against himself in the presence of God, being thus accomplished. Hence it appears, that the Deity watches over the conduct both of the good and bad, and rewards all according to their deserts.

CHAPTER VII

The Duke of Bourbon lays siege to Rome, which is taken and plundered.—The Author kills the Duke of Bourbon as he is scaling the walls.—He retires to the castle of St. Angelo, where he acts as bombardier, and signalizes himself in an extraordinary manner.—The Prince of Orange is killed by a ball from a cannon directed by the Author; the Pope's acknowledgments to Benvenuto.—The castle of St. Angelo surrendered by capitulation.

ALL Italy was now up in arms, when Pope Clement sent to Signor Giovanino de' Medici for some troops, which accordingly marched to his assistance: these auxiliaries did so much mischief in Rome, that tradesmen were not in safety in their shops, which made me retire to a little convenient house, behind the place called Banchi, where I worked for my particular friends. The business I was employed in, at that time, was not of any great importance; I therefore shall not at present enlarge upon it. I then took great delight in music, and other amusements of a like nature. Pope Clement having, by the advice of Signor Jacopo Salviati, dismissed the five companies, which had been sent him by Signor Giovanino, lately deceased in Lombardy; the Duke of Bourbon finding that there were no troops in Rome, commanded his army to march towards that capital. Upon the news of his approach, all the inhabitants took up arms. I happened to be intimately acquainted with Alexander, the son of Piero del Bene; who, at the time that the Colonnas came to Rome, had requested me to take care of his house. upon this more important occasion, he begged I

would raise a company of fifty men to guard the same house, and undertake to be their commander, as I had been at the time of the Colonnas. I accordingly drew together fifty stout young men, and we took up our quarters in his house, where we were well paid and kindly treated. The army of the Duke of Bourbon having already appeared before the walls of Rome, Alexander del Bene requested I would go with him to repel the enemy; I accordingly complied, and taking one of the stoutest youths with us, we were afterwards joined by a young gentleman of the name of Cecchino della Casa. We came up to the walls of Campo Santo, and there descried that great army, which was exerting its utmost force to storm the town. Many young men were slain without the walls, where they fought with the utmost fury, though it was a very thick mist. I turned about to Alexander, and spoke to him thus: "Let us return home with the utmost speed, since it is impossible for us here to make any stand: behold, the enemy scales the walls, and our countrymen fly before them, overpowered by numbers." Alexander, frightened out of his senses, answered with some emotion, that "He wished we had not ventured so far;" and so saying, he turned about in a great passion, in order to depart. I thereupon reproved him in these terms: "Since you have brought me hither, I am determined to perform some manly action." Having taken aim with my piece, where I saw the thickest crowd of the enemy, I fixed my eye on a person who seemed to be lifted up by the rest: but the misty weather prevented me from distinguishing whether he was on horseback or on foot. Then turning suddenly about to Alexander and Cecchino, I bid them fire off their pieces, and showed them how to escape every shot of the besiegers. Having accordingly

fired twice for the enemy's once, I softly approached the walls, and perceived that there was an extraordinary confusion among the assailants, occasioned by our having shot the Duke of Bourbon : he was, as I understood afterwards, that chief personage, whom I saw raised by the rest. Upon quitting our post we passed through Campo Santo, and entered by the quarter of St. Peter ; from thence we came behind the church of St. Angelo, and reached the gate of Castello with the greatest difficulty imaginable ; for Signor Rienzo da Ceri, and Signor Horatio Baglioni, wounded or killed every body that deserted the ramparts. When we were got to the gate abovementioned, part of the enemy had already entered Rome, and we had them at our heels. The governor of the castle having thought proper to draw up the portcullis, there was just room enough made for us four to enter. No sooner was I got in, than the captain, Pallonede' Medici, pressed me into the service, because I belonged to the Pope's household ; and forced me to leave Alexander, very much against my will. At this very juncture Pope Clement had entered the castle of St. Angelo, by the long gallery from St. Peter's ; for he did not choose to quit the Vatican sooner, never once dreaming that the enemy would storm the city. As soon as I found myself within the castle walls, I went up to some pieces of artillery, which a bombardier, named Giuliano the Florentine, had under his direction. This Giuliano, standing upon one of the battlements, saw his house pillaged, and his wife and children cruelly used : fearing to shoot any of his friends, he did not venture to fire the guns, but throwing the match upon the ground, made a piteous lamentation, tearing his hair, and expressing the most poignant and affecting sorrow. His example was followed by other bombardiers, which

vexed me to such a degree, that I took one of the matches, and getting some people to assist me, who had not the same passions to disturb them, I directed the artillery and falcons, where I saw occasion, and killed a considerable number of the enemy. If I had not taken this step, the party which entered Rome that morning, would have proceeded directly to the castle; and it would have been a very easy matter for them to have stormed it, as they received no obstruction from the artillery. I continued to fire away, which made some cardinals and gentlemen bless me, and extol my activity to the skies: emboldened thereby, I exerted my utmost abilities in defence of the place: let it suffice that it was I who preserved the castle that morning, and by whose means the other bombardiers began to do their duty; and so I continued to act the whole day. Pope Clement having appointed a Roman nobleman, whose name was Signor Antonio Santa Croce, to be chief engineer; this nobleman came to me in the evening, whilst the enemy's army was entering Rome, by the quarter of Trastevere, and behaving to me with the greatest demonstrations of kindness, posted me with five great guns in the highest part of the castle called Dall' Angiolo which goes quite round the fortress, and looks towards the meadows, affording a fine prospect of Rome. He appointed several persons to serve under me, and assist me in managing the artillery; then ordering I should be paid beforehand, he gave me a portion of bread and wine, and begged I would continue to behave as I had begun. I, who was at times more inclined to arms, than to my own profession, obeyed my orders with such alacrity, that I had better success than if I had been following my own business. Night being come, and the enemy having entered Rome, we who were in the castle, and I, more than any

of the rest, who always took delight in beholding new and extraordinary sights, stood contemplating this strange novelty, and the fire which those, who were in any other part of the city, could neither see nor conceive. I shall, upon this account, for a time, discontinue the history of my life, with all the particulars belonging to it; and enter into a short narrative of the public transactions.

As I continued my operations in the artillery, there happened to me, during a month that we were besieged in the castle, many extraordinary accidents, and all very well worth relating; but in order to be concise, and keep as much within the sphere of my profession as possible, I shall pass over most of these events in silence, relating only such as I cannot suppress, I mean the most remarkable. The first then is, that Signor Antonio Croce, having made me come down from the place called Angiolo, with a view to fire at certain houses in the neighbourhood of the castle, into which some of the enemy had entered; whilst I was firing, I received a shot, which hit part of a battlement, so that its force was considerably spent; that large part, however falling upon my breast, stopped my respiration, and I lay prostrate upon the ground, but could hear a great deal of what was said by the bystanders; amongst others, Signor Antonio Croce lamented me as dead, and exclaimed aloud, "Alas! we have lost our best support!" There happened to come up as soon as this accident began to make a noise, an intimate acquaintance of mine, who was called Giovanni Francesco, the musician; (though this person had a greater turn to physic than to music,) he wept bitterly, and ran directly for a flask of the best Greek wine; then making a slate red hot, put a considerable quantity of worm-wood upon it, and sprinkling it with the wine, applied it to that part of my breast, where I appeared

to have received the injury. Such was the efficacy of the worm-wood, that it immediately restored my vigour and my vanished powers; I made an attempt to speak, but found myself unable to articulate, because some foolish soldiers had filled my mouth with earth, thinking that they had thereby performed the rites of the church over me; though it was rather an excommunication, for I could not recover myself, as the earth did me a great deal more harm than the contusion. However, I escaped with life, and returned to those who were about the artillery, seconding their operations with my best abilities and endeavours. Pope Clement had sent to ask assistance of the Duke d'Urbino, who was with the Venetian army, and directed his ambassador to tell his excellency, that so long as the castle should continue every night to make three fires on its top, at the same time firing three guns thrice over, these should be considered as signals that the fort had not surrendered. I was employed to make these signals, and to fire the guns; and as the besiegers continued to annoy us greatly, I pointed the artillery in such a manner as might be likely to injure them most, and retard their operations. The Pope, upon this account, conceived a great liking to me, seeing that I acquitted myself with all the prudence and sagacity requisite on such occasions. The Duke d'Urbino never sent the succours stipulated; therefore, as my intention is, not to give a particular account of this siege, I shall dwell upon no more of the circumstances of it.

Whilst I continued to be employed in my destructive business of an engineer, several cardinals came frequently to see me; but above all, the Cardinals of Ravenna and Gaddi; whom I often warned not to come near me as their little scarlet hats could be seen at a distance, which exposed both

them and myself to great danger from the neighbouring palaces, such as the Torre de' Beni; but persuasions having no effect, I at last got them confined, by which I incurred their enmity and ill-will. Signor Horatio Bagnioli, my very good friend, likewise frequently came where I was: happening to be one day in conversation with me, he observed some appearances at a certain inn, which stood without the castle-gate, at a place called Baccanello. The sign of this inn was the sun, pointed between two red windows, which were shut: Horatio apprehending that opposite to this sign, between the two windows, was a table full of soldiers carousing, said to me: "Benvenuto, if you were to fire your middle cannon near yonder sun, I believe you would do execution; for I hear a great noise, and fancy there must be persons of consequence in that quarter. "Sir," said I, "what I myself see, is sufficient to induce me to make a discharge at yon sun; but I am afraid of that barrel full of stones, which stands hard by the mouth of the gun; for the force of the discharge, and the very wind of the cannon, will be sufficient to throw it down." Horatio replied, "For God's sake, Benvenuto, lose no time: in the first place it is impossible, considering how the barrel stands, that the wind of the cannon should throw it down; but even if it should fall, and the Pope himself be under it, the harm would not be so great as you imagine: so fire away without loss of time." I without thinking more of the matter, made a discharge at the sun as I had promised: the barrel, which was filled with stones, fell to the ground, as I thought it would, exactly between Cardinal Farnese and Signor Jacopo Salviati, both of whom it was near destroying; what saved them, was Cardinal Farnese's reproaching Signor Jacopo with being the cause of the sack of Rome; and as

they both abused and railed at each other, their motion upon the occasion was what prevented the barrel of stones from dashing them to pieces. Horatio having heard the noise, went down as fast as possible : and I going towards the place where the barrel had fallen, heard some people say, those gunners should be killed : this induced me to turn two little falcons towards the steps leading to the battery, with a firm resolution to fire one of them at the first that should presume to ascend. The servants of Cardinal Farnese being sent by their master to insult me ; I advanced in order to fire. As I knew some of them, I said, "Villains, if you do not instantly quit the place, or if any of you attempt to mount these stairs, I have two falcons ready charged with which I will blow you into dust: go, tell the cardinal from me, that I have done nothing but by the command of my superiors ; I have been acting in defence of the clergy, and not to offend them." The servants having retired, Horatio came running up stairs ; but I ordered him to retire that moment, declaring that if he did not, I should kill him upon the spot : he stopped for a time, discovering great symptoms of fear, and cried out, "Benvenuto, I am your friend." I answered, "Sir, if you are by yourself, you may come as often as you think proper." He then made a pause, for he was exceedingly proud, and used this peevish expression to me : "I have a mind to come up no more, but to act the reverse of what I promised you." I told him, that "as I had received my post to defend others, I was likewise able to defend myself." He declared, he was alone ; and when he came up, appeared to be so much altered in his countenance, that I kept my hand upon my sword, and looked sternly at him as an enemy. Upon this he began to laugh, and his colour returning, he said

to me, with all the good humour imaginable: "My dear Benvenuto, no man can be more your friend than I am, and when an opportunity offers, I will endeavour to prove it; would to God you had killed those two scoundrels, one of whom has already done so much mischief, and the other is likely to do more." He then desired me, in case I was asked, not to discover that he had been present when I fired off the guns; and to make myself quite easy about the consequences. This affair made a great noise, which lasted a long time; but I shall not dwell upon it any longer.

I now gave my whole attention to firing my guns, by which means I did signal execution, so that I had in a high degree acquired the favour and good graces of his holiness. There passed not a day, that I did not kill some of the army without the castle. One day amongst others, the Pope happened to walk upon the round rampart, when he saw in the public walks a Spanish colonel, whom he knew by certain tokens; and understanding that he had formerly been in his service, he said something concerning him, all the while observing him attentively. I, who was above at the battery, and knew nothing of the matter, but saw a man who was employed in getting the ramparts repaired, and who stood with a spear in his hand, dressed in rose-colour, began to deliberate how I should lay him flat. I took my swivel, which was almost equal to a demi-culverine, turned it round, and charging it with a good quantity of fine and coarse powder mixed, aimed it at him exactly: though he was at so great a distance, that it could not be expected any effort of art should make such pieces carry so far; I fired off the gun, and hit the man in red exactly in the middle; he had arrogantly placed his sword before him in a sort of Spanish bravado, but the ball of my piece hit

against his sword, and the man was seen severed into two pieces. The Pope, who did not dream of any such thing, was highly delighted and surprised at what he saw, as well because he thought it impossible that such a piece could carry so far, as by reason he could not conceive how the man could be cut into two pieces. Upon this he sent for me, and made an inquiry into the whole affair: I told him the art I had used to fire in that manner; but as for the man's being split into two pieces, neither he nor I were able to account for it. So falling upon my knees, I entreated his holiness to absolve me from the guilt of homicide, as likewise from other crimes which I had committed in that castle in the service of the church. The Pope, lifting up his hands, and making the sign of the cross over me, said that he blessed me, and gave me his absolution for all the homicides I had ever committed, or ever should commit, in the service of the Apostolical church. Upon quitting him, I again went up to the battery, and continuing to keep a constant fire, I scarce once missed all the time: my drawing, my elegant studies; and my taste for music, all vanished before this butchering business; and if I were to give a particular account of all the exploits I performed in this infernal employment, I should astonish all the world; but I pass them by for the sake of brevity: I shall only touch upon some of the most remarkable, which should not be omitted upon any account. As I thought incessantly of exerting all my endeavours in defence of the church, I took it into consideration that the enemy every night changed their guard, and passed through the great gate of S. Spirito, which was indeed a reasonable length for the artillery to carry; but because I shot cross-ways, I did not do so much execution as I could wish. And yet there was every day a considerable number

slain; so that the enemy seeing the pass become dangerous, one night heaped above a hundred barrels upon the top of a house, which obstructed my prospect. I having now reflected more maturely upon the matter than I had done at first levelled my whole five pieces of artillery against those barrels, and waited for the relieving of the guard till the dusk of the evening. As they imagined themselves in perfect security, they came on slower and in greater numbers than usual; I then fired off my pieces, and not only threw the barrels to the ground, but with the same shot killed above thirty men. Upon my continuing to act in the same manner two or three times more, the soldiers were put into such disorder, that amongst those who had loaded themselves with plunder at the sacking of Rome some of them, desirous of enjoying the fruits of their military toil, were disposed to mutiny against their officers, and march off: but being appeased by a valiant captain, whose name was Gian d'Urbino, they were with great difficulty prevailed on to turn through another pass, in order to relieve the guard; this obliged them to fetch a compass of about three miles, whereas they at first had but half a mile to march. This affair being over, all the nobility in the castle conferred extraordinary favours on me. I choose to relate this exploit on account of its importance, though it is foreign to the profession which first induced me to take pen in hand; but if I were to fill up the history of my life with such events, my narrative would become too voluminous: I shall therefore relate but one more of this sort, which I reserve to its proper place.

I must here anticipate a little point of time, and inform the reader how Pope Clement, in order to preserve his regalia, together with all the jewels of the Apostolical chamber, sent for me, and shut him-

sell up with the master of the horse and me in an apartment. This master of the horse had formerly been equerry to Philip Strozzi, and was a Frenchman; Pope Clement had enriched him considerably, being one of his favourite domestics; he was a person of mean birth, yet the Pope put as much confidence in him, as if he had been his own brother. Thus, while we were shut up together, in the abovementioned chamber, they placed before me the regalia, with all the vast quantity of jewels belonging to the Apostolical chamber; and his holiness ordered me to take off the gold in which they were set. I did as I was directed, and wrapping up each of them in a little piece of paper, we sewed them in the skirts of the Pope's clothes, and those of the master of the horse: they then gave me all the gold, which amounted to about a hundred pounds weight, and ordered me to melt it with the utmost secrecy. I repaired to the Angelo battery, where was my apartment, which I could shut, to avoid being seen or interrupted in my operation; and having there made a little furnace with bricks, and fastened to the bottom of the furnace a little pot about the size of a dish, I threw the gold upon the coals, and it fell by degrees into the pot. Whilst this furnace was going, I constantly watched my opportunity to annoy the enemy; and soon did them a great deal of damage in their trenches, with certain antique javelins, which I found in the armory belonging to the castle: having taken a swivel and a little falcon, both somewhat broken at the mouth, I filled them with the javelins, and then fired off the pieces, which flew down like wild fire, doing a great deal of damage to the trenches. Thus, keeping my pieces constantly in order whilst I was melting the gold, I saw towards the evening a person mounted upon a little mule, who came upon the

border of the trench; the mule went at a great rate, and the person spoke to the men in the trenches. I thought it most advisable to fire off my artillery, before he came quite opposite to me: so having taken aim exactly, I fired, and wounded him in the face with one of the javelins; the others hit the mule, which instantly fell dead. Hearing a loud noise in the trenches, I discharged the other piece, which did great execution. The person above-mentioned was the Prince of Orange, who was carried through the trenches to a neighbouring inn, whither all the nobility of the army quickly repaired. Pope Clement having heard of what I had done, immediately sent for me, and desired me to give him an account of what had happened. I related to him the whole transaction, and farther told him, that this must be some person of the first rank, because all the chief officers of the army, as they appeared to me, had immediately repaired to the inn, to which he had been conveyed. The Pope being a person of great sagacity, sent for Signor Antonio Croce, who was the chief engineer, as I have already observed, and directed him to command all of the bombardiers to point their whole artillery, which was very considerable, against the inn, and all to discharge their pieces at the firing of a musket, that by killing those chief officers, the army, which would be in a great measure deprived of its leaders, might be totally dispersed; and God would at last hear their fervent and constant prayers; and thus deliver them from those impious invaders. We thereupon put our artillery in order, according to the directions of Santa Croce, and waited for the signal to fire. Cardinal Orsini being informed of this resolution, came to high words with the Pope, and declared, in the most peremptory manner, that no such step should be taken upon any account, as an accommodation

was then upon the carpet; and if those officers were killed, the army being without a leader, would storm the castle, and put them all to the sword; therefore, he would by no means agree to our projected enterprise. The poor Pope, quite in despair to see himself thus attacked, both within and without, told the cardinal and his party that he left the whole affair to their discretion. The order being thus revoked, I could not stand idle and inactive, when I perceived that they were come to command me not to fire, discharged the middle cannon, and the ball hit a pillar of that house, about which a considerable crowd was gathered: this shot made such havoc amongst the enemy, that they were upon the point of quitting the inn. Cardinal Orsino was so incensed at this, that he was absolutely for having me hanged, or put to death some way or other; but the Pope took my part with great spirit and resolution. As I do not consider myself in the light of a professed historian, I shall not here insert the altercation that passed between them upon the occasion, but shall give my whole attention to my own business.

As soon as I had melted the gold, I carried it to the Pope, who returned me thanks, and ordered the master of the horse to give me five-and-twenty crowns; at the same time making an apology, that he had it not in his power to recompense me more amply.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Author returns to Florence, and, with the assistance of Piero Maria di Lotto, compromises matters with the magistrates of that city.—He is pressed to go into the army by Horatio Baglioni; but, at his father's request, removes to Mantua.—There he sees his friend Julio Romano, who recommends him to the Duke of Mantua as an artist.—An indiscreet speech obliges him to quit Mantua.—He goes back to Florence, where he finds that his father, and most of his relations, had been carried off by the plague.—Intimacy between him and Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, through whose recommendation he is greatly encouraged in his business.—Story of Frederic Ginori.—Rupture between Pope Clement and the city of Florence.—The Author, at the Pope's solicitation, returns to Rome.

A FEW days after, an agreement was made with the imperialists; when I set out with Signor Horatio Baglioni, and a company of soldiers, towards Perugia: this gentleman wanted me to accept of the command of those men, but I declined his offer, telling him I chose to see my father first, and compromise the affair of my banishment from Florence. He then acquainted me that the Florentines had sent him a commission of consequence by the hands of Signor Maria di Lotto, and that he would recommend me to that gentleman, as a person for whom he had a very great regard. So I repaired to Florence in company with several other persons. The plague had made terrible havoc in that city; but I found my worthy father alive, who thought that I must either have been killed at the sacking of Rome, or that I should return to him quite naked and destitute. It proved, however, quite the reverse; I was alive, with my pockets well

lined, and had a servant and a horse. So overjoyed was my aged father at the sight of his son, that I thought, whilst he was kissing and embracing me, he would die of the transport. I soon told him the bloody tale of the sacking of Rome, and presented him with a good number of crowns, which I had gained by the war. Our first caresses and demonstrations of joy being over, we repaired to the magistrates to compromise the affair of my banishment. One of those who had been concerned in pronouncing the sentence against me, happened to be then in the rotation of his office; he was the same that had said to my father in a passion, that he would send me, with a guard of spearmen, to prison; my father, therefore, to revenge my severe treatment, threw out some sharp expressions against him, emboldened by the favours which I had received from Signor Horatio Baglioni. Matters standing thus, I told my father that Signor Horatio had appointed me captain in the Florentines' service, and it was proper I should begin to think of raising my company. My poor father, quite stunned at these words, begged and intreated me, not to think of any such thing, though he was very sensible that I was equal to that, and even to any undertaking of the greatest importance; adding, that he had already one son in the army, my younger brother, who was so gallant a youth; and that I ought to attach myself totally to that admirable art, which I had followed many years, with unwearied application. Though I promised to obey him; he thought, like a man of sense, that in case Signor Horatio should come to Florence, I would not fail, either through complaisance, or some other motives of the same nature, to embrace the military profession. He, therefore, devised a very good expedient to prevent it, which was to persuade me to

remove from Florence, delivering himself to this effect: "My dear son, a most dreadful pestilence rages in this city, and you are come home just at the time of its greatest fury; I remember when I was very young, I went to Mantua, where I met with a kind reception, and made a stay of several years: I request it of you, and even command you, that you would for my sake repair thither; and that you do it directly, and not so much as defer it till to-morrow." As I was always glad of an opportunity of seeing the world, and had never been at Mantua, I gladly complied with his request: the greatest part of the money I had brought with me, I left with the old man, promising to assist him in whatever part of the world I should happen to live; at the same time I earnestly recommended it to my eldest sister, to take care of my father. The name of this sister was Cosa, and as she never chose to marry, she was admitted as a nun at St. Ursula; so she stayed to attend and take care of my old father, and likewise to direct my younger sister, who was married to a statuary of the name of Bartolomeo. Thus, my father giving me his blessing, I took horse and set out for Mantua.

My narrative would swell to a tedious prolixity, were I to give the reader a circumstantial account of this journey: as all Italy was at that time ravaged by war and pestilence, I, with great difficulty, travelled as far as Mantua; where, when I arrived, I endeavoured to get into business, and was immediately employed by one Signor Niccolo, a Milanese, who was goldsmith to the duke. As soon as I got employment, I went to pay a visit to Julio Romano, a first-rate painter, and my particular friend: he gave me the kindest reception imaginable, and seemed to take it very ill that I did not, upon my arrival, come directly to alight at his door. This

painter lived like a nobleman, and was employed in a work for the duke, without the gate of Mantua, at a place called Alti. This work was grand and magnificent, as appears to this day. Julio immediately recommended me in the most honourable terms to the duke, who gave me an order to make a little shrine for the relic of the blood of Christ, which the Mantuans boast themselves to be possessed of, and affirm to have been brought thither by Longinus: he then turned about to Signor Julio, and bid him draw a model of the shrine. Julio made answer: "Please your excellency, Benvenuto is a man that has no occasion for the design of another artist; and this you will readily acknowledge, when you see his performance." Having undertaken the job, I sketched out a design for the shrine, in which the phial of blood could easily be contained; I then made over and above, a little model of wax: this represented a Christ sitting, who, in his right hand, which he kept raised aloft, held his cross, in a reclining attitude, and, with his left hand, seemed to be going to tear open the wound in his breast. When I had finished this model, the duke was so highly pleased with it, that he grew lavish of his favours to me, giving me to understand, that I should continue in his service, and he would amply provide for me.

Having, at this juncture, paid my respects to the cardinal his brother, the latter requested the duke, that he would give me permission to make his pontifical seal, which I immediately took in hand. Whilst I was employed about this work, a quartan fever attacked me, and I grew delirious; I then began to curse Mantua and its sovereign, and all that chose it for their place of residence. These words were reported to the duke by his Milanese goldsmith, who saw plainly that his excellency had a desire to

retain me in his service. The duke having heard the words which I uttered in my illness, was incensed against me to the highest degree, and I being as much dissatisfied with Mantua, our disgust was reciprocal. After finishing my seal in about four months, with several other little jobs, which I made for the duke in the name of the cardinal, I was well paid by the latter, who intreated me to return to Rome, to that excellent country, where we had made so agreeable an acquaintance.

I left Mantua with a good purse of crowns, and arrived at Governo, the place where the brave signor Giovanino de' Medici was slain: I was attacked in this place by a slight fever, which did not in the least interrupt my journey; there it left me, never to trouble me afterwards. Upon my arrival at Florence, thinking to find my dear father alive, I knocked at the door; when a hump-backed old beldame looked out of the window, and bidding me, with the most abusive language, be gone, told me I had no business there. I made answer to the old hag, "Old beldame, is there no other creature in the house than you, with your unlucky, ill-boding countenance?" To this I added, in a loud voice, "Must I wait here two hours?" This dispute brought a woman in the neighbourhood to her window, who told me that my father, and all belonging to the family, were dead of the plague; and as I partly guessed this to be the case, it gave me the less concern. The good woman at the same time acquainted me, that the only one of my relations left alive, was my younger sister, whose name was Liberata; and that a religious lady, named Mona Andrea de' Bellacci, had taken care of her. I then set out for my inn, and accidentally meeting a friend of mine, whose name was John Rigogli, I alighted at his

house, and we went together to the grand square, where I received information that my brother was still living, whom I went in quest of to the house of a friend of his, named Bertino Aldobrandi. Upon finding my brother, we embraced each other with the utmost ardour of affection; and what rendered our demonstrations of joy the more rapturous, was, that we had received news of each other's death. My brother afterwards bursting into a loud fit of laughter, and at the same time expressing the utmost surprise, took me by the hand, and said: "Come, brother, I will conduct you to a place, of which you would never have been able to form a conception; the case is this; I have procured our sister Liberata, who has no doubt of your death, a second husband." Whilst we were going to her house, we related to each other the many extraordinary events which had befallen us; and when we reached the place, our sister was so astonished at the unexpected sight, that she fell into my arms in a swoon: if my brother had not been present, this sudden accident, which deprived her of all utterance, would have prevented the husband from knowing that I was her brother. My brother Cuchino assisting our sister, who had fainted away, she soon came to herself: having for a while lamented her father, her sister, her husband, and a little son that she had been deprived of, she began to prepare supper; and during the rest of the evening, there was not a word more spoken of the dead, but the conversation turned upon all the most joyous and gay topics that could be thought of; thus we supped together in the greatest cheerfulness and satisfaction imaginable.

My brother and sister prevailed upon me to stay at Florence, though my own inclination led me to

return to Rome. Besides that my dear friend, by whom, as I have already mentioned, I had been assisted in my distress, I mean Piero, the son of John Landi, joined with them in persuading me to reside some time in Florence. For the Medici family being driven out of that city, viz. signor Hippolito and signor Alexander, (one of whom was afterwards cardinal, and the other duke of Florence,) Piero was for having me stay by all means, and wait the event. I therefore began to work in the new market, and set a great number of jewels, by which I was a considerable gainer.

About this time arrived at Florence, a native of Sienna, a man of lively genius, whose name was Girolamo Mazetti, and who had resided a long time in Turkey; he came to my shop, and employed me to make him a golden medal, to be worn upon a hat. He desired me to represent upon the medal, the figure of Hercules tearing asunder the jaws of the lion. I instantly set about the work, and whilst I was employed upon it, Michael Angelo Buonarrotti came to see it. I had taken immense pains with this piece; the attitude and strength of the animal were better represented than in any performance of the kind before; my manner of working was likewise entirely new to the divine Michael Angelo, so that he praised me to such a degree, that I conceived the strongest inclination imaginable to perform something extraordinary. But as I had no other employment than setting jewels, though I could not earn more money in any other branch, I was not yet satisfied, but wished to be concerned in business of more consequence.

It happened about this time, that one Frederick Ginori, a young man of sublime genius, (who had resided several years at Naples, and having a very

advantageous person, had had an intrigue with a princess in that city,) conceived a fancy to make a medal representing Atlas, with the world upon his shoulders; he therefore requested the divine Michael Angelo to draw him a design. The latter said to him, "Go to a young jeweller, whose name is Benvenuto, he will serve you as well as you could wish; but that you may not think I shun so slight a trouble, I will, with all the pleasure imaginable, sketch you out a design; but at the same time speak to Benvenuto to draw you another, and take the best of the two for your model." Frederick Ginori came to me accordingly, and told me what he wanted; letting me know withal, how highly the divine Michael Angelo had commended me; and that it was at his recommendation he had recourse to my assistance. As that great man had promised him a design, his words in my favour encouraged me to comply with Ginori's request: so I set about the model, with the utmost ardour of application. When I had finished it, a painter, who was an intimate friend of Michael Angelo, and whose name was Julian Bugiardini, brought me his design of the Atlas. At the same time I showed this Julian my little model of wax, which was very different from the drawing made by Michael Angelo; but Frederick and Bugiardini determined that I should follow my own model. I then began my work, and the divine Michael Angelo bestowed the highest praises imaginable, both on me and my performance. This work was a figure, engraved on a thin plate, supporting on its shoulders the heavens, represented by a ball of chrystal, on which was cut the zodiac, with a field of lapis lazuli; the workmanship was so beautiful to behold, as to be altogether inestimable; under it was this motto, *Summam tulisse juvat*. Fre-

derick being satisfied with my performance, paid me generously. Signor Luigi Alamanni, an intimate friend of Frederick, happening to be at this time in Florence, the latter brought him several times to my house, and, by his means, we became intimately acquainted.

Pope Clement having declared war against Florence, that city prepared to make a defence; orders were therefore given, that the militia should parade in every quarter; and I was commanded to take arms myself. I got ready in the best manner I could, and formed connexions with the first nobility in Florence, who seemed all very well disposed to exert their utmost efforts in the defence of their country; the prayers, customary on such occasions, were made in every quarter of the city. The young men were oftener assembled than usual; and nothing else was talked of, but how to repel the enemy. It happened one day, about noon, that a number of gallant youths, of the first quality in the city, were assembled in my shop, when a letter was brought me from a certain person at Rome, who was called master Jacopino della Barca: his true name was Jacopo dello Sciorina, but in Rome he had the appellation of della Barca, because he was master of a ferry over the river Tiber, between Sistus's bridge, and that of St. Angelo. This master Jacopo was a very ingenious person, highly entertaining and agreeable in company: he had formerly been a manufacturer of cloth in Florence, and was now in high favour with Pope Clement, who took great delight in his conversation. As they happened, at a particular time, to be engaged on various topics, they fell upon the sack of Rome, with the affair of the castle; in the course of this conversation, the Pope, recollecting my person, spoke of my conduct on that

occasion in the most favourable terms imaginable; adding, that if he knew where I was, he should be glad to have me again in his service. Master Jacopo thereupon telling him that I resided at Florence, the Pope desired him to invite me to return. The purport of this invitation was, that I should enter into the service of Pope Clement, which would turn out considerably to my advantage. The young gentlemen present were very earnest to know the contents of the letter, which I endeavoured to conceal from them the best I could; and wrote to signor Jacopo, requesting him to send me no more letters, upon any account. Jacopo, however, growing more officious and obstinate, wrote me a second epistle, couched in such terms, that if it had been discovered, I might have been involved in great difficulty. The substance of it was, that I should repair directly to Rome, where the Pope wanted to employ me in affairs of the greatest importance; and that the best course for me to take, was to drop all other projects, and not join with a pack of senseless rebels, in acting against his holiness. When I had perused this letter, I was in so terrible a fright, that I immediately went in quest of my dear friend Pier Landi, who, upon seeing me, asked what had happened, that I appeared to be in such disorder; I answered my friend, that what occasioned my uneasiness, I could by no means disclose; I only begged the favour of him to take my keys, which I put into his hands, and deliver the jewels, with the gold he should find, to the persons whose names were set down in my memorandum book; and then pack up the furniture of my house, and keep an account of it, with his usual fidelity and friendship; adding that I should, in a few days, let him know what became of me. Pier Landi, guessing pretty nearly how the matter stood,

made answer, " Brother, go your ways without loss of time, and write to me afterwards ; make yourself quite easy about your affairs, and do not give yourself the least concern on that account." I took his advice. This was the most faithful, the most prudent, virtuous, and loving friend, that I ever had in my whole life.

CHAPTER IX.

The Author returns to Rome, and is introduced to the Pope,—Conversation between him and his holiness; the Pope employs him in a piece of exquisite workmanship as a jeweller.—He succeeds to the Pope's wish, and is made engraver of the mint, notwithstanding the obloquy and detraction of several courtiers, and particularly of Pompey of Milan and Trajano, the pontiff's favourites.—Fine medal of his designing.—Dispute between him and Bandinelli the sculptor.

AFTER I had retired from Florence I repaired to Rome, and immediately upon my arrival, wrote to my friend Landi. I met with many of my former acquaintance in that city, by whom I was well received, and greatly caressed; however I lost no time, but set about several jobs, which proved very lucrative, but were not of importance sufficient to require a particular description. There was an old goldsmith in Rome, named Raphael del Moro, who had great reputation in his profession, and was moreover an honest man: he requested me to go to work at his shop, because he had some business of consequence upon his hands, which would not fail to turn out to good account; so I readily accepted the offer. Ten days had already elapsed, before I had seen Jacopo della Barca, who meeting with me by chance, accosted me in the most affectionate manner imaginable: upon his asking me how long I had been arrived, I answered, about a fortnight. This he was highly offended at, telling me that I showed very little respect to a Pope, who had written for me thrice, in terms the most pressing. I was

not at all pleased with his freedom, yet made no reply, suppressing my indignation the best I could. This person, who was exceedingly loquacious, began to run on at a strange rate; and when I at last perceived that he was tired, I said nothing more to him, than that he might conduct me to his holiness whenever he thought proper: he told me that any time suited him; and I replied that I, for my part, was always ready. We bent our course towards the palace, (this was on Holy Thursday,) and as soon as we arrived at the Pope's apartments, he being known, and I expected, were both admitted into his holiness's presence. The Pope being somewhat indisposed, was in bed, attended by Signor Jacopo Salviati, and the Archbishop of Capua.

As soon as his holiness saw me, he was quite overjoyed: I approached him in the most humble manner, kissed his feet, and endeavoured to show, by my gestures, that I had something of the last importance to communicate. The Pope thereupon made a sign with his hand, and Signor Jacopo Salviati, and the archbishop, retired to a considerable distance from us. I thereupon addressed his holiness in these terms: "Holy father, ever since this city was sacked, I have not been able to confess or receive the sacrament, because nobody will give me absolution. The case is this, when I melted down the gold in the tower, after labouring so hard to take off the jewels, your holiness charged Cavalierino to give me some little recompense for my trouble; but I received nothing from him; on the contrary, he loaded me with abusive language. Thus provoked, I went up to the place where I had melted the gold, and removing the ashes, took out about a pound and a half of that metal, in a number of grains, small like millet; and not having sufficient money to bear my charges in my journey home, I thought to

apply them to my private use, and afterwards make restitution when I should have an opportunity. I am now here at the feet of your holiness, who are possessed of the full power of absolving; and request you would be so good as to give me permission to confess and communicate, that I may, with your favour, be restored to the divine grace." The Pope, with a sort of sigh, perhaps occasioned by the remembrance of his past sorrows, uttered these words: "Benvenuto, I have not the least doubt of the truth of what you say; I have it in my power, and am even willing to absolve you from any guilt you may have incurred; therefore freely and with confidence confess the whole, for if you had taken the value of one of those triple crowns, I am ready and willing to pardon you." I then said, "Holy father, I took nothing but what I have mentioned, and it did not amount to above the value of a hundred and fifty ducats, for that was the sum I received for the gold at the mint of Perugia, and I went with it to assist my aged father." The Pope replied, "Your father was as virtuous, as good and worthy a man as ever was born, and you do not in the least degenerate from him: I am very much concerned that you got so little money, but I make you a present of it, whatever it was, and absolve you of any crime you may have committed; testify this to the confessor, if that be all you require: when you have confessed and communicated, let me see you again, it will be for your interest." As soon as the Pope had dismissed me, master Jacopo, and the Archbishop of Capua came forwards; the Pope spoke as favourably of me as it was possible, declaring that he had heard my confession, and given me absolution; he moreover desired the archbishop to send for me to his house, and ask me if there were any other case that troubled my conscience, directing him to give

me a thorough absolution ; and at the same time to treat me with all possible marks of kindness. This interview being over, master Jacopino had the curiosity to know what long conversation I had had with the Pope ; after he had asked me this question above twice, I made answer, that I did not choose to tell him, for it was no concern of his, and he might therefore save himself the trouble of interrogating me any farther. I then went to execute all that I had agreed for with the Pope, and the two festivals being over, I paid him another visit. His holiness received me still in a more gracious manner than before, and told me that if I had come a little sooner to Rome, I should have been employed in setting the jewels again, which I had taken out of the triple crown at the castle : as that was not however a work in which I could gain great reputation, he was resolved, he said, to employ me in an undertaking of the last importance, in which I should have an opportunity of displaying my abilities. "The work," added he, "I mean, is the button for the pontifical cope, which is made round, and in the form of a large trencher, and sometimes like a small one, half or one third of a cubit wide : in this I would have God the father represented, in half relievo, and in the midst of it I would have the fine edge of the large diamond set, with many other jewels of the greatest value. Caradosso began one some time ago, but never finished it ; this I would have completed with all speed, for I should be glad to have the pleasure of wearing it a little while myself : go then, and draw a fine design of it." Thereupon he caused all the jewels to be shown me, and I left him, highly pleased with my success.

During the siege of Florence, Frederick Ginori, for whom I made the medal of Atlas, died of a consumption, and it fell into the hands of Signor Luigi

Alamanni, who soon after made a present of it to King Francis I. together with some of his admirable writings. His majesty being highly pleased with the medal, the worthy Luigi Alamanni spoke of me in such favourable terms to that monarch, that he testified a desire to know me. Being now employed on this little model, I proceeded with the utmost expedition, making it much of the same size as that intended for the work itself. Meanwhile several of the business who thought themselves equal to such a task, began to rouse upon the occasion, and among the rest one Micheletto, who had not been long in Rome, a person noted for his skill in cutting cornelians, and an excellent jeweller. This man was advanced in years, and having acquired a high degree of reputation, was employed in mending the Pope's triple diadem. Finding that I was engaged in designing this model, he expressed great surprise that I had not informed him of the affair, as he was an understanding man and in great favour with the Pope. At last perceiving that I did not go near him, he came to my house, and asked me what I was about. I answered that I was busy with a work which was put into my hands by the Pope himself. He replied, that he had received orders to examine the several works then in hand for his holiness. I told him, I would first inquire of the Pope, and then I should know what answer to return him. Upon which he said that he would make me repent. After leaving me in a passion, he had an interview with all the most eminent men in the business, and when they had consulted about the affair, they made choice of Michele for their agent. The latter being a man of genius, got certain able designers to draw above thirty models, all different from each other: at the same time knowing the Pope to be very ready to listen to

his insinuations, he entered into a confederacy against me with another artist, named Pompeo, a Milanese, who was very much in favour with his holiness, and related to Signor Trajano, first gentleman of the bed-chamber, and highly in the Pope's good graces. They began to intimate to the pontiff, that they had seen my plan, and did not think me capable of so great an undertaking. He answered that he would examine into the affair himself, and in case I should not prove equal to the task, he would find a more proper person. They both said that they had got several admirable designs for the purpose: the Pope replied that he was highly pleased with what they had done, but did not choose to inspect their plans, till I had finished mine, and then he would examine them all together. In a few days I had completed my model, and carried it one morning to the Pope; Signor Trajano made me wait a long while, and in the mean time sent for Micheletto and Pompeo in all haste, desiring them to bring their models with them. As soon as they came, we were all admitted; Michele and Pompeo began to show their plans, and the Pope to examine them; and because designers unacquainted with the jewelling business do not understand the placing of precious stones, and those who were practised in the art had not taught them the secret, (for when a figure is to be set off with jewels, the jeweller must know how to design, otherwise he is sure to blunder,) it so fell out that all those who had drawn those designs, had laid the fine, large, and beautiful diamond, in the middle of the breast of God the Father. The Pope, who was a person of uncommon genius, having taken notice of this blunder, was highly delighted, and would proceed no farther in examining their performances. After he had inspected about ten, he



threw the rest upon the ground, and desired me to give him my model, that he might see whether I had committed the same mistake. Thereupon I came forwards, and opened a little round box, when instantly there seemed to flash from it a lustre, which dazzled the Pope himself, and he cried out with a loud voice, "Benvenuto, had you been my very self, you could not have designed this with greater propriety." My rivals were highly mortified upon the occasion. Several great noblemen drawing near, the Pope showed them the difference between my model and theirs: and when he had bestowed sufficient praises upon it, and my enemies appeared ready to burst with pride and vexation, he turned about to me and said: "I discover here an inconvenience which is of the utmost consequence; my friend Benvenuto, it is easy to work in wax, the grand difficulty is to execute it in gold." To which I answered boldly: "Most holy father, I will make it my bargain with you, that if I do not execute the work itself in a manner vastly superior to this model, I am to have nothing for my trouble." Upon my uttering these words, the noblemen expressed some uneasiness, affirming that I promised too much. One among the rest, who was a great philosopher, said in my favour: "From the admirable symmetry of shape, and happy countenance of this young man, I venture to engage that he will perform all he promises." The Pope replied, "I am of the same opinion;" then calling to Trajano, his gentleman of the bed-chamber, he ordered him to fetch five hundred ducats. Whilst they were bringing the money, he examined more minutely the ingenious artifice, by which I had placed that fine diamond and God the Father in a proper position. I had laid the diamond exactly in the middle of the work, and over it I had represented God the Father

sitting in a sort of a free, easy attitude, which suited admirably well with the rest of the piece, and did not in the least crowd the diamond; his right hand was lifted up, giving his blessing. Under the diamond I had drawn three little boys, who supported it with their arms raised aloft. One of these boys which stood in the middle, was in full, the other two in half, relieve. Round it was a number of figures of boys placed amongst other glittering jewels. The remainder of God the Father was covered with a cloak, which wantoned in the wind, from whence issued several figures of boys with other striking ornaments most beautiful to behold. This work was made of a white stucco upon a black stone. When the officer brought the money, the Pope gave it to me with his own hand, and in the most obliging manner requested me to endeavour to please him by my execution, promising me that I should find my account in it.

Having taken leave of his holiness, I went home with the money and the model, and was in the utmost impatience to begin the work. I set about it with the greatest assiduity, and in a week's time the Pope sent one of his gentlemen of the bed-chamber, a native of Bologna, and of great distinction, to desire I would repair to him directly, and carry my work along with me. By the way, the gentleman of the bed-chamber, who was one of the politest persons at court, told me that the Pope not only wanted to see how far I had advanced in that undertaking, but likewise intended to employ me in another business of great importance, which was the stamping of the coins in the Roman mint; desiring me at the same time to be in readiness to answer his holiness, for he had given me previous notice, that I might not be unprepared. I waited upon his holiness, and showed him the

golden plate, upon which was engraved God the Father alone; who, even in this sketch, discovered a degree of perfection greatly superior to the model of wax. The Pope exclaimed with astonishment, "From henceforward I will believe whatever you say:" after several other declarations in my favour he added; "I propose employing you in another work, which you will be as much pleased with as this, or rather more, if you have but the spirit to undertake it:" then telling me, that he would be glad to have his coins stamped, he desired to know whether I had ever done any thing in that way, and had the courage to engage in such a work. I answered, that I was very ready to accept of it, and that I had seen how it was done, but had never been employed in that business.

There was present at this conversation, Signor Giovanni da Prato, datary to his holiness: this man, being greatly attached to my enemies, said, upon this occasion, "Holy father, the favours which you lavish upon this young man, and his own presumption, would make him promise you a new creation; but as you have put a work of vast importance into his hands, and now are giving him another of still greater, the consequence must be, that one will interfere with the other." The Pope turned about to him in an indignant mood, and bid him mind his own business: he then ordered me to make him a model of a broad piece of gold; upon which he was for having engraved, a naked Christ with his hands tied behind him, and the words *Eccce homo*, as a legend; with a reverse, on which should be represented a pope and an emperor together, fixing up a cross, which should appear to be falling, with these words inscribed: *Unus spiritus et una fides erat in eis*. The Pope having employed me to stamp this fine medal, Bandinello, the sculptor, who was

not yet made a knight, came forward, and with his usual presumption and ignorance said before all present, "These goldsmiths must have some person to draw the designs of these fine pieces for them." I immediately turned about and told him, that I did not want his assistance in my business; but that I hoped by my skill and designs in a short time to raise his jealousy. The Pope seemed to be highly pleased with what I said, and addressing himself to me, said, "Go, my dear Benvenuto, exert your utmost efforts to serve me, and never mind these blockheads." So having taken my leave, I, with great expedition, made two irons; and having stamped a piece of gold, I carried both the money and irons to the Pope one Sunday after dinner: he then said his surprise was equal to his satisfaction; and though the execution pleased him highly, he was still more amazed at my expedition. In order to increase his satisfaction and surprise, I had brought with me all the old coins which had formerly been stamped by those able artists who had been in the service of Pope Julius and Pope Leo; and seeing that mine gained much higher approbation, I took a petition out of my bosom, requesting to be made stamp-master of the mint; the salary annexed to which place was six gold crowns a month; besides that, the irons were afterwards paid for by the superintendant of the mint, who for three gave a ducat. The Pope having approved of my request, charged the datary to make out my commission: the latter, who had views of his own, and wanted to be a gainer by the affair, said, "Holy father, do not so precipitate matters; things of this nature require mature deliberation." The pontiff replied, "I know what you would be at; give me that petition directly." Having taken it, he instantly signed it, and putting it into the hand

of the datary, said, "Now you have no farther objections to make; draw up the commission directly, for such is my pleasure; the very shoes of Benvenuto are more precious than the eyes of all those other blunderers." So having thanked his holiness, with the warmest sentiments of gratitude, I returned overjoyed to my work.

CHAPTER X.

The daughter of Raphael del Moro having a sore hand, the Author gets her cured, but is disappointed in his design of marrying her.—He strikes a fine coin of Pope Clement VII.—Melancholy catastrophe of his brother, who is killed at Rome in a fray.—His grief for the loss of his brother, to whom he erects a monument with an epitaph.—He revenges his brother's death.—His shop is robbed.—Extraordinary instance of the fidelity of his dog upon that occasion.—The Pope puts great confidence in him, and gives him all possible encouragement.

I CONTINUED still to work in the shop of Raphael del Moro. This worthy man had a young daughter for whom I began to have an inclination; yet whilst I entertained this passion, I did not make the least discovery of it, but was so discreet and circumspect that he was highly pleased with my behaviour. It came to pass that this girl was attacked by a disorder in her right hand, which had rotted away the two bones next to the little finger: the poor child had, through the inadvertency of her father, fallen into the hands of an ignorant quack, who declared it as his opinion that she would lose her right arm, if no worse were to befall her. I, seeing her father terribly frightened, desired him not to mind what was said by that ignorant pretender: he told me that he had no acquaintance either with physicians or surgeons, and requested me to recommend him a skilful person, if I knew any such. I then sent for one Signor Jacopo of Perugia, an eminent surgeon: as soon as he had seen the poor frightened girl,

and been informed of what the ignorant quack had said, he affirmed that she was in no danger, but that she would have the full use of her right hand, though her two last fingers might remain somewhat enfeebled; therefore her father need not be under the least apprehension. As he had undertaken the cure, and was preparing to cut off part of the rottenness about the two little bones, her father called me, and desired that I would myself be a spectator of the operation. Having observed that Signor Jacopo was making use of some clumsy instruments, with which he hurt the girl very much, and did her no manner of good, I bid him wait for about a quarter of an hour, and proceed no farther. I then ran to my shop, and made a little instrument of the finest steel, which I delivered to the surgeon, who continued his operation with so gentle a hand, that the patient did not feel the least pain, and the affair was soon over. Upon this and many other accounts the worthy man conceived so warm a friendship for me, that he seemed to love me better than his two sons who were grown young men; and applied his whole attention to the recovery of his fair daughter. He had a great intimacy with Signor John Gaddi, who was a clerk of the chamber, and had a great attachment to the polite arts, though no artist himself. He was also connected with Signor Giovanni Greco, a person of the most profound erudition; with Signor Luigi da Fano, who was likewise a man of letters; with Signor Antonio Allegretti, and with Signor Annibal Caro, a young man from a distant part of Italy. I became a member of this society, in conjunction with Signor Bastiano, a Venetian, and excellent painter; and we almost every day saw each other once at least at the house of Signor Giovanni. This intimacy having given the virtuous Signora Raffaello

an opportunity, he said to the other: "My good friend, Signor Giovanni, you know me very well; as it is my intention to give my daughter in marriage to Benvenuto, I am not acquainted with a fitter person to apply to upon this occasion than yourself; I therefore request you to assist me in settling as considerable a portion as I can, in order to make her a suitable match for Benvenuto." This scatter-brained creature scarce let the worthy man make an end of speaking, when he cried out, "Say no more, Signor Raffaello; what you propose is a thing utterly impracticable, for Benvenuto will not consent to it." The poor man, thus repulsed, sought to marry her without loss of time, as the mother and all the relations were highly offended with me: I was entirely ignorant of the cause, and thinking they made me a very bad return for all my politeness, endeavoured to open a shop hard by them. Signor Giovanni said nothing to me of what had passed, till the girl was married, which happened not till several months after.

I attached myself with the most unremitting application to my work, which I was in the utmost haste to finish, and likewise attended to my business at the mint, when the Pope again put me upon making a piece equal in value to two carlins, upon which was his holiness's head, on the reverse Christ walking upon the sea, and stretching out his hands to St Peter, with this inscription round it; "Quare dubitasti?" This piece gave such high satisfaction, that a certain secretary to the Pope, a man of great worth, whose name was Sanga, said on the occasion: "Your holiness may boast of having a coin, superior to that of the Roman emperors, amidst all their pomp and magnificence." The Pope made answer: "Benvenuto may also boast of serving a prince of my rank, who knows

his merit." I continued my grand work in gold, frequently showing it to the Pope, who was very earnest to see it, and every day expressed new surprise at the performance.

A brother of mine was at this time in Rome, in the service of Duke Alexander, for whom the Pope had procured the duchy of Penna; in the same service were also a considerable number of gallant men, trained in the school of that great prince, Giovanni de' Medici; and my brother was esteemed by the duke, as one of the bravest of the whole corps. Happening one day, after dinner, to be in the part of the town called Banchi, at the shop of Baccino della Croce, to which all those brave fellows resorted; he had laid himself down upon a bench, and was overcome with sleep. At this time there passed by a company of city guards, having in their custody one Captain Cisti, a Lombard, who had been bred likewise in the school of the same great Signor Giovanino, but was not then in the service of the duke. Captain Cattivanza degli Strozzi, happening to be in the shop of Baccino della Croce; Captain Cisti saw him, and immediately cried out: "I was bringing you that large sum of money which I owed you; if you want it, come for it, before they carry me to jail." This Cattivanza was very ready to have recourse to the assistance of others, but did not care to run any risk himself; and as some gallant youths were present, who, though willing to undertake this hazardous enterprise, were scarce strong enough for it; he desired them to advance towards Captain Cisti, in order to get the money from him, and, in case the guards made any resistance, to overpower them if they were able. These young men were only four in number, all of them beardless; the first was Bertino Aldobrandi; the second, Angui-

llo to da Lucca ; I cannot recollect the names of the rest. Bertino had been pupil to my brother, who was beyond measure attached to him. Thus four bold young men at once came up to the city guards, who were above fifty in number, pikemen, musketeers, and swordsmen. After a few words they drew their swords, and the four young fellows pressed the guards so hard, that if Captain Cattivanza had only just shown himself a little, even without drawing his sword, they would inevitably have put their adversaries to flight ; but as the latter made a stand for a while, Bertino received some dangerous wounds, which brought him to the ground ; Anguillotto too, at the same time, was wounded in his right arm, and being so far disabled that he could not hold his sword, he retreated the best he could ; whereupon the others followed his example. Bertino was taken up in a dangerous condition. During this transaction we were all at table, having dined above an hour later than usual : upon hearing of the disturbance, the eldest of the young men rose from table, to go and see the scuffle ; his name was Giovanni : I said to him ; " For God's sake do not stir from hence, for in such affairs as this the loss is always certain, and there is nothing to be gained." His father spoke to him to the same effect, begging he would not leave the room. The youth, without minding a word that was said to him, instantly ran down stairs ; being come to the place, where was the grand confusion, and seeing Bertino raised from the ground, he began to turn back, when he met with my brother Cecchino, who asked him the cause of this quarrel. Giovanni, though warned by some persons not to tell the affair to Cecchino, cried out foolishly and indiscreetly, that Bertino Aldobrandi had been murdered by the city guards. At this my brother set up a loud howl,

which might be heard ten miles off, and said to Giovanni: "Alas! unhappy wretch that I am! can you tell me which of them it was that killed him?" Giovanni made answer that it was one of those who wore a large two-handed sword, with a blue feather in his hat. My poor brother having come forward; and knowing the person by the mark he had been told of, fell upon the murderer with great agility and bravery, and in spite of all resistance, ran his sword through his body, pushing him with the hilt of it to the ground. He then assailed the rest with such intrepidity, that he alone, and unassisted, would have put all the guards to flight, had it not been that unluckily turning about to discharge his fury upon a musketeer, the latter finding himself obliged to fire in his own defence, hit the valiant, but unfortunate youth, just above the knee of the right leg, which brought him to the ground; whereupon the guards made haste to retreat, lest some other such formidable champion should fly to his assistance. Finding the tumult continue, I likewise rose from table, and putting on my sword, as swords were then worn by every body, I repaired to the bridge of St. Angelo, where I saw a great concourse of people. I advanced up to the crowd, and as I was known to some of them, room was made for me, when they showed me what I by no means was pleased to see, though I had discovered a great curiosity to inquire into the matter. At my first coming up I did not know my brother, for he was dressed in different clothes from those I had seen him in a short time before; but he knew me first, and said: "Dear brother, do not be afflicted at my misfortune; it is what I, from my condition of life, foresaw and expected; get me quickly removed from this place, for I have but few hours to live" After he had related to me the accident

that had befallen him, with all the brevity that such cases require, I answered him, "Brother, this is the greatest misfortune that could happen to me in this world; but have a good heart, for, before you die, you shall see me revenge your much lamented fate:" such was the purport of his speech and mine; but both were very concise. The city guard was about fifty paces distant from us, Maffio their captain having caused part of them to return in order to carry off the corporal, whom my brother had slain. I walked those few paces with the utmost speed, wrapped and muffled up in my cloak; and as I had forced my way through the crowd; and was come up to Maffio, I should certainly have put him to death, had it not been that when I had drawn my sword half out of the scabbard, there came behind me Berlinghiero Berlinghieri, a gallant youth, and my particular friend; and with him four brave young men, who said to Maffio, "Fly instantly, for this man will kill you!" Maffio having asked them who I was, they answered: "That is the brother of him you see lying there:" not choosing to hear any thing farther, he retired with the utmost precipitation to the tower of Nona: the others then said to me, "Benvenuto, the hinderance we have been to you, however disagreeable, was intended for a good end; let us now go to the assistance of the dying man." So we turned about, and went to my brother, whom I ordered to be removed to a neighbouring house. A consultation of surgeons being immediately called in, they dressed his wound, but he would not hear of having his leg cut off, though it would have been the likeliest way to save his life. As soon as they had done, Duke Alexander made his appearance, and spoke to my brother with great tenderness; the latter being still in his right mind, said to his excellency: "My

“dear lord, there is nothing I am grieved at, but that you are going to lose a servant, who may be surpassed by others in courage and abilities, but will never be equalled for his fidelity and attachment to your person.” The duke desired he would endeavour to live, declaring that he knew him to be in all respects a valiant and worthy man; he then turned about to his people, and bid them supply the youth with whatever he wanted. No sooner was the duke departed but the overflowing of blood, which could not be stanchèd, affected my brother’s brain, insomuch, that he became the next night delirious: the only sign of understanding he discovered was, that when they brought the sacrament to him, he said: “You would have done well to make me begin with confessing my sins; it does not become me to receive that divine sacrament with this crazy and disordered frame; let it be sufficient that my eyes behold it with a profound adoration; it will be received by my immortal soul, and that alone supplicates the Deity for mercy and pardon.” When he had made an end of these words, and the sacrament was carried away, his delirium returned again: his ravings consisted of the greatest abominations, the strangest phrensies, and the most horrid words that could possibly come from the mouth of man; and thus he continued during the whole night, and till next day. No sooner had the sun appeared on the horizon, than he turned about to me and said: “Brother, I do not choose to stay here any longer, for these people might make me commit some extravagant action, which would cause them to repent having any way molested me;” then disengaging both his legs, which we had put into a box, he made an effort as if he was going to mount on horseback, and turning his face about to me, he said three times

"Adieu, adieu!" but at uttering the last, his generous soul departed. A proper hour for the funeral being come, which was about ten o'clock at night, I got him honourably interred in the church of the Florentines; and afterwards caused a fine marble monument to be erected over him, on which were represented certain trophies and carved standards. I must not omit that one of his friends having asked him, who it was that shot at him, and whether he should know him again, he answered in the affirmative, and told him all the marks by which he might be distinguished; and though he took the utmost care to conceal this declaration from me, I overheard all that passed, and intend in a proper place to give the sequel of that adventure.

To return to the tombstone abovementioned, certain literati of the first rank who were well acquainted with my brother, and greatly admired his prowess, gave me an epitaph for him; telling me that so brave a youth well deserved it: it was as follows: "*Francisco Cellino Florentino, qui quod in teneris annis ad Johannem Medicem ducem plures victorias retulit, et signifer fuit, facile documentum dedit quantæ fortitudinis et consilii vir erat futurus, ni crudelis fati archibuso transfossus quinto ætatis lustro jaceret. Benvenutus frater posuit. Obiit die 27 Maii, M.D.XXIX.*" "To Francis Cellini, the Florentine, who as he had in his youthful days gained many victories for Duke John de' Medici, plainly showed how great a man he would have proved, if he had not by a decree of cruel fate been shot by a musket in his twenty-fifth year. Benvenuto his brother erected this monument. He died on the 27th of May, M.D.XXIX." He was in the twenty-fifth year of his age; and though in the army, was called Cecchino the musician. I chose

to give him our family name. This name I ordered to be carved in the finest antique characters, all of which were represented broken, except the first and last: being asked the reason of this by the literati who had written the epitaph for me, I told them that the letters were represented broken, because his corporeal frame was destroyed; and those two letters, namely, the first and last, were preserved entire; the first in allusion to that glorious present, which God has made us, of a soul enlightened by his divine rays, subject to no injury; the last on account of the great renown of his virtuous actions. This device met with general approbation, and the method was afterwards adopted by others. I caused the arms of Cellini to be carved upon the same tombstone, in which I made some little alteration; for there are in Ravenna, a very ancient city, some of the Cellini family, who are respectable gentlemen; and have for their arms a lion rampant of the colour of gold, in an azure field, with a red lily upon the right foot, and three little golden lilies upon the basis. This is the true coat-of-arms of our family; my father showed me one which contained only the foot with the remaining particulars already described; but that of the Cellini of Ravenna pleases me most. To return to the devices which I ordered to be made for the monument, and to the arms in particular; the paw of the lion was represented upon it, and in the room of the lily I caused an axe to be placed in the paw, with no other view than to remind me of revenging his injured manes.

Meanwhile I exerted my utmost efforts to finish the work in gold which I was employed in by Pope Clement: his holiness was very earnest to have it completed, and sent for me two or three times a week, to observe my progress. He was more and

more pleased with it every time, but frequently found fault with the deep sorrow which I expressed for the loss of my brother. Seeing me one day more dejected than usual, he said to me: "Benvenuto, I did not think that you were so weak a man; did you never know that death is unavoidable? You seem to want to follow your brother." I took my leave of his holiness, and went on with the work which he had put into my hands, as well as the business of the mint; still thinking day and night of the musketeer that shot my brother. He had formerly been a light-horseman, and afterwards entered as a musketeer amongst the city guards: what increased my vexation and resentment was that he made his boasts in these terms: "If I had not dispatched that bold youth, he alone would quickly have made us fly, which would have been an eternal disgrace." Perceiving that my solicitude and anxious desire of revenge deprived me both of sleep and appetite, which threw me into a lingering disorder; and not caring to have recourse to any treacherous or dishonourable means, one evening I prepared to put an end to my inquietude. This musketeer lived hard by a place called Torre Sanguigna, next door to a house occupied by a courtesan, whose name was Signora Antea, one of the richest and most admired, and who made the greatest figure of any of her profession in Rome. Just after sunset, as this musketeer stood at his door with his sword in his hand, when he had done supper; I with great address came close up to him with a long dagger, and gave him a violent back-handed stroke which I had aimed at his neck; he that instant turned about, and the blow falling directly upon his left shoulder, broke the whole bone of it; upon which he dropped his sword, quite overcome by the pain, and took to his heels.

I pursued, and in four steps came up with him, when raising the dagger over his head, which he lowered down, I hit him exactly upon his collar-bone and the middle of the neck; the weapon penetrated so deeply into both, that though I made a great effort to recover it again, I found it impossible; for at this same instant there issued out of Antea's house four soldiers with their swords drawn, so that I was obliged to draw mine also in my own defence. Having left the dagger, I retired, and for fear of a discovery, repaired to the palace of Duke Alexander, which was between the piazza Navona and the Rotunda. I immediately acquainted his excellency with what had happened; who told me, that if I had been alone upon the occasion, I might make myself quite easy and be under no apprehensions; he bid me at the same time proceed in the business I had undertaken for his holiness, who was impatient to see it finished, and that I might work there eight days. He was the more ready to protect me, as the soldiers who had interrupted me, related the whole affair as it happened, mentioning the great difficulty with which they had drawn the dagger out of the neck of the wounded person, who was entirely unknown to them. But John Bandini happening to pass that way told them, that the dagger belonged to him, and he had lent it to Benvenuto, who wanted to revenge the death of his brother. The soldiers expressed great concern at their having interposed, though I had taken my revenge to the full.

There passed above eight days without the Pope's once sending for me according to his usual custom; at last he ordered the Bolognese gentleman of his bed-chamber, to call upon me; who with great modesty said, that the Pope knew all that had happened, that his holiness was very much my

friend, and desired me to go on with my business without giving myself any uneasiness. When I came into the presence of the pontiff, he frowned on me very much, and with angry looks seemed to reprimand me; but upon viewing my performance, his countenance grew serene, and he praised me highly, telling me that I had done a great deal in a short time: then looking attentively at me, he said, "Now that you have recovered your health, Benvenuto, take care of yourself." I understood his meaning, and told him that I should not neglect his advice.

I opened a fine shop in the place called Banchi, opposite to Raffaello, and there I finished the work which I had in hand. The Pope soon after having sent me all the jewels, except the diamond, which he had pawned to certain Genoese bankers, in order to supply some particular necessities; I took possession of all the rest, but had only the model of the diamond. I kept five able journeymen, and besides the Pope's business, did several other jobs; insomuch, that the shop contained different wares in jewels, gold and silver, to a very considerable amount. I had in the house a fine large shock dog, which Duke Alexander had presented to me; it was an admirably good pointer, for it would bring me all sorts of birds, and other animals, that I shot with my gun; and it was an excellent house-dog besides; so that, considering the season, it promised to be of signal advantage to me, especially as I was then only in my twenty-ninth year.

Having, about this time, taken into my service a young woman equally genteel and beautiful, I made use of her in my art of drawing, and she likewise acted as my housekeeper; her charms in short were so great, that I became enamoured of her, which produced me the highest joys and raptures imaginable.

In general no man's sleep is lighter than mine; yet, upon some occasions, it is very profound and heavy. It came to pass that a thief, who had been at my house, pretending to be a goldsmith, and laid a plan to rob me of the above-mentioned jewels, watched his opportunity and broke into my shop, where he found several small wares in gold and silver: but as he was breaking open the caskets, in order to come at the jewels, the dog flew at him, and the thief found it a difficult matter to defend himself with a sword. The faithful animal ran several times about the house, entering the journey-men's rooms, which were open, it being then summer-time; but as they did not seem to hear him barking, he drew away the bed-clothes, and pulling the men alternately by the arms, forcibly awaked them; then barking very loud, he showed the way to the thieves, and went on before, but they would not follow him. The scoundrels being quite provoked with the noise of the dog, began to throw stones and sticks at him, (which they found an easy matter, as I had given them orders to keep a light in their rooms the whole night,) and at last locked their door. The dog having lost all hopes of the assistance of those rascals, undertook the task alone, and ran down stairs: he could not find the villain in the shop, but came up with him in the street, and tearing off his cloak, would certainly have treated him according to his deserts, if the fellow had not called to some tailors in the neighbourhood, and begged, for the love of God, they would assist him against a mad dog: the tailors, giving credit to what he said, came to his assistance, and with great difficulty drove away the poor animal. Next morning when my young men went down into the shop, they saw it broken open, and all the caskets rifled; upon which they began to make a loud outcry, and

I coming to them quite terrified, they said, "Alas ! we are undone, the shop has been plundered and robbed by a villain, who has carried off every thing valuable, and broken all the caskets." Such an effect had these words upon my mind, that I had not heart to go to the chest, to see whether the Pope's jewels were safe ; but being quite shocked at the report, and scarcely able to trust my own eyes, I bid them open it, and see whether his holiness's jewels were missing. When the young men, who were both in their shirts, found all the Pope's jewels, as likewise the work in gold, they were overjoyed, and said, "There is no harm done, since both the work and the jewels are untouched : the thief, however, has stripped us to our shirts ; for as the heat was excessive last night, we undressed in the shop, and there left our clothes." Hearing this, I perfectly recovered my spirits, and desired them to provide themselves with clothes, as I would pay for whatever damage had been done. When I heard the whole affair at my leisure, what gave me most concern, and had thrown me into great confusion at opening the chest, was my apprehension lest I should be thought to have invented this story of the thief, merely with a design to rob the Pope of his jewels. Besides, it had been said to Pope Clement by one of his greatest confidants and others, namely, Francis del Nero, Zanna di Biliotti his accountant, the Bishop of Savona, &c. that they were surprised how his holiness could trust such a quantity of jewels with a wild young man, who was more a soldier than an artist, and not yet quite thirty? The Pope asked them whether they had ever known me guilty of any thing that could justly give room to suspicion : "Most holy father," answered Francis del Nero, "I have not, for he never had any such opportunity before." To this

the Pope replied, "I take him to be an honest man in every respect, and if I thought him otherwise, I should not trust him." This suddenly recurring to my memory gave me all the uneasiness I have described above. As soon as I had ordered my journeymen to go and get themselves new clothes, I took both the work and the jewels, and putting them in their places the best I could, went directly to the Pope, who had been told something of the adventure of my shop by Francis del Nero. The Pope thereupon conceiving a sudden suspicion, and giving me a most stern look, said with a harsh tone of voice, "What are you come here about? What's the matter?" To this I answered, "Holy father, here are all your jewels and the gold; there is nothing missing." His holiness, with a brow serene, said, in allusion to my name, "Then are you indeed *welcome*." I showed him my work, and whilst he was examining it, told him the whole affair of the thief, the dilemma I had been in, and what had been the chief cause of my uneasiness. At these words he frequently looked me full in the face in the presence of Francis del Nero, who seemed half sorry that he had not opposed me in what I said. At last the Pope turning all he had heard into merriment, said; "Go, and continue to show yourself an honest man; I know you deserve that character."

CHAPTER XI.

The Author's enemies avail themselves of the circumstance of counterfeit coin, to do him ill offices with the Pope, but he vindicates his character to the satisfaction of his holiness.—He discovers the villains who had robbed his shop, by the sagacity of his dog.—Inundation at Rome.—He is employed to draw a design of a magnificent chalice for a papal procession.—Misunderstanding between him and the Pope.—Cardinal Salviati is made legate of Rome in the Pope's absence, and greatly discountenances and persecutes the Author.—He is attacked by a weakness of his eyes, which prevents him from finishing the chalice.—The Pope, at his return, is angry with the Author.—Extraordinary scene between him and his holiness.—He gets diseased, and is cured by *lignum vitæ*.

As I continued to go on with the work, and at the same time did business for the mint, there began to be current in Rome certain false coins impressed with my stamps; which my enemies immediately carried to the Pope, endeavouring to fill him with new suspicions to my prejudice. The Pope ordered Jacopo Balducci, master of the mint, to use his utmost endeavours to discover the offender, that my innocence might be manifest to the whole world. This treacherous man, who was my sworn enemy, said: "God send, most holy father, that it may turn out as you say, and that we may have the good fortune to detect the criminal." The Pope thereupon turned about to the governor of Rome, and bid him exert all his diligence to discover the delinquent. At the same time his holiness sent to me, and with great art and address entering upon the affair of the false coin, asked me whether I could

think of making counterfeit money? I answered, that "I thought myself much better able to counterfeit coins, than the low fellows that were generally guilty of that crime; for (added I) the men who commit such foul deeds, are not persons of any great genius, that can gain much by their business. Now if I make such profits with my slender abilities, that I have always money to spare, and what I have earned with credit was ever sufficient to maintain me," (for when I made the irons for the mint, I every day before dinner gained at least three crowns, so much being always paid me for those tools; but the stupid master of the mint wanted to hurt me, because he said would reduce them to a lower price,) "what occasion have I to become a forger, an infamous trade, which would not turn out so much to my benefit?" The Pope gave a particular attention to what I said; and though he had ordered that care should be taken to prevent my quitting Rome, he bid his attendants make a diligent inquiry after the delinquent; but take no farther notice of me, lest I should be offended, and he might perhaps lose me. Certain ecclesiastics having made a proper inquiry, soon discovered the criminal. He was a stamper of the mint, named Cesar Maccheroni, a Roman citizen, and with him was taken another officer belonging to the mint.

Happening just about this time to pass by the square of Navona with my fine shock-dog, as soon as I came to the door of the city marshal, the dog barked very loudly, and flew at a young man, who had been arrested by one Donnino, a goldsmith of Parma, formerly a disciple of Caradosa, upon suspicion of having committed a robbery. My dog made such efforts to tear this young fellow to pieces, that he roused the city guards: the prisoner asserted his innocence boldly, and Donnino did not say so.

much as he should have done, especially as I was present. There happened likewise to be by, one of the chief officers of the city guards, who was a Genoese, and well acquainted with the prisoner's father; insomuch that on account of the violence offered by the dog, and other reasons, they were for dismissing the youth, as if he had been innocent. As soon as I came up, the dog, which dreaded neither swords nor sticks, again flew at the young fellow. The guards told me, that if I did not keep off my dog, they would kill him. I called off the dog with some difficulty, and as the young man was retiring, certain little paper bundles fell from his cape, which Donnino immediately discovered to belong to him. Amongst them I perceived a little ring, which I knew to be my property; whereupon I said, "This is the villain who broke open my house, and my dog knows him again:" I therefore let him loose, and he once more seized the thief. The shop-lifter then implored my mercy, and told me he would restore me whatever he had of mine. At this I again called off my dog, and the fellow returned me all the gold, silver, and little rings of which he had robbed me, and gave me five-and-twenty crowns over, imploring my forgiveness. I bid him implore the Divine mercy, as I, for my part, did not intend to do him either harm or good. I then returned to my business, and in a few days after Cesar Maccheroni, the forger, was hanged, in the quarter called Bauchi, opposite to the gate of the mint; his accomplice was sent to the galleys: the Genoese thief was hanged in the Campo di Fiore; and I remained possessed of a greater reputation for probity than ever.

When I had at last finished my work, there happened a great inundation, which overflowed the whole city. As I was waiting the issue, the day being far spent, the waters began to increase: the

fore-part of my house and shop was in the quarter of Banchi, and the back-part jutted out several cubits towards Monte Giordano. Making the preservation of my life my first care, and my honour the next, I put all my jewels into my pockets, left my work in gold under the care of my journeyman, and taking off my shoes and stockings, went out at a back window, and waded through the water the best I could, till I reached Monte Cavallo. There I found Signor Giovanni Gaddi, a clerk of the chamber, and Bastiano the Venetian painter: accosting Signor Giovanni, I gave him all my jewels to take care of; knowing he had as great a regard for me as if I had been his brother. A few days after the waters having subsided, I returned to my shop, and finished my work, with the help of God and my own industry, so happily, that it was looked upon as the most exquisite performance of the kind that had ever been seen in Rome: upon carrying it to the Pope, I thought he would never be tired of praising it. "If I were a great and opulent emperor, (said he,) I would give my friend Benvenuto as much land as his eye could take in; but as I am only a poor little potentate, I will endeavour to make such a provision for him, as will satisfy his moderate desires." After the Pope had made an end of his rodomontade, I asked him a mace-bearer's place, which was just then become vacant: he made answer, that it was his intention to give me a more considerable employment. I again desired his holiness to grant me that other trifling post by way of earnest. He replied with a laugh, that he was willing to gratify me, but did not choose I should serve with the common mace-bearers: he advised me, therefore, to make it my agreement with them to be exempt from attendance; and to get me excused, he would grant them a favour, for which they had

applied to him, viz. to be allowed to demand their salaries by authority; which was accordingly done. This place of mace-bearer brought me to the amount of above two hundred crowns a year.

Whilst I went on in the service of the Pope, sometimes employed by him in one way, sometimes in another, he ordered me to draw a fine chalice for him: and I accordingly sketched out a design and model of such a cup. This model was of wood and wax; instead of the boss of the chalice, I had made three little round figures of a pretty considerable size, these were Faith, Hope, and Charity. Upon the bottom of it, I represented three stories relative to those figures, on three bosses in basso relievo; on one was the nativity of Christ, on another the resurrection, on a third St. Peter crucified, with his head downwards; for in that attitude I was ordered to draw him. Whilst I was going on with this work, the Pope several times desired to see it; but finding that his holiness had quite forgotten to give me any preferment, the place of one of the fraternity del Piombo being vacant, I one evening asked him for it. The good Pope no longer recollecting the florid harangue he had made upon my finishing the other work, answered me thus: "The place you ask, has annexed to it a salary of above eight hundred crowns a year, so that if you were to have it, you would think of nothing after but indulging yourself, and pampering your body; thus you would entirely forget that admirable art, of which you are at present so great a master, and I should be condemned as the cause of it." I instantly replied, that "Good cats mouse better to fatten themselves than merely through hunger; and that men of genius exert their abilities always to most purpose when they are in affluent circumstances; in-somuch that those princes, who are most munificent

to such men, may be considered as encouraging, and, as it were, watering the plants of genius; left to themselves they wither and die away; 'tis encouragement alone that makes them spring up and flourish. I must, however, inform your holiness, that I did not petition for this preferment, expecting to have it granted me; I looked upon myself as happy in getting the poor place of mace-bearer; it was only a thought that just came into my head. You will do well to bestow it upon some man of genius that deserves it, and not upon an ignorant person, who will make no other use of it than to pamper his body, as your holiness expresses it. Take example of Pope Julius, of worthy memory, who gave such a place to Bramante, an ingenious architect." Having spoken thus, I made him a low bow, and took my leave. Bastiano, the Venetian painter, then coming forward, said to him: "Most holy father, please to give this place to some person that exerts himself in the ingenious arts; and as your holiness knows me to have dedicated my time to those studies, I humbly request you would think me worthy of that honour." The Pope made answer: "This devil, Benvenuto, cannot bear a word of rebuke; I did intend to bestow the place upon him; but it is not right to behave so proudly to a Pope; I therefore don't know how I shall dispose of it." The Bishop of Vaison suddenly coming forward, took Bastiano's part, and said: "Most holy father, Benvenuto is a young man; the sword becomes him much better than the monk's habit; please your holiness to bestow it upon this ingenious man Bastiano, and you may give Benvenuto some other lucrative place, which will suit him better." The Pope then turning about to Signor Bartolomeo Valori, said to him: "How much too hard you are for Benvenuto: tell him, that he himself was the cause

of the place he applied for being given to Bastiano the painter; and that he may depend upon it, he shall have the first lucrative post that becomes vacant; in the mean time desire him to exert himself, and finish my business." The evening following, at two hours after sun-set, I happened to meet Signor Bartolomeo Valori, hard by the mint, as he was driving on precipitately with two torches before him, being sent for by the Pope; upon my bowing to him, he called out to me, and in the most friendly manner told me all that his holiness had said. I answered, that "I would finish the work I had in hand, with greater diligence than I had shown on any other occasion, but without hopes of being recompensed by his holiness." Signor Bartolomeo thereupon reprimanded me; adding, that I should not receive the offers of a Pope in that manner. I replied, that "If I were to depend upon such promises, before they took effect, I should be a fool;" and so I went about my business. Signor Bartolomeo, doubtless, informed the Pope of my bold answer, and in all probability added something to it; for it was two months before his holiness sent for me, and during all that time I would not go to court upon any account. The Pope, who was quite impatient for my finishing the chalice, gave orders to Signor Robert Pulci, to inquire what progress I had made. This worthy man every day paid me a visit, and constantly said something kind and obliging to me, which I returned with the like courtesy. His holiness being upon the point of leaving Rome to go to Bologna, when he found that I never thought of going near him, sent, of his own accord, Signor Roberto, to desire me to bring my work, for he wanted to see how far I had proceeded. I took it with me, and showed his holiness that the most important part of the work was

finished; but requested him to advance me five hundred crowns, partly on account, and partly to buy some more gold, which was wanting to complete the chalice. The Pope said, "Make haste and finish it." I answered, in going away, that "I would obey him, if he would leave me money;" and so took my leave.

The Pope set out for Bologna, leaving Cardinal Salviati his legate in Rome, and ordered him to hurry me on with the work, expressing himself in these words: "Benvenuto is a man that sets but little value upon his abilities, and less upon me; so be sure you hurry him on, that the chalice may be finished at my return." This stupid cardinal sent to me in about eight days, ordering me to bring my work with me; but I went to him without it. As soon as I came into his presence, he said to me: "Where is this fantastical work of yours? Have you finished it?" I made answer, "Most reverend sir, I have not finished my fantastical work, as you are pleased to call it; nor can I finish it, except you give me wherewithal to enable me." Scarcely had I uttered these words, when the cardinal, whose phiz was liker that of an ass than a human creature, began to look more hideous than before; and immediately proceeding to abusive language, said: "I'll confine you aboard a galley, and then you will be glad to finish the work." As I had a brute to deal with, I used the language proper on the occasion, which was as follows: "My lord, when I am guilty of crimes deserving the galleys, then you may send me thither; but for such an offence as mine, I am not afraid; nay, I will tell you more, on account of this ill treatment, I will not finish the work at all; so send no more for me, for I will not come, except I am compelled by the city guards." The foolish cardinal then tried by fair means to

persuade me to go on with the work in hand, and to bring what I had done, that he might examine it. In answer to all his persuasions, I said: "Tell his holiness to send me the materials, if he would have me finish this fantastical work:" nor would I give him any other answer, insomuch that despairing of success, he at last ceased to trouble me with his importunities. The Pope returned from Bologna, and immediately inquired after me, for the cardinal had already given him, by letter, the most unfavourable account of me he possibly could. His holiness being incensed against me to the highest degree, ordered me to come to him with my work; and I obeyed. During the time he was at Bologna, I had so severe a defluxion upon my eyes, that life became almost insupportable to me; that was the first cause of my not proceeding with the chalice: so much did I suffer by this disorder, that I really thought I should lose my eye-sight; and I computed how much would be sufficient for my support when I should be blind. In my way to the palace, I meditated within myself, an excuse for discontinuing the work; and thought, that whilst the Pope was considering and examining my performance, I might acquaint him with my case: but I was mistaken; for as soon as I appeared in his presence, he said to me, with great asperity, "Let me see that work of yours: is it finished?" Upon my producing it, he flew into a more violent passion than before; and said, "As there is truth in God, I assure you, since you value your living soul, that if a regard to decency did not prevent me, I would order both you and your work to be thrown this moment out of the window." Seeing the Pope thus inflamed with brutal fury, I was for quitting his presence directly; and as he continued his bravadoes, I put the chalice under my cloak, muttering these words to myself:

"The whole world would prove unable to make a blind man proceed in such an undertaking as this." The Pope then, with a louder voice than before, said, "Come hither: what's that you say?" For a while I hesitated, whether I should not run down stairs. At last I plucked up my courage, and, falling on my knees, exclaimed aloud in these words, because he continued to scold: "Is it reasonable, that when I am become blind with a disorder, you should oblige me to continue to work?" He answered: "You could see well enough to come hither, and I don't believe one word of what you say." Observing that he spoke with a milder tone of voice, I replied: "If your holiness will ask your physician, you will find that I declare the truth." "I shall inquire into the affair at my leisure," said he. I now perceived that I had an opportunity to plead my cause, and therefore delivered myself thus. "I am persuaded, most holy father, that the author of all this mischief, is no other than Cardinal Salviati; because he sent for me immediately upon your holiness's departure; and when I came to him, called my work a fantastical piece, and told me he would make me finish it in a galley: these opprobrious words made such an impression on me, that through the great perturbation of mind I was in, I felt my face all on a sudden inflamed, and my eyes were attacked by so violent a heat, that I could hardly find my way home; a few days after, there fell upon them two cataracts, which blinded me to such a degree, that I could hardly see the light, and since your holiness's departure I have not been able to do a stroke of work." Having spoken thus, I rose up and withdrew. I was told that the Pope said, after I was gone: "When places of trust are given, discretion is not always conveyed with them; I did not bid the cardinal treat people quite so

roughly; if it be true that he has a disorder in his eyes, as I shall know by asking my physician, I should be inclined to look upon him with an eye of compassion." There happened to be present a person of distinction who was a great favourite of the Pope, and equally conspicuous for his virtues and extraordinary endowments: having inquired of the pontiff who I was, he added: "Holy father, I ask you this, because you appeared to me, in the same breath, to fall into a most violent passion, and to be equally affected and softened into pity, so I desire to know who he is; if he be a person deserving of assistance, I'll tell him a secret to cure his disorder." The Pope made answer: "The person you speak of is one of the greatest geniuses in his way, that the world ever produced. When I see you again, I will show you some of his admirable performances, as likewise the man himself; and it will be a great satisfaction to me, if you are able to do him any service." In a few days the Pope sent for me after dinner, and the above-mentioned person of distinction was present. No sooner was I come, than his holiness sent for the button of his pontifical cope, which has been already described; in the mean time I produced my chalice; upon seeing which, the gentleman declared he had never beheld so extraordinary a piece of work in his life. The button being brought, his surprise was greatly increased: he looked at me attentively, and said: "He is but a young man, and therefore the better able to make a fortune." He then asked me my name. I answered, "Benvenuto." He replied, alluding to my name: "Upon this occasion I am 'welcome' to you; take lily of the valley, with its stalk, flower, and beard, altogether, distil them with a gentle fire, bathe your eyes with the water several times a day, and you will certainly get rid of your

complaint; but before you begin the bathing, taken physic." The Pope spoke kindly to me, and I left him, tolerably well pleased with my reception.

It is a fact that I had the disorder in question; but am inclined to think that I caught it of my mistress at the time I was robbed. The disorder remained latent for above four months, and then broke out at once: the only external symptom by which it showed itself, was by covering me all over with little red blisters, about the bigness of a farthing; the physicians would never call it by its right name, I mean that of the French distemper; though I told them the causes to which I ascribed it. They continued to treat me their own way, but I received no benefit from their prescriptions. At last I resolved, contrary to the advice of the most eminent physicians of Rome, to have recourse to *lignum vitæ*; this I took with all the precautions and abstinence imaginable; and recovering surprisingly in the space of fifty days, was perfectly cured, and as sound as a roach. Then, by way of recreation after what I had gone through, winter approaching, I took the diversion of fowling; this made me wade through brooks, face storms, and pass my time in marshy grounds; so that in a few days I was attacked by a disorder a hundred times more severe than the former: I put myself a second time into the hands of physicians, and found I grew worse every day by their medicines; my disorder being attended with a fever, I proposed to take *lignum vitæ*, but the physicians opposed it, assuring me, that if I meddled with it, whilst the fever was upon me, I should die in a week. I resolved however to take it, even against their opinion, observing the same regimen as before: after I had for four days drunk the decoction of *lignum vitæ*, the fever totally left me, and I began to recover surprisingly. Whilst I was taking this wood, I went

on with the model of the work above-mentioned, and abstinence sharpening my invention, I performed the finest things, and of the most admirable invention, that I ever did in my life. In fifty days I was perfectly recovered, and afterwards gave my chief attention to the preservation of my health. This long purgation being at last over, I found myself as thoroughly cured of my disorder, as if I had been newly born; and though I took pleasure in securing my much wished-for health, I continued to work both on the job above-mentioned, and for the mint; and did as much as could reasonably be expected from the most diligent artificer.

CHAPTER XII.

Story of Tobia the goldsmith of Milan, who had been condemned to death at Parma, for counterfeiting the current coin, but was reprieved by Cardinal Salviati, legate of that city.—The cardinal sends him to Rome as an ingenious artist, capable of rivalling our Author.—Tobia is employed by the Pope, which gives Cellini great uneasiness.—In consequence of the calumnies of Pompeo of Milan, Cellini is deprived of his place of engraver of the mint.—He is arrested for refusing to give up the chalice, and carried before the governor of Rome.—Curious conversation between him and that magistrate.—The latter, by an artifice, persuades him to deliver up the chalice to the Pope, who returns it to the Author, and orders him to proceed with the work.

CARDINAL SALVIATI, with whom I had the difference above related, and who was so much my enemy, happened about this time to be made legate of Parma, when a certain Milanese goldsmith, named Tobia, was taken up in that city, for counterfeiting the current coin. Upon his being condemned to the flames, a great man spoke in his favour to the legate. The cardinal caused the execution to be respited, and wrote to Pope Clement, giving him to understand, that there had fallen into his hands one of the ablest artists living, in the goldsmith and jeweller's business; and that he had been condemned to be burned for coining, but that he was a mere simpleton; this appeared by his saying he had asked the opinion of his confessor, who told him he gave him permission, and that he might do it with a safe conscience. He added: "If your holiness should send for this great artist to Rome, you will have the

means of humbling the pride of your favourite Benvenuto; and I make no doubt but the workmanship of Tobia will please you much more than that of Benvenuto." The Pope was accordingly induced, by the legate's persuasion, to send for this person to Rome, and upon his arrival, ordered us both into his presence. He then commanded each of us to draw a design of a unicorn's horn, the most beautiful that ever was seen, and which had cost seventeen thousand ducats: and as the Pope proposed making a present of it to King Francis, he chose to have it first richly adorned with gold; so he employed us both to draw the designs. When we had finished them, we carried them to the Pope. Tobia's design was in the form of a candlestick; the horn was to enter it like a candle, and at the bottom of the candlestick he represented four little unicorn's heads, a most simple invention; as soon as I saw it I could not contain myself, so as to avoid smiling at the oddity of the conceit. The Pope perceiving this, said: "Let me see that design of your's." It was a single head of an unicorn, fitted to receive the horn. I had made the most beautiful sort of head conceivable, for I, in part, drew it in the form of a horse's head, and partly in that of a hart's, adorned with the finest sort of wreaths and other devices; insomuch that no sooner was my design seen, than the whole court gave it the preference. However, as some Milanese gentlemen of great authority were witnesses of this contest, they said: "Most holy father, if you propose sending this noble present to France, you should take it into consideration, that the French are an undiscerning, tasteless people, and will not be sensible of the excellence of this masterly piece of Benvenuto's; but they will be pleased with these grotesque figures of Tobia's,

which will be sooner executed; and Benvenuto will in the mean time finish your chalice; thus will two jobs be completed at once, and this poor man be employed, without having reason to complain that he has been brought hither for nothing." The Pope who was in haste to have his chalice finished, readily acquiesced in the opinion of these Milanese; so the day following he gave the job of the unicorn's horn to Tobia, and sent me word by his wardrobe-keeper that I was to finish his chalice. I made answer, that "there was nothing I more ardently desired, than to execute the fine piece of work I was about;" adding, that "if it were to be made of any other materials besides gold, I could easily finish it myself and that without assistance." Scarcely had I uttered these words, when this man, a low retainer to the court, bid me take care how I asked money of the Pope; if I did, I should put him into such a passion that I should afterwards repent it. To this I replied: "Then, good sir, please to inform me how bread can be made without flour; just in the same manner can this work be finished without gold." The wardrobe-keeper, who felt the keenness of the ridicule, told me he would inform his holiness of all I had said: and was as good as his word. The Pope flying into a most furious passion, said, "He would see whether I was mad enough to neglect finishing it." He waited, however, two months, during which, though I had declared I would not work a single stroke, I had done quite the reverse, and wrought constantly with the utmost diligence; the Pope, however, finding I did not bring the chalice, began greatly to be out of temper, and declared that he was resolved to punish me.

There was present, when he uttered these words, a Milanese, his holiness's jeweller: his name was

Pompeo, and he was a near relation to one Signor Trajano, who of all Pope Clement's servants, was most in his master's favour; these two, in concert, said to the Pope: "If your holiness were to deprive him of his place in the mint, perhaps he would think of finishing the chalice." The Pope replied, "That would rather be productive of two misfortunes; one that I should be ill served at the mint, which is of the greatest consequence to me; the other that I should certainly never see the chalice." The two Milanese, however, seeing the Pope very angry with me, used such persuasions, that at last he deprived me of my place in the mint, and gave it to a young Perugian, who had the surname of Fagiolo. Pompeo came to tell me from the Pope, that his holiness had removed me from my place in the mint, and would deprive me of something else, if I did not make haste to finish my work. "Tell his holiness," answered I, "that he deprives himself, and not me, of the place in the mint; that the case would be the same with respect to other matters; and that if his holiness should be ever so desirous to restore my place to me, I would upon no account accept of it." This vile wretch thought it an age till he could see the Pope again, in order to repeat to him every word I said, to which he took care to add something of his own. About a week after, the Pope sent me word by the same messenger, that he no longer desired that I should finish the chalice, but wanted to have it exactly in the state to which I had brought it. I answered Pompeo: "This is not like the place in the mint, which it was in his power to deprive me of; five hundred crowns which I received, are indeed his holiness's property, and those I will restore to him; as for the work it is mine, and that I will dispose of as I think proper." Pompeo hastened to

repeat this to the Pope, with some severe and sarcastical expressions, which I threw out against himself, and which he well deserved. Three days after, upon a Thursday, there came to me two of the Pope's favourite gentlemen of the bed-chamber, one of whom is now living, and a bishop; this was Signor Piero Giovanni, wardrobe-keeper to his holiness; the other was of a still more noble family, but I cannot recollect his name. As soon as they entered my house, they addressed me thus: "The Pope sends us, Benvenuto, because you have trifled with him, and would not be prevailed on by fair means; we have orders, in case you do not give us the chalice, to conduct you directly to prison." I looked them in the face boldly, and said: "Gentlemen, were I to give his holiness my work, I should give him my property, and not his; and I do not intend to part with any thing that is mine; for as I have brought this piece to a high degree of perfection with the sweat of my brow, I do not care that it should be put into the hands of some ignorant fellow, who will probably spoil it."

Whilst I spoke thus, there was present the goldsmith Tobia, who was so rash as to require of me the models of my work; the words with which I answered him, and which such a wretch well deserved, it would not be proper here to insert. As the gentlemen of the bed-chamber pressed me to determine what I intended to do, I told them that I had already determined; and having taken my cloak, before I went out of the shop, I turned to an image of Christ, and said with the utmost reverence and devotion, holding my cap in my hand: "Merciful and immortal, just and holy Lord, all that thou dost is according to thy justice, which is not to be equalled; thou knowest that I am arrived at ma-

turity of years, and that I was never before threatened with imprisonment for any action whatever; since it is now thy pleasure that I should go to jail, I submit, and thank thee with a heart resigned." Then turning about to the two gentlemen, I said to them with a smile, which discovered some perturbation of mind: "Surely, gentlemen, a man of my consequence deserved such a guard as you; therefore, put me between you, and conduct me wheresoever you think proper." These two well-bred gentlemen, laughing very heartily, placed me between them, and chatting all the way, carried me before the governor of Rome, whose name was Magalotto; there was with him the procurator of the exchequer, and both waited my coming. The gentlemen, laughing all the while, said to the governor: "We consign this prisoner to you; be sure you take proper care of him; we are very glad that we have saved your officers some trouble, for Benvenuto told us, that as this was the first time of his being arrested, meaner guards would have been unworthy of him." They repaired to the Pope, and having given him a circumstantial account of all that passed, he at first seemed to be ready to fly into a passion; but upon recollecting himself, forced a smile, because there were present some noblemen and cardinals my friends, who were very much inclined to favour me. In the mean time the governor and the procurator partly rated, partly expostulated with me, and partly gave me their advice; telling me, that it was but just and reasonable, that he who employs another in any work whatever, should take it back, when and in what manner he thinks proper. I made answer, that "This was not agreeable to justice; and that a pope had no right to act in that manner; because his holiness was not like those

petty tyrants, who oppress their subjects to the utmost, paying no regard either to law or justice; but he was Christ's vicar, and therefore was not allowed to pursue the same measures." The governor, with certain tones and gestures which might become a bum-bailiff, cried out: "Benvenuto, Benvenuto, you will at last oblige me to use you according to your deserts." "You will behave," replied I, "honourably and politely to me, if you are willing to consider my deserts." He then said: "Send for the work directly, and don't make me speak to you a second time." I thereupon rejoined: "Gentlemen, do me the favour to permit me to say but four words more in my defence." The procurator of the exchequer, who was a more humane magistrate than the governor, turned about to the latter, and said to him: "My lord, indulge him in a hundred words; provided he returns the work, that is sufficient." I then delivered myself in these terms: "If a man were to build a house or a palace, he might justly say to the mason employed in that business, 'Give me my house; I don't choose you should work any longer at my palace or my habitation;' and, upon paying the mason for his trouble, he would have a just right to dismiss him. If it were even a nobleman, who gave directions for setting a jewel worth a thousand crowns, and if he perceived that the jeweller did not do it to his mind, he might say, 'Give me my jewel, for I don't approve of your workmanship.' But the present case is quite different, for neither a house nor a jewel is here in question; nothing more can be required of me but that I should return five hundred crowns which I have received. So, my lord, do what you will, you shall have nothing more than the five hundred crowns, and this you may tell the Pope. Your me-

naces do not in the least intimidate me, for I am an honest man, and fear God only." The governor and procurator of the exchequer having risen from their seats, said they were going to his holiness, and that when they had received his orders, they would return to my sorrow. Thus I remained under a guard. I walked about in a little hall, and it was near three hours before they returned. Upon this occasion I was visited by all the chief men of our nation in the mercantile way, who earnestly entreated me not to contend with a pope, as my ruin might very likely be the consequence. I made answer, that I had maturely considered the measures I was pursuing. As soon as the governor returned with the procurator of the exchequer, he called to me, and delivered himself to this effect: "Benvenuto, I am sorry to come back from his holiness with so severe an order; either quickly produce the chalice, or beware of the consequences." I made answer, that "As I could never persuade myself that a vicar of Christ was capable of doing injustice, I would not believe it, till I saw it; so that he might do whatever he thought proper." The governor replied: "I have two words more to say to you from his holiness, after which I shall proceed to execute my orders. It is the Pope's pleasure you should bring your work hither, that I may get it put into a box, and then I am to carry it to his holiness, who promises upon his word to keep it sealed up as he receives it, and will quickly return it to you without ever meddling with it; but he requires that this should be complied with, as his honour is concerned in the affair." To these words I answered, smiling, that "I would very readily put my work into his hands in the manner he required, because I was desirous to know what dependance there could

be upon the faith of a pope." So having sent for my work I put into his hands, sealed up in the manner required. The governor having returned to the Pope with the box sealed up as above, his holiness, after turning it several times, as I was afterwards informed by the governor, asked the latter if he had seen my work; he answered that he had; and it had been sealed up in his presence; adding, that it appeared to him a very extraordinary performance. Upon which the Pope said, "You may tell Benvenuto, that Roman pontiffs have authority to loose and bind things of much greater importance than this;" and whilst he uttered these words, he with an angry look opened the box, taking off the cord and the seal: he then examined it attentively, and, by what I could learn, showed it to Tobia the goldsmith, who praised it highly. The Pope asked him whether he would undertake to make a piece of work in the same taste, and according to the same model. The other answered he would. The Pope desired him to follow that model exactly; and turning to the governor, spoke to him thus: "See whether Benvenuto is disposed to let us have it in its present condition; in case he is willing to comply, he shall be paid for it, whatever price it may be valued at by any intelligent person; if he be willing to finish it, let him take his own time; and should you find him disposed to go on with it, give him whatever assistance he can reasonably require." Hereupon the governor made answer: "Most holy father, I am acquainted with the audacious character of this young man; grant me authority to deal with him my own way." The Pope replied, that he gave him full liberty as to words, though he was sure he would only make the breach wider; adding, that when he found all in-

effectual, he should order me to carry the five hundred crowns to his jeweller, Pompeo. The governor being returned, sent for me to his apartment, and addressed me thus, with the bluff air of a grenadier : " Popes have authority to loose and bind the whole world, and what they do in that manner upon earth, immediately receives the sanction of heaven ; here is your box, which has been opened and examined by his holiness." I then loudly exclaimed " I return thanks to heaven, that I am now qualified to set a proper value on the word of God's vicerent." The governor thereupon offered me many gross insults, both in word and deed ; but perceiving that all his brutality had no effect, he quite despaired of success in what he had undertaken, namely, to browbeat me into compliance. He therefore assumed a milder tone, and said to me : " Benvenuto, I am sorry you should be blind to your own interest ; since that is the case, carry the five hundred crowns to Pompeo, when you think proper." Having taken back the box, I went directly to Pompeo with the five hundred crowns. The Pope thought, that either through inability, or some other accident, I should not carry the money quite so soon ; but as he had still a great desire to get me again into his service, when he saw Pompeo come smiling with the money, he began to rate him soundly, and expressed great concern that the affair had taken such a turn. He then said to him : " Go to Benvenuto's shop, behave with as much complaisance to him as your stupidity and ignorance will permit ; and tell him, that if he will finish that piece of work, to serve as a shrine to carry the holy sacrament in, when I walk in procession with it, I will grant him whatever favour he desires of me " Pompeo came, and called me out of the

shop, and behaving to me with a great deal of awkward ceremony and complaisance, repeated all the Pope had said to him. I immediately made answer, that "The highest pleasure I could wish for in this world, was to recover the favour of so great a pontiff, which I had lost not by any fault of my own, but by sickness and misfortune, as also by the ill offices of those envious persons who take pleasure in injuring their neighbours: but as his holiness has a great number of servants, let him no more send you to me, if he value your life; and be sure you mind your own business. I shall never cease, by day nor by night, to think and do all I can to serve the Pope; but remember that you have spoken ill of me to his holiness, and never interpose any more in what concerns me; if you do, I will make you sensible of your error, by treating you according to your deserts." The fellow having left me, repeated every word I said to the Pope, but misrepresented it in such a manner as to make me appear in a much worse light than I otherwise should have done. Here the affair rested for a time, and I again attended to my shop and business.

During this interval, Tobia the goldsmith was employed in finishing the case and ornament for the unicorn's horn; the Pope had given him orders when he had finished that piece, to begin the chalice upon my model which he had seen; Tobia having shown his holiness some specimens of his work, the latter was so little satisfied with them, that he began to repent his having ever differed with me; and expressed great dislike for the man's workmanship, highly censuring the person who had recommended him: in consequence of which Baccino della Croce often came to me from the Pope, desiring me to make the shrine in question. I told

him, that I intreated his holiness to let me take my repose a little, after the severe disorder with which I had been afflicted, and from which I was not yet thoroughly recovered; and that as soon as ever I was in a condition to work, I would devote all my hours to his holiness's service. I had now begun to draw his likeness, and was employed in secret to engrave a medal for him; the tools of steel for stamping the medal, I made at home; in my shop I had a partner, who had been my journeyman, and whose name was Felice.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

The Author falls in love with a Sicilian courtesan named Angelica, who is suddenly obliged by her mother to withdraw to Naples.—His despair upon the loss of his mistress.—He gets acquainted with a Sicilian priest who professes necromancy.—Account of the magic spells used by the necromancer.—The Author attends the priest's incantations in hopes of recovering his mistress.—Surprising effects of the conjuration.—He receives a promise of seeing Angelica in a month.—Quarrel between him and Signor Benedetto, whom he dangerously wounds with a stone.—Pompeo of Milan representing to the Pope, that the Author had killed Tobia of Milan, his holiness orders the governor of Rome to have him apprehended, and executed upon the spot.—He makes his escape, sets out for Naples, and meets his friend Solomeo the sculptor on the road.

As young men can never secure their hearts against the attacks of love, but sooner or later are subdued by that all-conquering power, my affections were captivated at that time, by a Sicilian girl of extraordinary beauty, and she seemed to repay my passion with an equal ardour. Her mother perceived its and was apprehensive of the consequences. I had indeed formed a design to run away with the girl to Florence, and stay there a year with her unknown to her mother. The latter being apprized of my intention, quitted Rome one night with her daughter, and having taken the road to Naples, gave out that she was going to Civita Vecchia, but went to Ostia. I followed them to Civita Vecchia, and committed innumerable extravagancies in search of

my mistress. It would be tedious to give a circumstantial account of all these follies; let it suffice to say, that I was upon the point of losing my senses or dying of grief. After two months the girl wrote me word, that she was in Sicily, extremely dejected and unhappy. At that time I indulged in pleasures of all sorts, and had engaged in another amour to cancel the memory of my Sicilian mistress. It came to pass, that through a variety of odd accidents, I made acquaintance with a Sicilian priest, who was a man of genius, and well versed in the Latin and Greek authors. Happening one day to have some conversation with him, when the subject turned upon the art of necromancy, I, who had a great desire to know something of the matter, told him that I had all my life a curiosity to be acquainted with the mysteries of this art. The priest made answer, that the man must be of a resolute and steady temper who enters upon that study. I replied, that I had fortitude and resolution enough to desire to be initiated in it. The priest subjoined: "If you think you have the heart to venture, I will give you all the satisfaction you can desire." Thus we agreed to enter upon a plan of necromancy. The priest one evening began to prepare to satisfy me, and bid me look out for a companion or two. I invited one Vintenzio Romoli, who was my intimate acquaintance; he brought with him a native of Pistoia, that cultivated necromancy himself. We repaired to the Colosseo; and the priest, according to the custom of conjurers, began to draw circles upon the ground with the most awful ceremonies imaginable; he likewise brought thither all sorts of precious perfumes, and fire, with some compositions also which diffused noisome and bad odours. As soon as he was in readiness, he made an opening to

the circle, and having taken us by the hand, ordered the other necromancer, his partner, to throw the perfumes into the fire at a proper time, entrusting the care of the fire and the perfumes to the rest, and then he began his incantations. This ceremony lasted above an hour and a half, when there appeared several legions of devils, insomuch, that the amphitheatre was quite filled with them. I was busy about the perfumes, when the priest, who knew there was a sufficient number of infernal spirits, turned about to me, and said: "Benvenuto, ask them some favour." I answered, "Let them bring me into the company of my Sicilian mistress, Angelica." That night we obtained no answer of any sort; but I had received great satisfaction in having my curiosity so far indulged. The conjurer told me, it was requisite we should go a second time; assuring me, that I should be satisfied in whatever I asked, but that I should bring with me a youth of an uncontaminated life. I took with me my apprentice, who was about twelve years of age, together with the same Vincenzo Romoli, who had been my companion the first time, and one Agnolino Gaddi, an intimate acquaintance, whom I likewise prevailed on to assist at the ceremony. When we came to the place appointed, the priest having made his preparations as before, with the same, and even with more striking ceremonies, placed us within the circle, which he had likewise drawn with a more wonderful art, and in a more solemn manner, than at our former meeting. Thus having committed the care of the perfumes and the fire to my friend Vincenzo, who was assisted by Agnolino Gaddi, he put into my hand a pentagonum, and bid me turn it towards the places that he should direct me; and under the pentagonum I held my apprentice. The necromancer, having begun to

make his tremendous invocations, called by their names a multitude of demons, who were the leaders of the several legions, and questioned them by the virtue and power of the eternal uncreated God, who lives for ever, in the Hebrew language, as likewise in Latin and Greek; insomuch, that the amphitheatre was almost in an instant filled with demons a hundred times more numerous than at the former conjuration. Vincenzo Romoli was busied in making a fire with the assistance of Agnolino, and burning a great quantity of precious perfumes. I, by the direction of the necromancer, again desired to be in the company of my Angelica. The former thereupon turning to me said; "You are to know, they have declared that in the space of a month you shall be in her company." He then requested me to stand resolutely by him, because the legions were now above a thousand more in number than he had designed; and besides, these were the most dangerous, so that after they had answered my question, it behoved him to be civil to them, and dismiss them quietly. At the same time, the boy under the pentagonum was in a terrible fright, saying, "That there were in that place a million of stout men who threatened to destroy us; that moreover four giants appeared of an enormous stature, who were armed cap-a-pee, and endeavoured to break into our circle." During this time, whilst the necromancer, trembling with fear, endeavoured, by mild and gentle methods, to dismiss them the best he could; Vincenzo Romoli, who quivered like an aspen leaf, took care of the perfumes. Though I was as much afraid as any of them, I did my utmost to conceal the terror I felt; so that I greatly contributed to inspire the rest with resolution; but the truth is, I gave myself over for a dead man, seeing the horrid fright

the necromancer was in. The boy had placed his head between his knees, and said: "In this attitude will I die; we shall all surely perish." I told him, that all those demons were under us, and what he saw was smoke and shadow; so bid him hold up his head and take courage. No sooner did he look up, than he cried out: "The whole amphitheatre is burning, and the fire is just falling upon us:" so covering his eyes with his hands, he again exclaimed, that destruction was inevitable, and he desired to see no more. The necromancer entreated me to have a good heart, and take care to burn proper perfumes; upon which I turned to Romoli, and bid him burn all the most precious perfumes he had. At the same time I cast my eye upon Agnolino Gaddi, who was terrified to such a degree, that he could scarcely distinguish objects, and seemed to be half dead; seeing him in this condition, I said: "Agnolo, upon these occasions a man should not yield to fear, but should stir about and give his assistance; so come directly and put on some more of these perfumes." Agnolo upon attempting to move, gave a most unequivocal indication of the horrible fear he was in, which the boy discovering, ventured once more to raise his head, when seeing me laugh, he began to take courage, and said that the devils were flying away with a vengeance. In this condition we staid till the bell rang for morning prayer. The boy again told us that there remained but few devils, and these were at a great distance. When the conjurer had performed the rest of his ceremonies, he stripped off his gown, and took up a wallet full of books which he had brought with him. We all went out of the circle together, sticking as close to one another as we possibly could; especially the boy, who had placed himself in the middle, holding the

necromancer by the coat, and me by the cloak. As we were going to our houses in the quarter of Banchi, the boy told us that two of the demons whom we had seen at the amphitheatre, went on before us leaping and skipping, sometimes running upon the roofs of the houses, and sometimes upon the ground. The priest declared, that as often as he had entered magic circles, nothing so extraordinary had ever happened to him. As we went along he would fain persuade me to assist with him at consecrating a book, from which he said we should derive immense riches; we should then ask the demons to discover to us the various treasures with which the earth abounds, which would raise us to opulence and power; but that those love affairs were mere follies, from whence no good could be expected. I made answer, that I would readily accept his proposal, if I understood Latin; he redoubled his persuasions; assuring me, that the knowledge of the Latin language was by no means material: he added, that he could have found Latin scholars enough, if he had thought it worth while to look out for them; but that he could never have met with a partner of a resolution and intrepidity equal to mine; and that I should by all means follow his advice.

Whilst we were engaged in this conversation, we arrived at our respective homes, and all that night dreamed of nothing else but demons and hobgoblins. As I every day saw the priest, he did not fail to renew his solicitations to engage me to come into his proposal. I asked him what time it would take to carry his plan into execution, and where was this scene to be acted. He answered, that in less than a month we might complete it; and that the place best calculated for our purpose was the mountains of Norcia; though a master of his had

performed the ceremony of consecration hard by the mountains of the Abbey of Farfa, but that he had met with some difficulties which would not occur in those of Norcia; he added, that the neighbouring peasants were men who might be confided in, and had some knowledge of necromancy, inasmuch, that they were likely to give us great assistance upon occasion. Such an effect had the persuasions of this devil of a fellow, that I readily agreed to all he desired, but told him, that I should be glad to finish the medals I was making for the Pope first; this secret I communicated to him, but to nobody else, and begged he would not divulge it. I constantly asked him, whether he thought I should, at the time mentioned by the devil, have an interview with my mistress Angelica; and finding it approach, I was surprised to hear no tidings of her. The priest always assured me, that I should without fail enjoy her company, as the demons never break their promise, when they make it in the solemn manner they had done to me. He bid me, therefore, wait patiently, and avoid giving room for any scandal upon that occasion, but make an effort to bear something against my nature, as he was aware of the great danger I was to encounter; adding, that it would be happy for me, if I would go with him and consecrate the book, as it would be the way to obviate the danger, and could not fail to make both him and me happy. I, who began to be as eager to undertake the enterprize, as he to propose it, told him that there was just come to Rome one Giovanni da Castello, a native of Bologna, and an excellent artist; that he was particularly clever at making such medals of steel, as I was employed about; and nothing I desired more than to emulate this great man, in order to display my genius to the world, hoping by that means, and

not by the sword, to subdue my numerous enemies. The priest continued his persuasions notwithstanding, and said to me: "My dear Benvenuto, come along with me, and keep out of the way of a very great danger, which I see impending over your head." I had resolved, however, to finish my medal first, and the end of the month was now approaching; but my mind was so taken up with my medal, that I thought no more either of Angelica or any thing else, except my present task. I happened one day about the hour of vespers to have occasion to go from home at an unusual hour to my shop, where I left all the business to the care of my partner, whose name was Felice. Having staid there a short time, and recollecting that I had something to say to Alexander del Bene, I instantly set out, and being arrived in the quarter of Banchi, accidentally met with a friend of mine, whose name was Benedetto: he was a notary-public, a native of Florence, and the son of a blind man of Sienna, who lived by alms. This Benedetto had resided several years at Naples, from whence he went to Rome, where he did business for certain merchants of Sienna of the name of Figi. My partner had several times asked him for money for certain little rings which Benedetto had given him to mend: meeting him that day in the quarter of Banchi, he asked him again for the money with some asperity, which was customary with him, when Benedetto was with his employers: these people observing what passed, rebuked the latter severely, telling him they would employ another person, to prevent their being any longer disturbed with such a noise. Benedetto made the best defence he could, assuring them that he had paid that goldsmith, and could not prevent him from raving. The merchants, not satisfied with this excuse, dismissed him their

service. Immediately after this affair, he dressed himself, and came to my shop, perhaps in order to abuse Felice. It happened that we met exactly in the middle of the Banchi quarter: as I knew nothing of what had passed, I saluted him with my usual complaisance, but he returned my politeness with a torrent of opprobrious language: I thereupon recollected what the necromancer had told me of an impending danger; and keeping upon my guard the best I could, I said to him: "My dear friend, Benedetto, don't be angry with me, for I have done you no injury, and know nothing of the misfortunes that may have befallen you. If you have any difference with Felice, go and terminate it with himself, he is very well able to give you an answer: as I am entirely ignorant of the affair in question, you are in the wrong to give me such language, especially as you know that I am not a man to put up with an affront." He made answer, that I was thoroughly acquainted with the whole transaction; that it should not end so, and that Felice and I were both very great scoundrels. By this time a crowd had gathered about us to hear the dispute. Provoked by his abusive language, I stooped down, and taking up a lump of dirt, for it had just been raining, I aimed it at him, intending to throw it full in his face, but he bowed himself down a little, and it hit exactly in the middle of his head. In this dirt was a sharp flint which cut him most severely, so that he fell upon the ground insensible and like a dead person. From this circumstance, and from the great quantity of blood which flowed from his wound, it was the opinion of all the by-standers, that he was killed upon the spot. Whilst he lay stretched out upon the ground, and some porters who were amongst the crowd expected to be employed to carry off the corpse; Pompeo the jew-

eller, (whom the Pope had sent for about some job,) in his way happening to pass by, and seeing the man in so dismal a plight, asked who had used him in that manner; he was told that Benvenuto was the man, but that it had been all of the fool's own seeking. Pompeo ran in all haste to the Pope, and said to him, "Most holy father, Benvenuto has just murdered Tobia; and of this I am myself an eye-witness." The Pope hearing this, flew into a most violent passion, and ordered the governor, who happened to be present, to seize and hang me directly upon the very spot where the murder was committed; he enjoined him to use the utmost diligence in taking me, and upon no account to appear before him till he had seen justice done. As soon as I beheld the unfortunate man in the situation I have described, I began to think of taking measures for my security, seriously reflecting on the power of my enemies, and the danger in which this affair might involve me. I therefore quitted the place, and retired to the house of Signor Gaddi, clerk of the chamber, proposing to get myself in readiness with all possible expedition, and go where Providence should direct me; though Signor Gaddi advised me not to be in such a hurry, as the danger might possibly be much less than I imagined. Having thereupon sent for Annibale Caro, who lived in the same house with him, he desired him to inquire into the affair. Whilst we were talking of this matter, and the above orders were giving, there came to us a gentleman who lived with Cardinal de' Medici, and had been sent to us by that prince; this gentleman taking Signor Gaddi and me aside, told us, that the cardinal had repeated to him the words above-mentioned, which he had heard uttered by the Pope; he added, that it was impossible to save me, advising me to fly that first ebullition of

anger, and not venture upon any account to stay in Rome. As soon as the gentleman was gone, Signor Gaddi, looking at me attentively, seemed to shed a few tears, and said: "Alas! how unfortunate am I, that I have it not in my power to assist you." I answered: "With the help of God I shall extricate myself out of all difficulties; all I ask of you is, that you will be so good as to lend me a horse." Instantly a brown Turkish horse, one of the handsomest and best in Rome, was got ready for me; I mounted it, and placed a wheel-musket before the pommel of the saddle to defend myself. When I arrived at Sextus's-bridge, I found the whole body of city guards, horse and foot, drawn up there; so making a virtue of necessity, I boldly clapped spurs to my horse, and by God's mercy passed free and unobserved. Thus I repaired with the utmost speed to Palombara, the place of residence of Signor Giambatista Savelli; and from thence I sent back the horse to Signor Gaddi, but chose to make a secret of the place where I was, even to that gentleman. Signor Giambatista, after giving me the kindest reception imaginable, and treating me in the most generous manner during two whole days, advised me to quit the place, and bend my course towards Naples, till the first gust of the Pope's fury was over. Having procured me company, he put me in the road to Naples. I met by the way a statuary, a friend of mine, named Solosmeo, who was going to S. Germano, to finish the tomb of Piero de' Medici at Monte Cassino. This person informed me, that the very evening of my departure, Pope Clement had sent one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber, to inquire after Tobia; and that the gentleman upon finding him at work, and that nothing at all had happened to him, nay, that he was quite ignorant of the whole

affair, had made a report to his holiness of the real state of the case. The Pope, thereupon, turned to Pompeo and said: "You are a most abandoned wretch; but one thing I can assure you of, you have stirred a snake that will sting you, and that's what you deserve." He next addressed himself to the Cardinal de' Medici, and desired him to inquire after me, telling him he would not lose me upon any account whatever. In the mean time, Solosmeo and I jogged on together towards Monte Cassino, singing all the way.

CHAPTER II.

The Author arrives safely at Naples.—There he finds his mistress Angelica and her mother, which gives rise to an extraordinary interview.—He meets with a favourable reception from the Viceroy of Naples, who endeavours to fix him in his service.—Finding himself greatly imposed upon by Angelica's mother, he accepts of Cardinal de' Medici's invitation to return to Rome, the Pope having discovered his error concerning the death of Tobia the goldsmith.—Curious adventure upon the road.—He arrives safely at Rome, where he hears that Benedetto was recovered of his wound.—He strikes a fine medal of Pope Clement, and waits upon his holiness.—What passed at this interview.—The Pope forgives and takes him again into his service.

SOLOSMEO having reviewed his work at Monte Cassino, we travelled together towards Naples. When we came within half a mile of that capital, we were accosted by an inn-keeper, who invited us to put up at his house, and told us that he had lived several years in Florence with Cardinal Ginori; adding, that if we would take up our quarters with him, we should meet with the civilest and kindest treatment. We told the man several times that we did not choose to stop at his house. The fellow, notwithstanding, continued to ride on with us, and sometimes turning back repeated the same thing, telling us he should be very glad of our company at his inn. Tired at last of his importunity, I asked him whether he could direct me to a Sicilian lady, named Beatrice, who had a daughter called Angelica, and who were both courtezans. The inn-keeper, thinking I was in jest, made answer: "Curse on all strumpets, and all that take pleasure in their

company; then clapping spurs to his horse he galloped off as if determined to quit us entirely. I began to applaud the address with which I had got rid of this impertinent devil; though I still was never the nearer, for when I recollected my passion for Angelica, I fetched a deep sigh, and began to talk of her to Solosmeo. As we were thus engaged in chat, the inn-keeper came riding up to us again full speed, and as soon as he joined us, said: "Two or three days ago, there came a lady and her daughter to lodge next door to me, of the very name you mention; but whether they are Sicilians or not I cannot justly say." I replied: "The name of Angelica has such charms with me, that I am resolved by all means to take up my quarters at your inn." Thus we rode into Naples in company with the inn-keeper, and dismounted at his house. I thought it an age till I had put every thing belonging to me into proper order; and then went to the house adjoining to the inn: there I found my dear Angelica, who received me with the greatest demonstrations of affection and kindness. I continued with her till next day, and the hours passed a way in raptures and ecstasies, of which I find it impossible to convey an adequate idea to the reader. Whilst I enjoyed this exquisite delight, I recollected that this very day the month was expired which had been fixed in the necromancer's circle by the demons: so let every one who has recourse to such oracles, seriously reflect upon the dangers which I had to encounter.

I happened to have in my purse a diamond, which was taken particular notice of by the goldsmiths; and though but a young man, I was generally known in Naples for a person of some consequence, and greatly caressed by the citizens. Amongst others, a very worthy man; a jeweller, famed

Signor Dominico Fontana, was lavish of his civilities to me, so as to discontinue the business of his shop during three days that I passed at Naples; he moreover introduced me to the viceroy, who had instantaneously a desire to see me. As soon as I came into the presence of his excellency, he showed me a thousand civilities, during which, my diamond dazzled his eye; when at his particular desire I had shown it to him, he told me, that if I were disposed to part with it, he hoped that I would not forget him. Upon his returning me the diamond, I again put it into his excellency's hand, telling him, that both the jewel and its owner were very much at his service. He declared that he set a high value upon the diamond, but what he desired much more was, that I would reside at his court, telling me that he would take care I should be satisfied with my treatment. Many civilities thereupon passed between us, but the conversation afterwards turning on the value of the diamond, his excellency commanded me to set a price upon it; I told him that it was worth exactly two hundred crowns. To this his excellency made answer, that I appeared to him not to be unreasonable; but that he ascribed the extraordinary beauty of the stone to its being set by me, who was one of the first men living in the jewelling business; and if it were set by another hand, it would not seem to be of half the value. I told him it was not I that had set the diamond; for the work was but indifferent, and that he who did it, had considered only its intrinsic value; but if I were to set it myself, it would appear so much greater advantage, and shine with redoubled lustre: thereupon I put my thumb-nail to the ligatures of the diamond, and drew it out of the ring; then rubbing it a little, I handed it to the viceroy. His excellency's surprise was equal to his satisfaction,

and he wrote me an order that the two hundred crowns which I demanded should be paid at sight.

At my return to my lodgings I found a letter from the Cardinal de' Medici, by which I was desired to return to Rome without loss of time; and immediately upon my arrival, to dismount at his palace. When I had read the letter to Angelica, she with a flood of tears intreated me either to stay at Naples, or carry her with me to Rome. I answered, that if she chose to accompany me to Rome, I would give her the two hundred ducats, which I had received from the viceroy, to keep for me. Her mother, seeing us close in conversation, came up to us, and accosted me thus: "Benvenuto, if you propose carrying my Angelica to Rome with you, leave me a hundred ducats, for I shall soon be brought to bed, and afterwards will follow you myself." I told the old beldame that I would leave her thirty with pleasure, if she would let her daughter accompany me. This being agreed, Angelica requested me to buy her a gown of black velvet, as that manufacture was cheap at Naples. I consented to every thing, and having sent for the velvet, bargained for it myself; the old woman thereupon, thinking me soft and easy to be made a dupe of, asked me for fine clothes for herself and her sons, and a larger supply of money than I had promised her: I complained of this in gentle terms, and said; "My dear Beatrice, is not what I have offered you enough?" She answered in the negative. I then told her, that what was not sufficient for her, would suffice for me; and taking my leave of Angelica, who shed tears at parting, whilst I only laughed, I set out in order to return to Rome.

I left Naples with my pocket full of money by night, for fear of being way-laid and assassinated,

which is a common thing in that country: when I arrived at Salciata, I with great valour and address, defended myself against several men on horseback, who attacked and would have murdered me. Having left Solomon busy with his monument at Monte Cassino, I one day stopped at the inn of Adanarini to dine: when I was come near the place, I shot at some birds and killed them, but at the same time tore my right hand with the lock of my gun; and though the hurt was not of much consequence, it had an ugly appearance, the blood flowing in copious streams from my hand. When I had got to the inn, and put my horse into the stable, I was showed into a room, where I found several Neapolitan gentlemen just going to sit down to table, and with them a young lady, one of the most lovely creatures my eyes ever beheld. At my entering the chamber, I was attended by my servant, a clever stout young fellow, armed with a long partisan; the sight of us, together with the arms and the blood, threw the poor gentlemen into such a panic, (there being a nest of assassins in the place,) that rising from their seats, they, in the utmost terror and consternation, prayed to God to assist them. I told them with a smile, that God had already heard their prayers, and that I was ready to be their defender against whoever should dare to attack them: I then asked them to help me to some sort of bandage for my hand, when the beautiful lady took a handkerchief embroidered with gold, in order to make a bandage; I declined this offer, but the lady tore it in two, and wrapt up my hand in it herself with a grace inexpressible. Our fears seemed to be now removed, and we dined together cheerfully. Dinner being over, we mounted our horses, and travelled on in company. Yet as there still remained some distrust on the side of the

gentlemen, they caused the lady to engage me in conversation, leaving us at some little distance, and she and I rode on together : I made a sign to my servant to lag behind, so that we had an opportunity of conversing on subjects which are not to be disclosed to all the world. Thus was my journey to Rome the most agreeable I ever had in my life.

Upon my arrival at that city I went to alight at the palace of the Cardinal de' Medici : I soon was introduced to that prince, and paid my respects to him, with thanks for his favours : I at the same time requested him to secure me from all danger of imprisonment, or even from a fine if it were possible. The cardinal appeared overjoyed to see me, and desired me to fear nothing ; he then turned to one of his gentlemen, whose name was Pierantonio Pecci, of Sienna, and bid him in his name command the city guards not to meddle with me ; he asked him next in what condition was the person whom I had wounded in the head with a stone ? Pierantonio answered that he was very ill, but would soon be worse ; for having heard that I was at Rome, he declared he should willingly die to do me a spite. The cardinal answered, laughing : "The man could not have taken a surer way to convince us that he was born at Sienna." Addressing himself next to me, he said : "For my sake and yours, avoid being seen in the quarter of Banchi for four or five days ; after that you may go where you please, and let fools die when they will." I went to my own house and set about finishing the medal I had begun, which was a head of Pope Clement : on the reverse was a figure representing Peace ; this was a little female, dressed in a thin garment, with a torch in her hand ; a heap of arms tied together like a trophy, near to which was part of a temple, with a figure of Rage bound by many chains ; and round it

these words of Virgil as a motto: "*Clauduntur belli portæ.*" Whilst I was employed about this medal, the man whom I had wounded was cured: the Pope was incessantly asking me why I did not go near the Cardinal de' Medici's, though every time I visited his holiness, he put some job of importance into my hands, which was sufficient to prevent me. When I had finished the medal, it came to pass that Signor Piero Carnesechi, the Pope's chief favourite, became my patron; he took care to acquaint me, that his master was extremely desirous to retain me in his service. I told this gentleman that I should soon make it appear, that I had been always animated by an equal zeal for his holiness.

Having a few days after finished my medal, I stamped it upon gold, silver, and copper; and showed it to Signor Piero, who immediately introduced me to the Pope. I was admitted into the presence of his holiness one day just after dinner; it was the month of April, and the weather very fine, when he was at Belvidere: upon entering the apartment, I delivered to him the medals, with the steel instruments which I used in stamping them: he took them into his hand, and observing the great ingenuity with which they were made, looked at Signor Piero and said: "Were the ancients ever as successful in striking medals as we?" Whilst they both were examining, now the instruments, now the medals themselves, I addressed the Pope in the most modest terms I could think of: "If the influence of my adverse stars had not been counteracted by a power still greater than theirs, your holiness would have lost a faithful and zealous servant, without its being either your fault or mine: for it must be allowed to be right and well-judged in cases of the utmost emergency, to do according to the

proverbial expression of the vulgar, namely, "to mark seven, and cut off one;" since the wicked, lying tongue of one of my malicious adversaries had so irritated your holiness against me, that you were incensed to the highest degree, and commanded the governor to seize and hang me directly. I make no doubt, however, that your holiness upon reflecting on your loss, and the prejudice you had done to your own interest, in depriving yourself of such a servant as you acknowledge me to be, would have felt some remorse, and been sorry for what you had done. Neither parents, nor masters, possessed of prudence or good nature, will ever proceed to sudden severities against their children or their servants; since to repent afterwards of what they have done in a passion, can avail them nothing. But as the Divine Providence has defeated this malignant influence of the stars, and preserved me for your holiness's service, I must entreat that for the future you would not so easily suffer yourself to be set against me." The Pope having made an end of looking at the medals, was listening to me with the greatest attention; as there were present several noblemen of the first rank, he coloured a little, and appeared to be in some confusion; but not knowing how to palliate what he had done, he declared that he did not remember to have ever given any such order. Perceiving this, I turned the conversation to other topics in order to amuse him, and dissipate his confusion. His holiness again entering upon the subject of the medals, asked me by what means I had contrived to stamp them so well, being so very large, for he had never observed any antique medals of the same size. We talked of this for a while; and his holiness being apprehensive that I might say something still more severe than I had done already, told me the medals were

very fine, that he was highly pleased with them; and should be glad to have another reverse made to them, agreeable to his fancy, if medals of that sort could be stamped with two reverses. I declared they could. Upon this he ordered me to represent that part of the history of Moses, where he strikes the rock, and water issues from it, with a Latin inscription to this effect: "*Ut bibat populus.*" He then added: "Go about it, Benvenuto, and when you have done, I will begin to think of providing for you." As soon as I was gone, he boasted that he would find me constant employment, so that I should have no occasion to work for any body else. Thus encouraged, I exerted myself to the utmost, and lost no time till I had finished the reverse with the figure of Moses upon it.

CHAPTER III.

Pope Clement is attacked by a disorder of which he dies.—The Author kills Pompeo of Milan.—He is protected by the Cardinal Cornaro.—Paul III. of the house of Farnese, is made Pope.—He reinstates the Author in his place of engraver of the mint.—Pier-Luigi, the Pope's bastard son, becomes Cellini's enemy, and from what cause.—He employs a Corsican soldier to assassinate the Author, who has intelligence of the design, and escapes to Florence.

IN the mean time, the Pope was taken ill, and his physicians being of opinion that he was in great danger, my adversary, who was still afraid of me, hired certain Neapolitan bravoës to treat me in the manner he was apprehensive I should treat him : so that I found it a very difficult matter to defend my life from his attacks. However, I went on with my work, and having finished it, waited on the Pope, whom I found very ill in bed ; he gave me, nevertheless, the kindest reception imaginable, and expressing a desire to see both the medals and the instruments with which I stamped them, ordered his spectacles and a light to be brought, but could discern nothing of the workmanship : he therefore began to examine them by the touch, and having done so for a time, he fetched a deep sigh, and told some of his courtiers, that he was sorry for me, but if it pleased God to restore his health, he would settle matters to my satisfaction. Three days after he died, and I had my labour for my pains : I took heart, notwithstanding, and comforted myself with the reflection of having acquired, by means of those medals, so much reputation, that I might depend

upon being employed by any future Pope, and perhaps with better success. By such considerations did I prevent myself from being dejected; and totally forgetting the injuries I had received from Pompeo, I put on my sword, and repaired to St. Peter's, where I kissed the feet of the deceased Pontiff, and could not refrain from tears. I then returned to the place called Banchi, to reflect, undisturbed, on the confusion that happens on such occasions. Whilst I was sitting here, in the company of several of my friends, Pompeo happened to pass by, in the midst of ten armed men; and when he came opposite to the place where I sat, stopped awhile, as if he had an intention to begin a quarrel. The brave young men, my friends, were for having me draw directly, but I instantly reflected that by complying with their desire, I could not avoid hurting innocent persons; therefore, thought it most advisable to expose none but myself to danger. Pompeo having made a short stop before my door, began to laugh in my face; and when he went off, his comrades felt a laughing likewise, shook their heads, and made many gestures in derision, bullying me at a strange rate. My companions were for interposing in the quarrel; but I told them, in an angry mood, that in my disputes I never had occasion for the help of any champions, and that I knew how to end them unassisted; so that every man might mind his own business. Mortified at this answer, they went away muttering to themselves: amongst these was the dearest friend I had in the world, whose name was Albertaccio del Bene, own brother to Alexander and Albizzo, who now resides in Lyons, and is exceedingly wealthy. This Albertaccio del Bene was one of the most surprising young men I ever knew, as intrepid as Cæsar, and one who loved me as he loved himself: he was well

aware that my forbearance was not an effect of pusillanimity, but of the most undaunted resolution, which he knew to be one of my distinguishing characteristics: in answer therefore to what I said, he begged of me, as a favour, that I would indulge him so far as to take him for my companion in any enterprise. To this I replied: "My dearest friend, Albertaccio, a time will soon come that I shall have occasion for your assistance; but on the present occasion, if you love me, do not give yourself any concern about me; only mind your own affairs, and quit the place directly, as the rest have done, for we must not trifle away time." These words were uttered in great haste; in the mean time my enemies of the Banchi quarter had walked on slowly towards a place called Chiavica, and reached a cross way where several streets meet; but that in which stood the house of my adversary Pompeo, led directly to the Campo di Fiore. Pompeo entered an apothecary's shop at the corner of the Chiavica, about some business, and staid with him some time; I was told that he had boasted of having bullied me; but it turned out a fatal adventure to him. For just as I arrived at that quarter, he was coming out of the shop, and his bravoes having made an opening, formed a circle round him. I thereupon clapped my hand to a sharp dagger, and having forced my way through the file of ruffians, laid hold of him by the breast so quickly, and with such presence of mind, that there was not one of them able to defend him. I pulled him towards me, to give him a blow in front, but he turned his face about through excess of terror, so that I wounded him exactly under the ear; and upon repeating my blow, he fell down dead. It had never been my intention to kill him, but only to wound him dangerously; blows, however, are not always under command.



Having pulled back the dagger with my left hand, and drawn my sword with the right, in order to defend myself, I found that all the ruffians ran up to the dead body, and none of them towards me, or seemed at all disposed to encounter me; I retreated towards the street Julia, revolving within myself whither I could make my escape. When I had walked about three hundred paces, there came up to me Piloto the goldsmith, my intimate friend, who said to me: "Brother, since the mischief is done, we must think of preserving you from danger." I answered him: "Let us go to Albertaccio del Bene, whom I told awhile ago that I should shortly have occasion for his assistance." As soon as we reached Albertaccio's dwelling-house, caresses were infinite on both sides, and all the young persons of condition, of the different nations in the quarter of Banchi, except those of Milan, made their appearance, offering to lay down their lives in order to preserve mine. Signor Luigi Ruccellai also sent to make me a tender of all the service in his power, as did likewise several of the nobility besides him, for they were glad that I had dispatched Pompeo, from an opinion that he had insulted me past all enduring; and they expressed great surprise, that I had been patient so long under accumulated injuries.

In the mean time the affair coming to the knowledge of Cardinal Cornaro, he sent thirty soldiers, and as many spearmen, pikemen, and musketeers, who were charged to conduct me to his house; I accepted the offer, and went with them, accompanied by more than an equal number of the brave young fellows above-mentioned. Signor Trajano, Pompeo's relation, and first gentleman of the bed-chamber, being likewise informed of the affair, sent a person of quality, of Milan, to Cardinal de' Medici,

to acquaint him with the heinous crime I had committed, and excite him to bring me to condign punishment. The cardinal immediately made answer: "Benvenuto would have done very wrong not to prefer the lesser to the greater evil; I thank Signor Trajano for having informed me of what I was ignorant:" then turning about, in the presence of the person of quality above-mentioned, to the Bishop of Trulli, his intimate acquaintance, he said to him. "Make diligent inquiry after my friend Benvenuto, and conduct him hither, because I intend to befriend and assist him, and shall look upon his enemies as mine." Hearing this, the Milanese gentleman coloured, and left the place; but the Bishop of Trulli came in search of me to Cardinal Cornaro's palace; upon seeing his reverence, he told him, that the Cardinal de' Medici had sent for Benvenuto, and proposed taking him under his protection. Cornaro, who was one of the most whimsical men breathing, flew into a violent passion, and told the bishop that he was as proper a person to take care of me as the Cardinal de' Medici. The bishop replied, that he begged it as a favour, that he might be allowed to speak a word to me about some other business of the cardinal's. Cornaro made answer, that he should not see me that day. The Cardinal de' Medici was highly incensed at this: however, I went the night following without Cornaro's knowledge, well guarded, to pay him a visit. I then begged it of him as a favour, that he would permit me to stay with Cornaro, telling him of the great politeness with which the latter had treated me; and that if his reverence would suffer me to stay at the cardinal's palace, I should always be sure of an additional friend in my utmost need; otherwise his reverence might dispose of me as he judged proper. He made answer, that I might act

as I thought fit. I then returned to Cornaro, and a few days after Cardinal Farnese was elected pope. As soon as this new pontiff had settled other affairs of greater importance, he inquired after me, and declared he would employ nobody else to stamp his coins. When he spoke thus, a gentleman, whose name was Signor Latino Juvenale, said, that I was obliged to abscond, for having killed one Pompeo, a Milanese, in a fray; he then gave an account of the whole affair, putting it in the most favourable light for me that was possible. The Pope made answer: "I never heard of the death of Pompeo, but I have often heard of Benvenuto's provocation; so let a safe conduct be instantly made out, and that will secure him from all manner of danger." There happened to be present an intimate friend of Pompeo's, who was likewise a favourite of the pontiff; this was Signor Ambrogio, a native of Milan. This person told his holiness, that it might be of dangerous consequence to grant such favours, immediately upon being raised to his new dignity. The Pope, instantly turning about to him, said: "You do not understand these matters; I must inform you, that men who are masters in their profession, like Benvenuto, should not be subject to the laws; but he less than any other, for I am sensible that he was in the right in the whole affair." So the safe conduct being immediately made out, I entered into his service, and met with great encouragement.

About this time, Signor Latino Juvenale came to me, and gave me an order to work for the mint directly; thereupon all my enemies rose up against me, and used their utmost endeavours to prevent me from being employed in that department. I began to make the stamps for crown pieces, upon which I represented the bust of St. Paul with his legend, "*Vas Electionis*." This piece proved far

more agreeable to his holiness than those of the other artists who worked in competition with me; in so much, that he declared that I alone should have the stamping of his coins. I therefore exerted all my diligence in my art, and Latino Juvenale introduced me occasionally to the Pope, who had made choice of him for that purpose. I applied again for the place of engraver to the mint; but the Pope having asked advice upon this point, told me that I should first receive pardon for the manslaughter, which I should have by the festival of the Virgin Mary, in August, by order of the Caporioni; for every year at that solemn festival, twelve persons under sentence of banishment, are pardoned upon the account of those magistrates. He directed, at the same time, that during this interval, another safe conduct should be taken out in my behalf, that I might remain till then secure and unmolested. My enemies finding that they could by no means whatever exclude me from the mint, had recourse to another expedient to wreak their malice. Pompeo, whom I had sent to the other world, having left a portion of three thousand ducats to a natural daughter of his, they contrived to prevail upon a favourite of Signor Pier-Luigi, natural son to the Pope, to marry her; which was brought about by means of that lord. This favourite was a little country fellow, in narrow circumstances; it was said, that he received but very little of the money, for Pier-Luigi laid hands on it, and was for converting it to his own use. But as this fellow had several times, through complaisance to his wife, requested Pier-Luigi to get me taken into custody; the latter promised to bring it about as soon as the high favour in which I was with the Pope, had somewhat subsided. Things continuing in this state about two months, as that servant endeavoured to get the

portion paid to him. Pier-Luigi avoided giving a direct answer : but often told him, and his wife still oftener, that he would revenge the death of her father. Though I knew something of what was in agitation, whenever I happened to appear in the presence of Pier-Luigi, he was lavish in demonstrations of kindness to me : he had, notwithstanding, at the same time, secretly given orders to the captain of the city guard, either to cause me to be seized, or to get somebody to assassinate me. As he thought it most advisable to determine upon one of these two methods, he employed a cut-throat of a Corsican soldier to do the job ; and my other enemies, especially Signor Trajano, promised to make the Corsican a present of a hundred crowns : the latter declared, thereupon, that he would make on more of it than swallowing a new laid egg. Having heard the whole affair, I kept a constant look-out, and went always well accompanied, and armed with a coat of mail ; for I had received permission from the government. This Corsican was so covetous, that in order to engross the whole money to himself, he thought he might undertake the murder unassisted. One day, just after dinner, they sent for me in the name of Signor Pier-Luigi : I went directly, as that lord had often talked to me about several pieces of plate of new invention, which he proposed to have executed. I left my house in a hurry, with my usual arms, and went down the street Julia, not thinking to meet any body at that time of day : when I was at the top of the street, and preparing to turn towards the Farnese palace, it being customary with me to take the round-about way, I saw the Corsican bravo quit the place where he was sitting, and advance to the middle of the street : without being in the least disconcerted, I kept myself in readiness, and having

slackened my pace a little, approached the wall as close as I could, to make way for the Corsican, and the better to defend myself. He drew towards the wall, and we were near to each other, when I plainly perceived, by his gestures, that he had a design upon me, and seeing me alone in that manner, imagined it would succeed. I was the first that broke silence: "Valiant soldier," said I, "if it were night-time you might possibly have mistaken me for another; but as it is broad day-light you must be sensible who I am, and that I had never any connexion with you, nor ever gave you offence, but should rather be disposed to serve you, were it in my power." Upon my uttering these words, he, with a resolute air, and without ever quitting his ground, told me, that he did not know what I meant. I replied: "But I know very well what you mean; yet your enterprise is more dangerous than you are aware of; and the success may be very different from what you imagine: I must tell you, that you have a man to deal with, who will sell his life very dear; neither does your design become such a brave soldier as you appear to be." All this while I stood upon my guard, with a stern and watchful eye, and we both changed colour. By this time a crowd was gathered about us, and the people perceived what we were talking of, so that not having the spirit to attack me under those circumstances, he only said, "We shall see one another again." I answered: "I am always glad to see gallant men, and those who behave themselves like such." Having left him, I went to Signor Pier-Luigi, but he had not sent for me. From thence I returned to my shop, when the Corsican gave me notice, by means of a particular friend of his and mine, that I need be no longer under any apprehensions from him, since he would, for the future, consider me as a

brother ; but that I should be aware of others, for many persons of distinction had sworn they would have my life. I returned him thanks by the messenger, and kept upon my guard the best I could. A few days after I was told, by an intimate friend, that Signor Pier-Luigi had given express orders for taking me that evening ; this I heard at six o'clock. I thereupon spoke to some of my friends, who advised me to make my escape, without loss of time : and as the order was to be carried into execution at ten at night, I took post at eight for Florence. The truth is, when the Corsican had miscarried in his enterprise, for want of courage, Signor Pier-Luigi had, by his own authority, given orders that I should be arrested, to make Pompeio's daughter easy ; who was restless to know where her portion was deposited. Unsuccessful in his two first attempts to revenge the death of that woman's father, he had recourse to a third, which I shall give the reader an account of in its proper place.

CHAPTER IV.

Duke Alexander receives the Author with great kindness.—The latter sets out from Florence with Tribolo and Sansuino, two sculptors, upon a tour to Venice.—They pass through Ferrara, and meet with several adventures upon the road.—After a short stay at Venice they return to Florence.—Odd story of the Author's behaviour to an innkeeper.—At his return to Florence he is appointed master of the mint by Duke Alexander de' Medici, who makes him a present of a very curious gun.—Ill offices done the Author by Ottaviano de' Medici.—He receives a promise of pardon from Pope Paul III, with an invitation to return to Rome and enter again into his service.—He accepts the invitation, and goes back to Rome.—Generous behaviour of Duke Alexander.

UPON my arrival at Florence, I paid a visit to Duke Alexander, who gave me the most gracious reception, and even pressed me to stay with him. There happened to be in Florence at that time a statuary named Tribolo, to one of whose children I had stood god-father; in some conversation between us, he acquainted me, that Jacopo del Sansuino, his first master, had sent for him to Venice; and as he had never seen that city, and expected to gain considerably there, he was glad of an opportunity of making the trip: he asked me whether I had ever seen Venice; I answered in the negative, whereupon he pressed me to bear him company. I immediately accepted his proposal, and told Duke Alexander that I intended to undertake a journey to Venice, and upon my return should be at his service: this he made me promise, desiring at the same time, that I would call upon him before my departure. I got myself in readiness the next

day, and went to take my leave of the duke, whom I found at the palace of Pazzi, at the time that the wife and daughter of Signor Lorenzo Cibo were lodged there; having given his excellency to understand that I was just setting out for Venice, an answer was brought me by Signor Cosmo de' Medici, the present Duke of Florence, that I should go to Niccolo di Monte Acuto, to receive fifty crowns, of which his excellency made me a present; and that after I had taken my pleasure at Venice, he expected I would return to his service. Having received the money from Niccolo, I repaired to my friend Tribolo, who was ready for his journey, and asked me whether I had bound up my sword; I told him, that a man who was just mounted for a journey, had no occasion for any such precaution. He replied, that it was the custom in Florence, for there was a monk in that city named Maurizio, who for the least trifle used to plague and persecute every body, so that travellers were obliged to keep their swords bound up till they had passed the gate. I laughed at this; so we set out with the procaccio of Venice, named Lamentone, and travelled in his company: having passed the other towns without stopping at any of them, we at last arrived at Ferrara, and took up our quarters at the inn in the great square. The procaccio went in quest of some of the Florentine exiles, in order to deliver them letters and messages from their wives; for such was the pleasure of the duke, that this fellow should speak with them, but no Florentine traveller was to take the same liberty, upon pain of being involved in their punishment. In the mean time, as it was not more than six in the afternoon, Tribolo and I went to see the Duke of Ferrara come back from Belfiore, whither he went to be present at a tournament: at his return we met with several of the exiles, who

looked at us attentively, and in a manner forced us to speak to them. Tribolo, who was one of the most timorous men breathing, said to me every moment: "Neither look at, nor speak to them, if you intend ever to return to Florence." So we staid to see the duke's entrance; then going back to the inn, we found Lamentone. It was almost ten o'clock at night, when Niccolo Benintendi made his appearance with Piero his brother, and an old man whom I take to have been Jacopo Nardi, together with several young gentlemen. The procaccio went to talk with the Florentine exiles; Tribolo and I stood at some distance to avoid their conversation. After they had chatted a considerable time with Lamentone, Niccolo Benintendi said: "I know those two men there very well, what's the reason they make such a difficulty about speaking to us?" Tribolo begged I would remain silent; Lamentone told them that we had not the same permission as he had. Benintendi declared that it was all mere nonsense, and wished that the devil might take us, with other such like imprecations. I looked up and said in the most modest terms I could: "Dear gentlemen, do but seriously take it into consideration, that you may hurt us, but it is not in our power to be of any manner of service to you; and though you have given us language by no means becoming gentlemen, yet we shall overlook that affront." Thereupon old Nardi declared that I spoke like a worthy young man. Niccolo Benintendi said, "I know how to deal both with them and the duke." I made answer, that he was mistaken with respect to us both, and that we had nothing to do with him or his affairs. Old Nardi took our part, and told Benintendi that he was in the wrong: the latter still continuing to give us abusive language; I assured him that I would take such a course with

him, as he would not like, so he had best attend in his own business, and let us alone. He replied, that he held both the duke and us in abhorrence, and that we were no better than so many jack-asses. I thereupon gave him the lie, and drew my sword; the old man who wanted to be the first to get down stairs, had not descended many steps, when he tumbled down, and all the rest fell on top of him: I leaped forward, and brandishing my sword, cried out in a violent passion: "I will be the death of you all;" but I took particular care to hurt nobody, for I might easily have made a most terrible slaughter of them. The innkeeper hearing the noise, set up a loud outcry; Lamentone desired me to give quarter; one of them cried out, "O my head!" another, "Let me get out of this cursed place." In short there was a most horrid confusion, and it seemed as if a whole herd of swine had got together: at last the innkeeper came with a light, when I retired and put by my sword. Lamentone told Niccolo Benintendi that he had behaved very ill; the landlord assured him, that it was as much as his life was worth to wear arms in such a place; "If the duke," said he, "were to know it, or to be acquainted with your insolence, he would order you to be hanged; I will not treat you as you deserve, but be gone from my house, and let me see you no more at your peril." After this speech the man came up to me, and as I was going to make an apology for what had passed, he would not suffer me to say a word; but telling me he knew I was entirely in the right, bid me beware of them upon the road. As soon as we had supped, the master of a bark came to carry us to Venice; I asked him whether he would let us have the bark to ourselves; he agreed, and it was a bargain. In the morning we took horse betimes, to ride to

the port, which is but a few miles distant from Ferrara; when we got thither, we met with the brother of Niccolo Benintendi, and three of his companions, who waited my coming; they had with them two pikes, and I had purchased a fine spear at Ferrara: being well armed, I was not in the least terrified, like Tribolo, who exclaimed, in the utmost consternation, "God help us! these men have way-laid us, with an intention to murder us." Lamentone, addressing himself to me, said: "The best course you can take, is to return directly to Ferrara, for I see there is great danger; my dear Benvenuto, keep from the fury of these savage beasts." "Let us go on boldly," said I; "God assists those who are in the right; you shall see how I defend myself. Is not this bark hired for us?" "It is," answered Lamentone. I then rejoined; "We will make our passage without them, if courage can produce any effect." I spurred my horse forward, and when I was within ten paces of them dismounted, and boldly advanced with my spear in hand. Tribolo staid behind, and had so contracted himself upon his horse, that he seemed to be quite frozen; Lamentone, the procaccio, according to custom, puffed and blowed to such a degree, that he might be almost taken for Boreas; but then he blowed more than ever, being impatient to see how this affray was to conclude. When I reached the bark, the master told me, that there was a considerable number of gentlemen from Florence, who wanted to sail in the vessel, if it were agreeable to me. "The bark," said I, "is hired for us, and for nobody else, and I am very sorry that I cannot have the pleasure of their company." To this a stout young fellow, named Magalotti, answered: "Benvenuto, we will contrive matters so as to put it in your power." I replied: "If God, and the

justice of my cause, have any efficacy or influence, you will never be able to force my inclination." Having uttered these words, I leaped into the bark, and turning the point of my weapon towards them, said: "By this I will prove to you that I cannot comply with your request." In order to show that he was in earnest, Magalotti clapped his hand to his sword, and made towards me; when instantly I jumped upon the side of the bark, and gave him so violent a stroke, that if he had not instantly fallen flat, I should have run him through the body: his companions, instead of assisting him, retreated; and I, seeing that it was in my power to kill him, would not repeat my blow, but said, "Rise, brother; take your arms, and go about your business. I have sufficiently shown you, that I can do nothing contrary to my inclination." I then called to Tribolo, the master of the bark, and Lamentone, and we set out for Venice together. After we had sailed ten miles upon the Po, the young fellows above-mentioned having embarked aboard a wherry, came up with us, and when they were opposite to our boat, that fool Piero Benintendi said to me: "Benvenuto, this is not the time to decide our difference, but you are to be seen again at Venice." "Take care of yourself," said I, "for I am going thither, and shall frequent all places of public resort." In this manner we arrived at Venice; where I applied to a brother of Cardinal Cornaro, for permission to wear a sword: he told me that I was at free liberty to do so; and the worst that could befall me was, that I might lose my sword. Thus having received permission to carry arms, we went to visit Jacopo Sansino, the statuary, who had sent for Tribolo; he caressed me greatly, and invited us both to dinner: in his conversation with Tribolo, he told him he had no business for him then but that he might

call another time. Hearing him speak thus, I burst out a laughing, and said jestingly to Sansuino, his house is at too great a distance from yours to call again. Poor Tribolo, quite shocked at the man's behaviour, said: "I have your letter in my pocket, inviting me to come and see you at Venice." Sansuino replied, that "Such men as himself, of abilities and unexceptionable character, might take what liberties they pleased." Tribolo shrugged up his shoulders, and repeated the word "patience" several times. Upon this occasion, without considering the splendid manner in which Sansuino had treated me, I took my friend Tribolo's part, who was certainly in the right; and as the former had never once ceased to boast at table of his own performances, whilst he made very free with Michael Angelo, and all his brother artists, however eminent, I was so disgusted at his behaviour, that I did not eat one morsel with appetite. I only took the liberty to express my sentiments thus: "Signor Jacopo, men of worth act like such; and men of genius, who distinguish themselves by their works, are much better known by the commendations of others, than by vainly sounding their own praises." Upon my uttering these words, we all rose from table, murmuring our discontent. Happening the very same day to be near the Rialto at Venice, I met with Piero Benintendi, who was in company with several others, and perceiving that they intended to attack me, I retired to an apothecary's shop till the storm blew over; I was afterwards informed, that young Magalotti, to whom I had behaved so generously, had expressed a great dislike to their proceedings, and thus the affair ended.

A few days after we set out on our return to Florence, and as we happened to lie at a place on this side of Chioggia, on the left hand in the road

to Ferrara, the landlord demanded his reckoning before we went to bed; upon my telling him, that in other places it was customary to pay in the morning; he answered, "I insist upon being paid over night, and as I think proper." I replied, that "When people insist upon having things their own way, they should make a world of their own; but the practice of this globe of ours was very different." The landlord said, that it did not signify disputing the matter, for he was determined it should be so. Tribolo trembled with fear, and signified to me to be quiet, lest the man should do something worse; so we paid him in the manner he required, and went to bed. We had very fine new beds, with every thing else new, and in the utmost elegance; notwithstanding all this, I never closed my eyes the whole night, my mind being entirely engaged by the thought how I should revenge the insolent treatment of our landlord: now it came into my head, to set the house on fire, and now to kill four good horses which the fellow had in his stable. I thought it was no difficult matter to put either design into execution, but did not see how I could easily secure my own and my fellow traveller's escape afterwards: at last I resolved to put our baggage into the ferry, and desiring my companions to go on board, I fastened the horses to the rope that drew the vessel, ordering them not to move it till my return, because I had left a pair of slippers in the room where I lay. This being settled, I went back to the inn, and inquired for the landlord, who told me he had nothing to say to us, and that we might all go to the devil. There happened to be a little stable-boy in the inn, who appeared quite drowsy; he told me, that his master would not stir a foot for the Pope himself, and asked me to give him something to drink my health; so I gave

him several little Venetian pieces, and desired him to stay awhile with the ferry-man, till I had searched for my slippers. I went up stairs, carrying with me a little knife, which had an exceedingly sharp edge, and with it I cut four beds, till I had done damage to the value of upwards of fifty crowns. I then returned to the ferry, with some scraps of bedclothes in my pocket, and ordered the person that held the cable to which the ferry was tied, to set off with all speed. When we were got to some little distance from the inn, my friend Tribolo said, that he had left behind him some leather straps, with which he used to tie his cloak bag, and that he wanted to go back in search of them. I desired him not to trouble his head about two little straps of leather, and assured him, that I would make him as many large ones as he should have occasion for; he told me, that I was very merry, but that he was resolved to return for his leather straps: but as he called out to the ferry-man to stop, I bid him go on; and in the mean time told Tribolo all the damage I had done at the inn; in proof of which I produced some of the scraps of the bedclothes. He thereupon was seized with a panic so violent, that he never ceased crying out to the ferry-man to make haste, and did not think himself secure from danger till we arrived at the gates of Florence. When we had thus reached our journey's end, Tribolo said to me, "Let us bind up our swords, for God's sake; and do nothing to bring us into any more scrapes, for I have not yet thoroughly got the better of my consternation." "My good friend, Tribolo," answered I, "your sword was fast enough during the whole journey:" this I said, because he had not shown the least sign of courage upon the road. He looked at his sword, and said: "By the Lord, you say true; it is still bound up in the very same manner

It was before I went from home." My fellow traveller thought I had been a bad companion to him, because I had shown some resentment, and defended myself against those who would have used us ill; while I looked upon him in a worse light, for neglecting to assist me upon those occasions; let the impartial reader determine who was in the right.

Upon my arrival at Florence, I went directly to Duke Alexander, and returned him a great many thanks for the fifty crowns; telling his excellency, that I was ready to undertake any thing to serve him. He answered, that he wanted me to be engraver to his mint: I accepted the offer; and the first coin I stamped, was a piece of forty-pence, with his head on one side, and on the other his arms. After that I made a stamp for the half-julios, upon which I represented the head of St. John, with the full face; this was the first piece of the kind that had been ever made of so thin a plate of silver. The difficulty of such a piece of work, is known only to those who are masters of the business. I then made stamps for the gold crowns, on which a cross was represented on one side, with certain figures of little cherubim, and on the other were the duke's arms. When I had finished this job, that is, when I had stamped these four sorts of pieces, I requested his excellency that he would provide apartments for me, according to his promise, if he was satisfied with my services. He answered, in the most obliging terms, that "He was perfectly satisfied, and would give the proper orders." When I spoke to him on this occasion, he happened to be in his armory, in which was a fusil of admirable workmanship, that had been sent him from Germany; seeing me look attentively at this fine piece, he delivered it into my hand, telling me, that he knew very well how fond

I was of fowling, and, as an earnest of what he proposed doing for me, he desired that I would choose any other gun except that out of his armory, assuring me, that I should meet with some full as handsome, and as good. I accepted his kind offer, and returned him thanks; whereupon he gave directions to the keeper of his armory, one Pietrino da Lucca, to let me have any piece I should make choice of; he then said many obliging things to me, and withdrew, to give me an opportunity of pleasing my fancy. I staid some time behind, picked out the finest and best gun I ever saw in my life, and carried it home with me. Two days after, I waited upon him with some little sketches, which I had received orders from his excellency to draw, for some works in gold; these he had given me directions to begin directly, proposing to send them as presents to his consort, who was then at Naples. I again pressed him to provide for me in the manner he had promised. He thereupon told me, that I should make the stamp for a fine image of him, as I had done for Pope Clement. I began this stamp in wax, and his excellency gave orders, that at whatever hour I came to take his likeness, I should be admitted. Perceiving that the affair hung a long time upon my hands, I sent for one Pietro-Paolo, of Monteritondo, the son of him at Rome, whom I had known from a child; and finding that he was in the service of one Bernardaccio, a goldsmith, who did not use him well; I took him from his master, and taught him the art of coining. In the mean time I drew the duke's likeness, and often found him taking a nap after dinner, with his kinsman, Lorenzo de' Medici, who afterwards murdered him, but with nobody else: I was very much surprised that so great a prince should have so little regard to the security of his person. It came to pass, that Ottaviano de'

Medici, who seemed to have the general direction of affairs, showed a desire, contrary to the duke's inclination, to favour the old master of the mint, named Bastiano Cennini. This man, who adhered to the ancient taste, and knew but little of the business, had caused his ill-contrived tools to be used promiscuously with mine in stamping the crowns. This I complained of to the duke, who finding that I spoke the truth, grew very angry, and said to me, "Go tell Ottaviano of this, and let him see the pieces." I went directly, and showed him the injury that was done to my fine coins: he told me stupidly, that it was his pleasure to have matters conducted in that manner. I answered, that it was a very improper manner, and extremely disagreeable to me. He replied: "But suppose it should be agreeable to the duke?" "Even so I should disapprove of it," answered I; "for the thing is neither just nor reasonable." He then bid me begone, telling me I must swallow the pill were I even to burst. Upon my return to the duke, I related to him the whole contest between Ottaviano de' Medici and myself, requesting his excellency not to suffer the fine pieces which I had stamped for him, to be brought into disgrace; and at the same time I desired my discharge. He then said, "Ottaviano presumes too much; you shall have what you require of me, for the insult upon this occasion is offered to myself." That very day, which was Thursday, I received from Rome an ample safe-conduct of the Pope's, directing me to repair forthwith to that city, at the celebration of the feast of the Virgin Mary in August, that I might clear myself of the charge of murder. When I waited on the duke, I found him in bed; for he had been guilty of a debauch, as he told me himself, the preceding night. I finished, in a little more than two

hours, what remained for me to do of his waxen medal, and he was highly pleased with it. I then showed his excellency the safe-conduct, which I had received by the Pope's order, telling him, at the same time, that his holiness was for employing me in some works, which would give me an opportunity of seeing once more the beautiful city of Rome, and in the mean time I would finish his excellency's medal. The duke answered, half angry, "Benvenuto, do as I desire you; I will provide for you, and assign you apartments in the mint, with much greater advantages than you could expect from me, since what you ask is but just and reasonable. Who else do you think is able to stamp my coins like you, if you should leave me?" I replied, "My lord, I have taken care to obviate all inconveniences: I have a pupil of mine here, a young Roman, whom I have trained to my business, and who will serve your excellency to your satisfaction, till I finish the medal; and at my return I will devote myself for ever to your service: as I have a shop open in Rome, with workmen, and some business, as soon as I have received my pardon at the Capitol, I intend to leave all my affairs at Rome under the care of a pupil of mine, who resides in that city; and then, with your excellency's permission, I will come back to serve you. Upon this occasion there was present Lorenzo de' Medici, to whom the duke made several signs for him to join in persuading me to stay; but Lorenzo never said more than, "Benvenuto, your best way would be to remain where you are." I made answer, that "I was resolved by all means to see Rome again." Lorenzo did not add another word, but continued to eye the duke with the utmost malicious glances. Having finished the medal, and shut it up in a little box, I said to his excellency: "My lord, you shall have reason

to be satisfied, for I will make you a much finer medal than that of Pope Clement. It is natural that I should succeed better in this than in the other, as it was my first essay; and Signor Lorenzo being a person of learning and genius, will furnish me with a device for a fine reverse." Lorenzo instantly replied: "That is the very thing I was just thinking of, to give you the hint of a reverse worthy of his excellency." The duke smiled, and looking upon Lorenzo, said: "You shall give him the subject of the reverse, and he will stay with us." Lorenzo thereupon answered, without hesitation: "I will think of it as soon as possibly I can; my intention is to do something to surprise the world." The duke, who sometimes was inclined to think him a little foolish, and sometimes to look upon him as a coward, turned about in bed, and laughed at his braggadocios. I then took my leave, without any ceremony, and left them together. The duke, who never thought I would leave him, said nothing farther: when he was afterwards informed that I had set out for Rome, he sent one of his servants after me, who overtook me at Sienna, and gave me fifty gold ducats as a present from his master, desiring me to return as soon as I possibly could; and adding, from Signor Lorenzo, that he was preparing an admirable reverse for the medal which I had in hand. I had left full directions to Pietro-Paolo, the Roman above-mentioned, in what manner to stamp the coins; but as it was a very nice and difficult affair, he never acquitted himself in it, as well as I could have wished. There remained at this time, above twenty crowns due to me from the mint, for making the irons.

CHAPTER V.

The Author, soon after his return, is attacked in his house by night by a numerous posse of sbirri, or constables, who were sent by the magistrate to apprehend him for killing Pompeo of Milan. He makes a noble defence, and shows them the Pope's safe-conduct.—He waits upon the Pope, and his pardon is registered at the Capitol.—He is taken dangerously ill.—Account of what passed during his illness.—Surprising fidelity of his partner, Felice.

IN my journey to Rome, I carried with me the fine gun which had been given me by Duke Alexander, and with great pleasure made use of it several times by the way. I had a little house in the Strada Julia at Rome, but as it was not in order upon my arrival in that capital, I went to dismount at the house of Signor Giovanni Gaddi, a clerk of the chamber, to whose care I had at my departure committed several fine arms, and many other things upon which I set a high value. I did not, therefore, choose to alight before my own shop, but sent for my partner Felice, and desired him to set my little house in order. The day following I went to lie there, and provided myself with clothes and all other necessaries, intending the next morning to pay my respects to the Pope, and thank him for all favours. I had two servant boys, and a laundress who cooked for me incomparably. Having in the evening entertained several of my friends at supper, and passed the time very agreeably, I went quietly to bed; but scarcely had the morning dawned, when I heard a violent knocking at the door. I thereupon called to the eldest of my boys, named Cencio, (the very same

that I carried with me into the necromancer's circle,) and bid him go and see what fool knocked at such a strange rate at that unseasonable hour. Whilst Cencio was gone, I lit another candle, (for I always kept one burning by night,) and immediately put over my shirt an excellent coat of mail, and over that again some clothes that accidentally came to hand. Cencio being returned, said, "Alas! master, it is the captain of the city-guards, with all his followers; and he declares, that if you make him wait, he will pull the door off the hinges: they have lighted torches, and a thousand implements with them." "Go tell them," I answered, "that as soon as I have huddled on my clothes, I will come down." Thinking that it might be an attempt to assassinate me, like that already made by Signor Pier-Luigi, I took an excellent hanger in my right hand, in my left the Pope's safe-conduct, and ran directly to the back window, which looked into certain gardens, where I saw above thirty of the city-guards, which convinced me that it would be impossible to make my escape on that side. Having placed my two boys before me, I directed them to be ready to open the door when I bid them: then holding the hanger in my right hand, and my safe-conduct in my left, quite in a posture of defiance, I ordered the boys to open the door and fear nothing. That instant Vittorio, the captain of the city-guards, forced in with two of his myrmidons, thinking they should find it an easy matter to seize me; but when they saw me prepared for them, they fell back, and said one to another, "This man is not so easily taken."

I threw them the safe-conduct, and said: "Read that, you have no authority to arrest me; and I am resolved you shall not so much as touch my person." The captain of the guard bid some of his followers to seize me; adding, that he would examine the

safe-conduct at his leisure. Upon this I was animated with new courage, and rushing forward with my hanger, cried out, "If you take me at all, you shall take my dead body." The place we were in was very narrow; they seemed determined to have recourse to violence, and I was resolved to defend myself; the captain perceiving that there was no other way of getting me into their power than that which I mentioned, called to the clerk, and whilst he was reading the safe-conduct, made a sign two or three times to his men to lay hands on me; but they were intimidated at seeing me continue in the same posture of defence. At last, dropping the enterprise, they threw the safe-conduct upon the ground, and went away without me. I went to bed again, but found myself extremely fatigued, and could not sleep a wink after. Though I formed a resolution to get myself blooded as soon as it should be day; I asked the advice of Signor Giovanni Gaddi, who consulted his physician: the latter desired to know whether I had been frightened? This appeared to be a strange question for a physician, after I had related an event so replete with terror. It was one Civettino, who was always laughing, the least trifle being sufficient to put him into a merry mood; so, in his usual jocular strain, he bid me drink a glass of good Greek wine, be cheerful, keep up my spirits, and fear nothing. Signor Giovanni then said: "A statue of bronze, or marble, would be afraid on such an occasion, much more a man." The physician made answer: "My lord, we are not all formed in the same manner; this is neither a man of bronze, nor of marble, but of downright iron:" so having felt my pulse, he burst out a laughing, as was customary with him, and said to Signor Giovanni: "Do but feel this pulse; it is neither that of a man, nor of a

timorous person, but of a lion or a dragon." But I, finding my pulse immoderately high, knew what that meant, and perceived that my doctor was an ignorant quack, who had studied neither Galen nor Hippocrates; but for fear of increasing the terror and agitation I was in, I counterfeited intrepidity and resolution. In the mean time, Signor Giovanni ordered dinner to be served up, and we all dined together: the company, exclusive of Signor Giovanni, consisted of Signor Luigi da Fano, Signor Giovanni Greco, Signor Antonio Allegretti, all men of profound learning, and Signor Annibale Caro, who was very young. The conversation, during the whole time that we were at table, turned upon no other topic, than the gallant exploit which has been related above; they likewise caused the whole story to be told over and over by my boy Cencio, who was very ready witted, had a becoming confidence, and an advantageous person. The lad, every time he related my bold exploit, assuming the attitudes which I had thrown myself into, and repeating exactly the expressions I had made use of, constantly made me recollect some new circumstance; and as they asked him several times whether he had been afraid, he answered, that they should propose the question to me, for he had been affected upon the occasion just in the same manner that I was. This trifling became at last disagreeable to me; and finding myself very much disordered, I rose from table, telling the company that I intended to change my clothes, and to dress myself, together with my boy, in blue and silk; for I proposed, in four days time, upon the festival of the Virgin Mary, to walk in procession, and that Cencio should carry before me a white torch, lighted. Having left them, I went and cut out the blue clothes, and a fine waistcoat of blue silk, with a little cloak of the

same; and I made a cloak and a waistcoat of blue taffety for the lad.

As soon as I had cut out the clothes, I repaired to the Pope, who bid me talk with Signor Ambrogio, as he had given orders for a work of great importance, which I was immediately to take in hand. I went directly to Signor Ambrogio, who had received a circumstantial account of the whole proceedings of the captain of the city-guards, was in plot with my enemies to drive me from Rome, and had reprimanded the captain for not taking me; but the latter alledged, in his vindication, that he could not do it in defiance of a safe-conduct. This Signor Ambrogio began to talk to me of the work which the Pope had proposed to him; and desired me next to go upon the designs, declaring that he would afterwards provide whatever was necessary. In the mean time the festival of the Virgin Mary drew near; and as it was customary for those who have received such a pardon as mine, to surrender themselves prisoners, I went again to the Pope, and told his holiness, that I did not choose to be confined, but begged it as a favour of him, that he would dispense with my going to prison. The Pope made answer, that it was an established custom, and that I must conform to it. I fell upon my knees again, and returned thanks for the safe-conduct which his holiness had granted me; adding, that I should return with it to serve my patron, the Duke of Florence, who waited for me with so much eagerness and ardour of affection. Upon this, his holiness turned about to one of his confidants, and said: "Let the pardon be granted to Benvenuto, without his complying with the condition of imprisonment; and let his patent be properly made out." So the patent being settled, the Pope returned it, and caused it to be registered in the

Capitol. Upon the day appointed for that purpose, I walked honourably in procession between two gentlemen, and received a full pardon.

About four days after, I was attacked by a violent fever, which began with a most terrible shivering; I confined myself to my bed, and immediately concluded the disease to be mortal. I sent, however, for the most eminent physicians of Rome, amongst whom was Signor Francesco da Norcia, an old physician, and one of the greatest reputation in his business in that city. I told the physicians what I apprehended to be the cause of my disorder, and that I had desired to be let blood, but was dissuaded from it; but if it was not too late, I begged they would order me to be bled. Signor Francesco made answer, that bleeding could then be of no service, though it might have been so at first; for if I had opened a vein in time, I should have had no illness; but now it would be necessary to have recourse to a different method of cure. Thus they began to treat me to the best of their knowledge, and with the utmost care; my disorder, however, gained ground daily, so that in about a week it rose to such a pitch, that the physicians gave me over, and directed that whatever I desired should be given me. Signor Francesco said: "As long as there is breath in his body, send for me at all hours, for it is impossible to conceive how the great power of nature is in so young a man; but even if it should quite fail him, apply these five medicines one after another, and send for me; I will come at any hour of the night, and should be better pleased to save his life than that of any cardinal in Rome." Signor Giovanni Gaddi came to see me two or three times a day, and was continually handling my fine fowling-pieces, my coat of mail, and my swords, saying, "This is very fine; this again is much

finer :” the same of my little models, and other signacs, insomuch, that he quite tired my patience. With him there came one Mathieu, a Frenchman, who seemed quite impatient till I was dead ; not because he was to inherit any thing of mine, but he wished for what Signor Giovanni appeared to have so much at heart. I had with me my partner Felice, of whom mention has so often been made, and who gave me the greatest assistance that ever one man afforded another. Nature was in me debilitated to such a degree, and brought so low, that I was scarcely able to fetch my breath ; but my understanding was as unimpaired as when I enjoyed perfect health. One time, when I was in my right senses, an old man, of a hideous figure, came to my bedside, to haul me violently into a large bark ; I thereupon called to my friend Felice, and desired him to approach, and drive away the old villain. Felice, who had a great friendship for me, ran towards the bed side in tears, and cried out, “ Get thee gone, old traitor, who attemptest to bereave me of all that is dear to me in life.” Signor Gaddi, who was then present, said : “ The poor man raves, and has but a few hours to live.” Mathieu, the Frenchman, observed, that I had read Dante, and in the violence of my disorder was raving from passages in that author ; so he continued to say, laughing, “ Get hence, old villain, and do not disturb the repose of our friend Benvenuto.” Perceiving myself derided, I turned to Signor Gaddi, and said to him : “ My dear sir, do not think I rave ; what I tell you of the old man who persecutes me so cruelly, is strictly true ; you would do well to turn out that cursed Mathieu, who laughs at my sufferings : and since you do me the honour to visit me, you should come in the company of Signor Antonio Allegretti, and Signor Annibale Caro,

with the other men of genius of your acquaintance, who are very different in sentiment and understanding from that blockhead." Thereupon Signor Gaddi, in a jesting way, bid Mathieu quit his presence for ever. However, though the fellow laughed, the jest became earnest, for Gaddi would never see him more, but sent for Signor Antonio Alegretti, Signor Lodovico, and Signor Caro. No sooner had those worthy persons appeared, than I began to take comfort, and conversed with them awhile in my right senses. As I from time to time, notwithstanding, urged Felice to drive away the old man; Signor Lodovico asked me, what I thought I saw, and what appearance the old man had. Whilst I was giving him a description of this figure, the old man pulled me by the arm, and dragged me by main force towards his horrid bark. When I had uttered the last word, I was seized with a terrible fit, and thought that the old man threw me bodily into the vessel. I was told, that whilst I was in this fainting fit, I struggled and tossed about in bed, and gave Signor Gaddi abusive language; telling him he came to rob me, and not for any good purpose; with many other ugly expressions, which occasioned great confusion to Gaddi; after which, as I was told, I left off speaking, and remained like a dead creature, for above an hour. Those that were present, imagining that the agonies of death were coming upon me, gave me over, and went to their respective homes. Mathieu, the Frenchman, heard the news, and immediately wrote to Florence, to Benedetto Varchi, my most intimate friend, that I had expired at such an hour of the night: that great genius, upon this false intelligence, which gained universal credit, wrote an admirable sonnet, which shall be inserted in its proper place. It was three hours before I came to myself; and all the remedies

prescribed by Signor Francesco having been administered without effect, my good friend Felice flew to the doctor's house, and knocked till he made him awake and get out of bed; he then, with tears in his eyes, intreated him to come and see me, as he was afraid I had just expired. Signor Francesco, who was one of the most passionate men living, made answer: "To what purpose would it be for me to go? If he is dead, I am more sorry for him than yourself: do you think, even if I should go, that I am possessed of any nostrum to restore him to life?" Perceiving, however, that the poor young man was going away in tears, he called him back, and gave him a sort of oil, to anoint the several pulses of my body, directing my little fingers and toes to be pressed hard, and that they might send for him again, in case I was to come to myself. Felice, at his return, did all that was ordered by Signor Francesco; day-light being come, they all believed me to be dead, and were just going to lay me out. In a moment, however, I came to myself, and called to Felice to drive away the old man that tormented me. Felice was for sending for Signor Francesco; but I told him that he need not send for anybody: that he had nothing more to do but to come close to me himself, for the old man was afraid of him, and would immediately quit me upon his approach. Upon Felice's coming up to the bedside, I touched him, and then my imagination was impressed, as if the old man had left me in a passion; I therefore intreated my friend to stay constantly by my bedside. Signor Francesco then making his appearance, declared, that at any rate, he would save me; and that he had never in his life known a young man of so vigorous a constitution. Then sitting down to write a recipe, he prescribed perfumes, poultices, washings, unctions.

and many things more, too tedious to enumerate. In the mean time I found myself in a sad perplexity, a prodigious crowd being come to see my resuscitation. There were present men of great importance, and in vast numbers, before whom I declared, that what little gold and money I had, (the whole might amount to the value of about eight hundred crowns in gold, silver, jewels, and money,) I desired to be made over to my poor sister, who lived at Florence, and whose name was Mona Liberata. The remainder of my effects, whether furniture, or other things, I left to my poor Felice, with a legacy of fifty gold ducats besides, to purchase clothes. Upon my uttering these words, Felice threw his arms about my neck, and protested that he desired nothing, but that I should recover and live. I then said: "If you wish me to live, touch me in this manner, and scold the old rogue, who is so much afraid of you." When I spoke thus, some present were quite frightened, being sensible that I did not rave, but spoke coherently, and was in my senses. Thus my disorder continued for a time; but it soon began to abate imperceptibly, and I recovered. The kind Signor Francesco visited me four or five times a day; but I saw no more of Signor Gaddi, whom I had put into such confusion. My brother-in-law came from Florence for the legacy; but being a very worthy honest man, was highly rejoiced to find me alive; it was a great consolation to me to see him, and he behaved to me with the utmost kindness, declaring that his visit was with no other view than to take care of me himself; so he did for several days; and then I dismissed him, having scarcely any doubt of my recovery. At his departure, he left the sonnet of Signor Benedetto Varchi, which is as follows:—

SONNET

UPON THE FALSE REPORT OF THE DEATH OF

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

Who shall, dear Mathieu, ease our present grief ?
 Can streaming tears and sorrow soften death ?
 Can sad complaints bestow the wish'd relief ?
 Since our loved friend resigns his latest breath.
 His soul with all the shining graces fraught,
 In early youth felt friendship's sacred flame,
 To tread the rugged path of virtue taught,
 To mount the skies, and leave a matchless name.
 O gentle shade, if in the realms of day,
 Thou'rt away'd by love or tender friendship's powers ;
 Hear me bewail my loss in mournful lay,
 Not weep a friend transfer'd to heavenly bow'rs.
 To blissful seats, in glories bright array'd
 Too soon, alas ! thou'st wing'd thy rapid flight ;
 The great Creator to full view display'd,
 There without dazzling meets thy ravish'd sight :
 Thus thou beholdest in yon radiant sphere
 Him, whom thy art so well depicted here.

BENEDETTO VARCHI.

My disorder was so exceedingly violent, that there appeared no possibility of a cure, and the good Signor Francesco da Norcia had more trouble than ever, bringing me new remedies every day, and endeavouring to strengthen and repair my poor crazy frame ; but notwithstanding all the pains he took, it did not appear possible for him to succeed. Most of my physicians left me, despairing of success, and quite at a loss what course to follow. I was troubled with a violent thirst, but for several days observed the rules they prescribed me ; while Felice, who thought his achievement great in saving my

life, never quitted my bed-side : at the same time the old man, who had so persecuted and harassed me, began to be less troublesome, though he sometimes visited me in my dreams. One day Felice happened to be out, and there were left to take care of me, an apprentice, and a girl named Beatrice, a native of Pistoia ; I asked the apprentice what was become of my boy Cencio, and why I had never seen him there to attend me ? The lad told me, that Cencio had been afflicted with a more severe disorder than myself, and was then at the point of death : adding, that Felice had strictly enjoined them to conceal it from me. When he told me this, I was very much concerned : I then called to Beatrice, who was in another room, and begged of her to bring me a large bason which stood hard by full of cold water. The girl ran directly and brought it. I desired her to hold it up to my mouth, telling her that if she let me drink a good draught, I would make her a present of a new gown. Beatrice, who had stolen some things of value from me, and was apprehensive that the theft might be discovered, wished very much for my death ; she, therefore, let me at two draughts swill myself with as much water as I could swallow, so that I may say, without exaggeration, that I drank above a flask : I then covered myself up with the bed-clothes, began to sweat, and fell asleep. Felice returning after I had slept about an hour, asked the boy how I had been while he was out ? He answered he could not tell, but that Beatrice had carried me a bason full of water, that I had drunk it up, and he did not know at that time whether I was alive or dead. I was afterwards told that the poor young man was so affected at this intelligence, that he was almost ready to drop down dead ; he took a stick and soundly cudgelled the girl, upbraiding her bitterly

for her treacherous conduct, and declaring that she had been the cause of my death. Whilst Felice was laying on, and the girl screaming, I dreamed the old man had chords in his hands, and that upon his making an attempt to bind me, Felice had come up, and given him so violent a blow with an axe, that the old rogue ran away, crying out; "Let me be gone, I will not return in haste." In the mean time Beatrice ran into my chamber, roaring and bawling so loud, that I awoke and said: "Let the girl alone; perhaps with a design to hurt me, she has done me more good, than you with all your attendance and kind intentions: now lend me a helping hand, I have just had a sweat, and there is no time to lose." Felice recovering his spirits, rubbed off the sweat, and said all he could to hearten me; and I finding myself much better, began to have hopes of my recovery. Signor Francesco soon made his appearance, and seeing me so much better, the girl crying, the apprentice running backwards and forwards, and Felice laughing, concluded from this hurry that something extraordinary had happened, which was the cause of so great a change. Immediately after came in Bernardino the quack, who had been against bleeding me in the beginning. Signor Francesco, who was a man of sagacity, could not help exclaiming on this occasion: "O wonderful power of nature! she knows her own wants, and physicians know nothing." The fool Bernardino thereupon said; that if I had drunk another flask, my recovery would have been still more speedy. Signor Francesco da Norcia, from his great experience, treated this opinion with the contempt it deserved; and turning about to me, asked me whether I could have drunk any more? I answered that I could not, as I had completely quenched my thirst. Then addressing himself to

Bernardino: "Do not you see," said he, "how nature took just what answered her purpose, and no more; in like manner she required what was necessary for her relief, when the poor young man begged of you to bleed him; if you knew that drinking two flasks of water would have saved his life, why did you not say so before? Had you done this, you might have boasted of the cure." When he had spoken thus, the quack went off in a huff, and never had the assurance to make his appearance again. Signor Francesco directed that I should be removed out of that apartment to a lodging upon one of the hills of Rome.

Cardinal Cornaro, having heard of my recovery, ordered me to be carried to a house which he had at Monte Cavallo: that very evening I was conveyed in a sedan well covered and wrapped up. No sooner was I arrived, but I fell a vomiting; and whilst my stomach was discharging itself, there issued from it a hairy worm, about a quarter of a cubit long; the hairs were very long, and the worm was shockingly ugly, having spots of different colours, green, black, and red: it was kept to be shown to the doctor. Signor Francesco declaring he had never seen any thing like it, addressed himself thus to Felice: "Take care of your friend Benvenuto who is now cured; don't let him be any way intemperate, for though he has escaped being hurt by one excess, another may occasion his death: you see his disorder was so violent, that when the holy oil was brought him, it was too late; I now perceive that with a little patience and time, he will be again in a condition to produce more master-pieces of art." He then turned about to me and said: "Dear Benvenuto, be careful, and do not indulge yourself in any excess; for as you are now recovered, I in-

tend you shall make me an image of our lady, which I shall always honour for your sake." I promised to follow his advice, and asked him whether it would be safe to get myself removed to Florence. He answered, that I should stay till I was a little better, and till we saw how nature stood affected.

CHAPTER VI.

The Author upon his recovery sets out for Florence, with Felice, for the benefit of his native air.—He finds Duke Alexander greatly prepossessed against him by the malicious insinuations of his enemies.—He returns again to Rome, and attaches himself with assiduity to his business.—Strange phenomenon seen by him in coming home from shooting in the neighbourhood of Rome.—His opinion concerning it.—News of the murder of Duke Alexander, who is succeeded by Cosmo de' Medici.—The Pope having received intelligence, that the Emperor Charles V. was setting out for Rome, after his successful expedition against Tunis, sends for our Author, to employ him in a curious piece of workmanship intended as a present for his Imperial Majesty

HAVING waited a week, I found in myself so little alteration for the better, that my patience was almost tired out; but after I had continued in that suspense about thirty days, I resolved to delay no longer, and having packed up all my effects in a pair of hampers, my dear friend Felice and I set out directly for Florence. I was no way hurt by my journey, but arrived safely at my sister's house, where I was the cause of lamentation and joy almost in a breath. At this time several of my acquaintances crowded to see me, and amongst others, Pier-Landi, who was one of the best and dearest friends I ever had. A day or two after, there came one Niccolo da Monte Acuto, who was likewise my particular acquaintance. He had heard the duke say: "It would have been better for Benvenuto if he had died, for he has brought himself into a scrape, and I will never forgive him." After I had sat down, he said to me, with the tone of a man

in despair; "Alas! my dear Benvenuto, what brought you hither? Did you not know that you were upon bad terms with the duke? I have heard him swear that you had brought yourself into a scrape." I made answer; "Signor Niccolo, I beg you will put his excellency in mind that Pope Clement was going to treat me in the same manner, and with as little reason; let him but suffer me to recover my health thoroughly, and I shall convince him that I am the most faithful servant he ever had in his life, and that some of my enemies have prejudiced him against me." The person who had thus brought me into disgrace with his excellency, was George Vasellai Aretino, the painter, in return for the many favours I had conferred on him. I had maintained him at Rome, and borne his charges, though he had turned my house topsy turvy; for he was troubled with a sort of an ugly dry leprosy, which made him contract a habit of scratching himself continually, so as he lay with a journeyman of mine, named Manno, whilst he thought he was scratching himself he tore the skin off one of Manno's legs, with his great beastly claws, for he hardly ever paired his nails; Manno thereupon left me, and would have put him to death; but I found means to reconcile them; I afterwards got George into the service of the Cardinal de' Medici, and was always a friend to the man. In return for all these favours and acts of friendship, he told Duke Alexander, that I had spoken ill of his excellency, and had made it my boast that I should be one of the first to scale the walls of Florence, and assist his enemies against him. These words, as I understood afterwards, he dropped at the instigation of Ottaviano de' Medici, whose aim was to be revenged for the trouble given him by the duke upon occasion of my coins and my departure

from Florence. But as I knew myself entirely innocent of the charge, I was not under any sort of apprehensions; what contributed still more to make me easy was, that the worthy Signor Francesco da Monte Varchi attended me with the utmost care, and had brought thither my dear friend Luca Martini, who passed the greatest part of the day with me. In the mean time I dispatched my trusty partner Felice to Rome, to look into the state of my affairs in that city. In about a fortnight's time I was able to sit up in my chamber, but had not yet so perfectly recovered the use of my limbs, as to be in a condition to walk; I therefore desired to be carried into the Medici Palace, to the little terrace, and there to be left seated till the duke should pass by. Several of my friends at court expressed great surprise that I should take the trouble to get myself carried in that manner, whilst I was so very infirm; telling me that I should have waited till my health was thoroughly restored, and then have visited the duke; a great number had now gathered about me, and they all seemed to consider my being there, as a sort of miracle; not so much from their having heard I was dead, as because I appeared like a spectre. I said to the gentlemen present, that some malicious villain had told the duke, that I had boasted I should be one of the first to scale his excellency's walls, and that I had spoken disrespectfully of him; therefore, I could neither live nor die contented, till I had cleared myself from the infamous aspersions cast upon me, and discovered the villain that gave rise to so black a calumny. When I spoke thus, there was gathered about me a crowd of courtiers, all of whom seemed highly to compassionate my case, and expressed their sentiments variously concerning it; as for me, I declared my resolution never to quit the place.

till I had discovered my accuser. When I had uttered these words, Signor Agostino, the duke's tailor, mixing with the gentlemen belonging to the court, came up to me, and said; "If that is all you are so solicitous to know, you shall soon be satisfied." Just that instant George, the painter, of whom mention has been made, passed that way; Agostino then said; "There goes your accuser; whether what he says be true or false, you know best." Though I could neither stir nor move, I boldly asked George, whether it was true that he had accused me in that manner? George answered, that it was false, and that he had never said any such thing. Agostino then replied; "Abandoned wretch, don't you know that I speak upon a certainty?" George instantly quitted the place, declaring with the most consummate assurance, that it was false he had ever said any such thing. A short time after the duke himself appeared; I caused myself to be supported in his excellency's presence, and he stopped. I then said, that I was come there for no other motive than to justify my conduct. The duke looked at me attentively, and expressing great surprise that I was still alive, bid me endeavour to show myself an honest man, and take care of my health. As soon as I had got home, Niccolo da Monte Acuto came to me, and told me that I was in the most dreadful jeopardy conceivable, such as he never should have believed; that it was most advisable, therefore, for me to endeavour to recover my health with all convenient speed, for danger impended over my head from a man that was to be feared. He then added; "Consider with yourself, how have you offended that good-for-nothing Ottaviano de' Medici?" I answered that I had never offended him, but that he had wronged me; so I related to him the whole affair

of the mint: his reply to me was; "Go your ways in God's name with all the expedition possible, and make yourself quite easy, for you will have the pleasure of being revenged sooner than you desire." I made a short stay to recover my health, gave Pietro Paolo my directions with regard to stamping the coins, and then set out upon my return to Rome, without saying a word to the duke, or to any body else.

Upon my arrival at that capital, after I had sufficiently enjoyed myself in the company of my friends, I began the duke's medal, and had in a few days engraved the head upon steel; it was the finest piece of work of the sort that ever came out of my hands. At this same time I was visited every day by a foolish sort of a person, named Francesco Soderini. Upon seeing what I was about, he said to me; "Cruel man, will you then immortalize so fierce a tyrant? As you never made any thing so fine before, it is evident that you are our inveterate foe, and equally a friend to that party: yet both the Pope and he would have hanged you twice unjustly; one was the Father, the other the Son, now beware of the Holy Ghost." It was believed for a certainty that Duke Alexander was the son of Pope Clement. Signor Francesco farther added, and even swore, that if he had had an opportunity, he would have stolen the irons, with which I made that medal. I replied, that he had done well to tell me his mind, for I would take particular care he should never see them again. I then sent to Florence to let Lorenzo know, that it was time for him to send me the reverse of the medal. Niccolo da Monte Acuto, to whom I wrote on this occasion, returned for answer that he had applied to that melancholy enthusiast Lorenzo, who assured him that he thought of nothing else

day and night, and that he would finish it as soon as he possibly could: he at the same time advised me not to depend upon that reverse, but devise one of my own imagination, and as soon as it was finished, carry it to Duke Alexander. Having drawn a sketch of what appeared to me a proper reverse, I began to work upon it with all expedition. But as I had not yet thoroughly got the better of my late dreadful disorder, I frequently took the recreation of fowling: on these occasions I was accompanied by my dear friend Felice, who understood nothing of my business; but from our being inseparable companions, it was generally thought that he must have great talents that way; so as he was a very facetious person, we several times diverted ourselves with the reputation which he had acquired. His name being Felice Guadagni, he would sometimes play upon the word, saying; "I should have little right to be called Felice Guadagni (gains) if you had not procured me so great a reputation, that I may justly be named from gain." My answer to him was, that there are two methods of gain; the first, that of gaining for ourselves; the second, that of gaining for others; and in him I was much better pleased with the second method than the first, as he had gained me my life. Such conversations as these frequently passed between us; but particularly once at the epiphany, when we were both near the Magliana. The day was then almost spent, and in the course of it I had shot a considerable number of ducks and geese: so having, as it were, formed a resolution to shoot no more that day, we made all the haste we could to Rome, and I called to my dog to whom I had given the name of Baruccio. Not seeing him before me, I turned about and perceived the well-taught animal looking attentively at certain geese, that had taken



up their quarters in a ditch ; I thereupon dismounted, and having charged my piece shot at them from a considerable distance, and brought down two with a single ball ; for I never charged my piece with more, as it carried two hundred cubits ; in this manner I seldom missed my mark ; and there is no method that proves so successful. Of the above-mentioned two geese, one was almost dead, and the other, though wounded, made an impotent attempt to fly ; my dog pursued the last and brought it to me : seeing that the other was sinking in the ditch, I came up to it, trusting to my boots, which were tolerably thick : however, upon pressing the ground with my foot, it sunk under me ; and though I took the goose, the boot which I had on my right leg was filled with water. I held my foot up in the air to let the water run out, and having mounted on horseback we returned to Rome with the utmost expedition ; but as the weather was extremely cold, I felt my leg frozen to such a degree, that I said to Felice ; " Something must be done for the relief of this leg, for the pain it gives me is insupportable." The good-natured Felice, without a moment's delay, alighted from his horse, and gathering thistles and bits of wood was going to make a fire : in the mean time having put my hands upon the feathers on the breast of the goose, I felt them very warm : upon which I told Felice that he need not trouble himself to make a fire, and filling my boot with the feathers I felt a genial warmth which invigorated me with new life.

Having again mounted our horses, we rid full speed to Rome ; it was just night-fall when we arrived at a small eminence, and happening to look towards Florence we both exclaimed in the utmost astonishment : " Great God, what wonderful phenomenon is that which appears yonder over Flo-

rence!" In figure it resembled a beam of fire, which shone with an extraordinary lustre. I thereupon observed to Felice, that some very great event must have happened at Florence. At our return to Rome, it was exceedingly dark: when we were come near the Banchi quarter, and not far from our own house, I happened to ride a horse that moved upon an amble, and had a great deal of fire and mettle; there was a heap of rubbish and broken tiles in the middle of the street, which neither my horse nor I perceived; he ascended it with precipitation, and then descending, stumbled in such a manner, that in the fall his head came between his legs; but by God's providence I escaped unhurt. The neighbours came out of their houses with lights upon hearing the noise; I was then got up, and ran to my house quite overjoyed at having received no harm on the occasion, when I had been so near breaking my neck. I found some of my friends at home, to whom, it being summer time, I gave an account of my achievements in fowling, and the strange phenomenon of fire; they said; "Lord, what can the meaning of such an appearance be!" "Doubtless," answered I, "some revolution must have happened at Florence." Thus we supped together cheerfully; and late the day following, news were received at Rome of the death of Duke Alexander; thereupon several of my acquaintance came to me, and said: "Your conjecture was very right that something extraordinary happened at Florence." In the mean time Signor Francesco Soderini came trotting upon a little mule, and laughing ready to split his sides; "This," cried he, "is the reverse of the medal of that vile tyrant, which you were promised by your friend Lorenzo de' Medici: you were for immortalizing dukes, but we are no longer for dukes." And so he turned

me into ridicule, as if I had been a ringleader of one of those factions, by which men are raised to ducal authority. Just at this time there arrived one Baccio Bettini, who had a great misshapen head like a basket, and was as stupid as an owl; even he must rally me upon my attachment to dukes, and say: "We have unduked them at last, and we will have no more dukes, though you were for immortalizing them." When they had quite tired my patience with their senseless stuff, I at last said to them: "O you fools! I am a poor goldsmith, and work for whoever pays me; yet you upbraid and turn me into ridicule, as if I were the ringleader of a party; I will not, however, in return reproach you with the avarice, folly, and worthlessness of your ancestors: but I must tell you, in answer to all your insipid raillery, that before two, or at farthest three days are over, you will have another duke, and perhaps a much worse than your last." A day or two after Bettini came again to my shop and said: "You have no occasion to spend your money to pay messengers, since you are acquainted with events before they come to pass: what familiar spirit are you indebted to for your intelligence?" He then gave me to understand that Cosmo de' Medici, son to Signor Giovanni, was made duke, but that he was invested with that dignity on certain conditions which would prevent him from being arbitrary, and indulging his own capricious fancies. I now had an opportunity of laughing at them in my turn, so I said: "The citizens of Florence have put a young man upon a mettlesome horse; they have fitted him with spurs, left the bridle to his guidance, and set him at his liberty upon a fine plain, in which are flowers, fruits, and all things that can please and delight the senses and imagination; after this they direct him not to go beyond

certain limits assigned : now pray tell me who has the power to prevent him, when he has an inclination to pass them? Laws cannot be prescribed to him who is master of the law." From that time forward they ceased to molest me.

Beginning now to attend the business of my shop, I set about some little jobs which were not of any great importance; for I made the recovery of my health my chief care, and did not think myself yet entirely secure from a relapse. About this time the emperor returned victorious from his enterprise against Tunis, when the Pope sent for me and asked my advice what sort of present he should make that prince. I answered that the most proper present to make his imperial majesty was a golden crucifix, for which I had devised a sort of an ornament which would be extremely suitable, and do both his holiness and myself great honour; having already made three small figures in gold, round, and about a span high. These were the same figures that I had begun for the chalice of Pope Clement; and which were intended to represent Faith, Hope, and Charity. I therefore added in wax, the whole remainder of the foot of the cross. Upon my carrying it to the Pope with the figure of Christ in wax, and several other elegant ornaments, his holiness appeared to be highly pleased; and before I left him we agreed upon every thing that was to be done, and calculated the expense of the undertaking. This was a little after sunset, and the Pope had given orders to Signor Latino Juvenale to supply me with money the next morning. Latino, who had a great dash of the fool in his composition, wanted to furnish the Pope with a new invention which should come entirely from himself, so that he counteracted all that his holiness and I had settled. In the morning, when

I went for the money, he said to me with all the stupidity and presumption so inherent in his nature: "It is our part to invent, yours to work; before I left the Pope yesterday in the evening, we hit upon a much better plan." When he had uttered these words, I did not suffer him to proceed, but said: "Neither you nor the Pope can ever think of a better device than this, in which Christ is represented with his cross; so you may talk in the courtier's trifling strain as much as you please." Without making any answer, he quitted me with great indignation, and endeavoured to get the work put into the hands of another goldsmith; but the Pope was against it. His holiness sent for me directly, and told me that I had given very good advice; but that they intended to make use of an office of the Virgin Mary, with admirable illuminations, which had cost the Cardinal de' Medici above two thousand crowns; and that this would be a very proper present for the empress; that the emperor should afterwards receive what I had promised, which would be indeed a present worthy of his majesty; but now there was no time to lose, that prince being expected in about six weeks. For this prayer-book the Pope wanted to have a cover made of massy gold, with the most curious workmanship, and adorned with a considerable number of jewels, worth about six thousand crowns: so when he had furnished me with the jewels and the gold, I immediately set about the work; and, as I used all possible expedition, it appeared in a few days to be of such surprising beauty, that the pontiff was surprised at it, and conferred extraordinary favours upon me; at the same time forbidding that fool Juvenale to disturb me in my business

CHAPTER VII.

The Emperor Charles V. makes a triumphant entry into Rome.—Fine diamond presented by that prince to the Pope.—Signor Durante and the Author nominated by his holiness to carry his presents to the Emperor.—The presents sent by the Pope were two fine Turkish horses, a crucifix of the Author's making, and a prayer-book with a gold covering.—He makes a speech to the Emperor, who admits him to a private conference.—He is employed to set the fine diamond which the Emperor had presented to the Pope.—Signor Latino Juvenale invents some stories to prejudice his holiness against the Author; who thinking himself neglected, forms a resolution to go to France.—Curious story of his boy Ascanio.

WHEN I had almost finished the work above-mentioned, the emperor drew near to Rome, and a great number of grand triumphal arches were erected for his reception. He entered that capital with extraordinary pomp, which it is the province of others to describe, as I do not choose to treat of subjects that do not concern me. Immediately upon his arrival, he made the Pope a present of a diamond, which had cost him twelve thousand crowns. The latter sent for me, and putting the diamond into my hands, desired me to make a ring for it suited to his finger; but at the same time told me, that he chose I should first bring him the book, unfinished as it was. When I carried it to his holiness, he appeared to be highly pleased with it; and began to consult me what excuse he should make to the emperor, for the work not being finished. I said, that the most plausible apology was my being indisposed, which his imperial majesty would be very

ready to believe upon seeing me so pale and emaciated. The Pope answered, that he highly approved of the excuse; but desired me to add, in his name, that in presenting his majesty with the book, I at the same time made him a present of myself: he suggested the words I was to pronounce, and the manner in which I was to behave; these words I repeated in his presence, asking him whether he approved of my delivery? He made answer, that "If I had but the confidence to speak in the emperor's presence in the same manner, I should acquit myself to admiration." I replied, that "Without being in the least confusion, I could deliver not only these words, but many more; because the emperor wore a lay habit like myself, and I should think I was speaking to a human form: but it was quite different, when I addressed myself to his holiness, in whom I discovered a much more awful representation of the divine power; as well because of his ecclesiastical ornaments, which were heightened with a sort of diadem, as on account of his venerable grey locks; all which circumstances made me stand much more in awe in his presence, than in that of the emperor." The Pope then said: "Go my good friend Benvenuto, acquit yourself like a man of worth, and you will find your account in it."

His holiness, at the same time, ordered out two Turkish horses, which had formerly belonged to Pope Clement, and were the finest that had ever been brought into Christendom. These he committed to the care of Signor Durante, his chamberlain, to conduct them to the porch of the palace, and there present them to the emperor, at the same time directing him to make a certain speech on the occasion. We both went together; and when we were admitted into the presence of that great prince, the two horses entered the palace with so much

stateliness and ease, that both the emperor and all the by-standers were astonished. Thereupon Signor Durante advanced in the most awkward and ungracious manner, and delivered himself in a sort of Brescian jargon, with such hesitation, and so disagreeably, that the emperor could not help smiling. In the mean time I had already uncovered my work, and perceiving that his majesty looked at me very graciously, I stepped forward, and expressed myself thus: "Sire, our holy father, Pope Paul, sends this office of our lady, as a present to your majesty: it was written, and the figures of it drawn by the ablest man that the world ever produced: he presents you likewise with this rich cover of gold and jewels, which as yet remain unfinished, in consequence of my indisposition: upon this account his holiness, together with the book, presents me also, desiring that I should come to finish the work near your sacred person; and also serve your majesty in whatever you require of me, so long as I live." To this the emperor made answer: "The book is highly agreeable to me, and you are so likewise; but I choose you should finish the work for me at Rome, and when it is completed, and you are thoroughly recovered, I shall be glad to see you at my court." In the course of his conversation with me, he called me by my name; which I was greatly surprised at, as there had not passed a word between us in which it had been mentioned: he told me at the same time, that he had seen the button of Pope Clement's pontifical habit, upon which I had designed such admirable figures. In this manner we protracted our discourse for the space of half an hour, talking upon many other useful and entertaining subjects. I acquitted myself, upon the whole, better than I expected; so that when the conversation came to a pause, I bowed and retired. The

emperor was then heard to say: "Let five hundred gold crowns be given to Benvenuto without delay." The person who brought them, inquired which was he that had delivered the message from the Pope to the emperor. Durante thereupon came forward, and robbed me of the money. I complained of this to his holiness, who desired me to be under no apprehensions, for he was sensible how well I had behaved, and I should by all means have my share of his majesty's bounty.

Upon returning to my shop, I exerted myself with the utmost assiduity to finish the ring for the diamond, upon which account four of the most eminent jewellers in Rome were ordered to consult with me. The Pope had been given to understand, that the diamond had been set at Venice by the first artist in the world, whose name was Miliano Targhetta; and as the stone was somewhat sharp, it was thought too difficult an attempt to set it, without the advice and assistance of others. The four jewellers were highly welcome to me; amongst whom was a native of Milan, named Gajo. This was one of the most arrogant blockheads breathing, who pretended to great skill in what he was altogether ignorant; the rest were men of singular modesty and merit. Gajo took the lead of the rest, and said: "Endeavour to preserve the tint of Miliano: to that, Benvenuto, you must show due respect; for as the tinging of diamonds is the nicest and most difficult article in the jeweller's business, so Miliano is the greatest jeweller the world ever produced, and this is the hardest diamond to work upon." I made answer, that "It would be so much the more glorious for me to vie with so renowned an artist:" then addressing myself to the other jewellers, I added, "You shall see now that I will preserve the tint of Miliano, and try whether

I can in so doing improve it; in case I should fail of success, I will restore its former tint." The fool, Gajo, answered, that "If I could contrive to be as good as my word, he would bow to my superior genius." When he had finished, I began to make my tints. In the composition of these, I exerted myself with the utmost diligence; and shall, in a proper place, inform the reader how they are made. I must acknowledge, that this diamond gave me the most trouble of any that ever before or since fell into my hands, and Miliano's tint appeared to be a master-piece of art; however, I was not discouraged. My genius being upon this occasion in a particular manner sharpened and elevated, I not only equalled, but even surpassed it. Perceiving that I had conquered Miliano, I endeavoured to excel even myself, and by new methods made a tint much superior to my former. I then sent for the jewellers, and having given to the diamond Miliano's tint, I afterwards tinged it again with my own. I showed it to the artists; and one of the cleverest among them, whose name was Raphael del Moro, took the stone in his hand, and said to Giovanni, "Benvenuto has surpassed Miliano's tint." Gajo, who could not believe what he heard, upon taking the jewel into his hand, cried out, "Benvenuto, this diamond is worth two thousand ducats more than it was with Miliano's tint." I replied: "Since I have surpassed Miliano, let me see whether I cannot out-do myself." Having requested them to have patience a few moments, I went into a little closet, and, unseen by them, gave a new tint to the diamond; upon showing it to the jewellers, Gajo instantly exclaimed: "This is the most extraordinary case I ever knew in my life; the diamond is now worth above eighteen thousand crowns, and we hardly valued it at twelve thousand. The other artists, turning about to Gajo,

said to him: "Benvenuto is an honour to our profession; it is but just that we should bow to the superiority of his genius, and the excellence of his tints." Gajo made answer: I will go and inform the Pope in what manner he has acquitted himself; and contrive so that he shall receive a thousand crowns for setting this diamond." Accordingly he waited on his holiness, and told him all he had seen; the pontiff thereupon sent three times that day, to inquire whether the ring was finished. Towards evening I carried it to him; and as I had free access, and was not obliged to observe any ceremony, I slyly lifted up a curtain, and saw his holiness with the Marquis of Guasto, who would fain persuade him to something he did not approve of: I heard the Pope say to the marquis: "I tell you no; for it is proper that I should be neuter in the affair." As I immediately drew back, the Pope himself called to me: upon which I advanced, and put the fine diamond into his hand; his holiness then took me aside, and the marquis retired to some distance. The Pope, whilst he was examining the diamond, said to me: "Benvenuto, pretend to talk to me of some subject of importance, and never once leave off whilst the marquis stays in this apartment." So choosing the subject that was most interesting to myself, I began to discourse of the method which I had observed in tinging the diamond. The marquis stood leaning on one side, against a tapestry hanging; sometimes he turned round on one foot, sometimes on the other. The subject of this conversation of ours was of such consequence, that we could have talked upon it three hours. The Pope took such delight in it, that it counterbalanced the disagreeable impression which the conference with the marquis had made upon his mind. As I mixed with our conversation that part of natural

philosophy which is connected with the jeweller's art, our chat was protracted almost the space of an hour, and the marquis's patience was so worn out, that he went away half angry. The Pope then showed me great demonstrations of kindness, and concluded with these words: "My dear Benvenuto, be diligent in your business, and I will reward your merit with something more considerable than the thousand crowns, which Gajo told me you deserved for your trouble." I took my leave, and his holiness praised me afterwards in the presence of his domestic officers, among whom was Latino Juvenale, who being now become my enemy, endeavoured to do me all the ill offices in his power. Perceiving that the Pope spoke of me so advantageously, he said: "Benvenuto, indeed, is acknowledged to be a person of extraordinary talents; but though it is natural for every man to be partial to his own countrymen, and give them the preference, still the manner of speaking to so great a personage as a Pope, deserves a proper degree of attention. He has had the boldness to declare that Pope Clement was the handsomest prince that ever existed, and that his virtues and abilities were worthy of his majestic person, though he had adverse fortune to struggle with: this man at the same time affirms, that your holiness is quite the reverse; that your triple crown does not fit well on your head; and that you appear to be nothing more than a figure of straw dressed up, though you have always had prosperous fortune." These words were pronounced in so emphatical a manner by the person that spoke them, who knew very well how to give them a proper emphasis, that the Pope believed him. I had, notwithstanding, neither uttered such words, nor had it ever come into my head to make any such comparison. If the Pope had had it in his power to do

it without hurting his character, he would certainly have done me some great injury; but being a man of understanding, he pretended to turn the thing into a jest: yet he bore me an inconceivable grudge in his heart, and I soon began to perceive it; for I had no longer the same easy access to him as formerly, but found it exceedingly difficult to be admitted into his presence. As I had long frequented his court, I immediately concluded that somebody had been doing me ill offices with him; and upon my artfully tracing the affair to its source, I was told all, but could not discover the person who had thus traduced me: I, for my part, was incapable of guessing who it was; had I come to the knowledge of the villain, I should have wreaked an ample revenge.

In the mean time I worked at my little book with the utmost assiduity, and when I had finished, carried it to the Pope, who, upon seeing it, could not contain himself, but extolled it to the skies. I thereupon reminded him of his promise, of sending me with it to the emperor. He made answer, that he would do what was proper; and that I had done my part. He then gave orders that I should be well paid for my trouble. However, for the different works upon which I had been employed two months, I was paid five hundred crowns, and no more; all the great promises that had been made me, were totally forgotten: I received for the diamond a hundred and fifty crowns only; the remainder I had for the little book, for which I deserved above a thousand crowns, as the work was rich in figures, foliages, enamel, and jewels. I took what I could get, and formed a resolution to quit Rome directly. At this time his holiness sent the book to the emperor by a nephew of his, named

Signor Sforza ; that great prince was so pleased with the present, as to bestow excessive praises on it, and immediately inquired after me. Signor Sforza having received proper instructions, made answer, that an indisposition had prevented my waiting upon his imperial majesty ; for I was afterwards informed of all that had passed upon the occasion.

Having, in the mean time, got myself in readiness for a journey to France, I proposed visiting that kingdom unaccompanied, but could not do as I intended, on account of a youth who lived with me, and whose name was Ascanio. This young person was the best servant in the world ; when I took him into my house, he had just left a master, named Francesco, who was a Spanish goldsmith. I was unwilling to receive the lad, for fear of having some dispute with the Spaniard, and therefore told him, that I could not receive him, lest his master should be offended : at last the young man contrived so, that his master wrote me a letter, intimating that he had no objection to his entering into my service. He passed several months with me, as meagre and lean as a skeleton : we called him the old man ; and I thought that he was in fact old, as well because he was so good a servant, and so knowing, as by reason it did not appear probable, that at the age of thirteen, for he said he was no more, he should be possessed of such maturity of understanding. To return to my subject ; the young man in a few months began to improve in his person, and getting into good plight, was become the handsomest young fellow in Rome : as I found him so good a servant, and so apt and ready in learning my business, I conceived as great an affection for him as if he had been my son, and kept him as well dressed as if I had been indeed his father. Seeing himself so much

altered for the better, he thought himself very happy in falling into my hands, and went several times to return thanks to his old master, who had been the cause of his good fortune. The Spaniard had a handsome young wife, who frequently said to Ascanio: "My lad, how have you contrived to grow so handsome?" For it was customary with them to call him lad, at the time that he lived with them. Ascanio answered: "Donna Francesca, it is my new master I am obliged to for this improvement in my person, and in every thing else." The malicious woman was not well pleased that Ascanio should praise me; however, being loosely inclined, she stifled her resentment so as to caress the youth a little more perhaps than was consistent with the laws of strict virtue; and I quickly perceived that he went much oftener to see his mistress than had been usual. It happened one day that he struck one of my apprentices, who upon my return home, for I had been out at that time, complained to me, that Ascanio had beaten him, without his having given him any sort of provocation; I thereupon said to Ascanio, "Never presume again to strike any body that belongs to my family, either with or without provocation; for if you do, I will make you feel the weight of my arm." To this he made a pert answer; so I immediately fell upon him, and laying on both with my hands and feet, gave him the severest correction he had ever received in his life. As soon as he could get out of my clutches he ran from the house, without either cloak or hat, and for two days after I neither knew nor inquired what was become of him: but when the two days were expired, there came a Spanish gentleman, named Don Diego, who desired to speak to me; this was one of the most generous

men I had ever known in my life ; I had done several jobs for him, and had then some in hand ; in a word, he was my very good friend. He gave me to understand, that Ascanio had returned to his old master, and desired I would please to let him have his cloak and hat. I made answer, that the other had behaved very ill, and acted in a very unpolite and ungentleman-like manner ; adding, that if he had sent me word immediately upon Ascanio's repairing to him, that he had taken refuge in his house, I should have been very ready to have discharged him ; but that as he had kept him two days, without ever letting him know any thing of the matter, I was determined the lad should not stay with him ; but insisted, that upon no account he should keep him any longer in his house. Don Diego told what I had said to Don Francesco, who only turned it into a jest. The next morning I saw Ascanio employed upon some little trifling nicnacs in his master's shop. As I passed by he made me a bow, and his master burst out a laughing ; he then sent to me Don Diego, the gentleman above-mentioned, to desire I would let Ascanio have the clothes which I had given him ; but that if I chose to do otherwise, he did not care, for the lad should never want for clothes. Hereupon I turned to Don Diego, and said : " Signor Don Diego, I never in my life knew a more generous or a more worthy man than yourself, nor a person of greater integrity, or more just in all his dealings ; but this Francesco is the very reverse of you in every respect ; he is one of the most worthless scoundrels breathing. Tell him from me, that if he does not, before the bell rings for vespers, bring back Ascanio to my shop himself, I am determined I will have his life : and tell Ascanio, that if he does not quit the place where

he is, in the time which I have allotted his master, he must expect the same fate." Don Diego made no reply, but instantly departing, repeated all I had said to Francesco; who, upon hearing this intelligence, was frightened out of his wits, and did not know what to resolve upon. In the mean time Ascanio went in quest of his father, who was just arrived at Rome from Tagliacozzo, the place of his nativity; upon hearing the disturbance that had happened, he was the first to advise Francesco to bring back Ascanio to me. Francesco said to Ascanio: "Go yourself, and your father will go with you." Don Diego then interfered, saying, "Francesco, I see impending danger; you know better than I do what sort of a man Benvenuto is; carry the boy back to him without any sort of apprehension, and I will accompany you." I had now got myself in readiness, and was walking to-and-fro in my shop, intending to wait till the bell rung for vespers; and then to make this one of the most desperate affairs I had ever been concerned in during the whole course of my life. Just then entered Don Diego, Francesco, Ascanio, and his father, whom I did not know. Upon Ascanio's entering, I looked angrily at them all; when Francesco, who was as pale as death through fear, said: "I have here brought you back your servant Ascanio, whom I entertained in my house without any intention to offend you." Ascanio then said, in a respectful manner: "Master, forgive me; I am come here to submit to whatever you shall please to enjoin." I asked him whether he was come to serve out the time he had agreed to? He answered that he was, and never to leave me more. I then turned about to the apprentice whom he had beaten, and bid him reach him that bundle

of clothes, saying at the same time ; " Here are all the clothes that I gave you ; with these I likewise restore you to your liberty, so you may go wherever you think proper." Don Diego, who by no means expected this, was in the utmost astonishment. At the same time both Ascanio and his father intreated me to forgive and take him again into my service. Upon my asking him who the person was that pleaded his cause, he told me it was his father, to whom, after much intreaty, I said : " As you are his father, I am willing, upon your account, to take him again into my service."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Author sets out with Ascanio for France, and passing through Florence, Bologna, and Venice, arrives at Padua, where he makes some stay with the celebrated Cardinal Bembo.—Generous behaviour of the latter to Cellini.—The Author soon after resumes his journey, and travels through Switzerland.—He is in great danger in crossing a lake.—He visits Geneva in his way to Lyons, and after having rested four days in the last-mentioned city, arrives safely at Paris.

I HAD at this time formed a resolution to set out for France, as well because I perceived that the Pope's favour was withdrawn from me, on account of the ill offices of slanderers, who misrepresented my services, as for fear that those enemies of mine, who had most power and influence, might still do me some great injury; for these reasons I was desirous to remove to some other country, and see whether fortune would there prove more favourable to me. Having determined to set out the next morning, I bid my faithful Felice enjoy all I had as his own till my return: and in case I should never come back, my intention was that the whole should devolve to him. Happening at this time to have a Perugian journeyman, who assisted me in making the above-mentioned piece of work for the Pope, I paid him off, and dismissed him my service: the poor man intreated me to let him go with me, offering to bear his own expenses: he observed to me moreover, that if I should happen to be employed for any time by the King of France, it was proper I should have Italians in my service, especially such as I knew, and were most likely to be of use to me.

In a word, he had so persuasive a tongue, that I agreed to carry him with me upon his own terms. Ascanio happening to be present at this conversation, said to me, with tears in his eyes: "When you took me again into your service, I intended it should be for life, and now I am resolved it shall." I made answer, that should not be upon any account. The poor lad was then preparing to follow me on foot. When I perceived that he had formed such a resolution, I hired a horse for him likewise, and having put my portmanteau behind him, took with me a good deal more baggage than I should otherwise have done. Leaving Rome, I bent my course to Florence, from whence I travelled to Bologna, Venice, and Padua: upon my arrival at the last city, my friend, Albertaccio del Bene, carried me to his own house from the inn at which I had put up. The day following I went to pay my respects to Signor Pietro Bembo, who was not yet made a cardinal. He gave me the kindest reception I had ever met with; and said to Albertaccio: "I am resolved that Benvenuto shall stay here, with all his company, if they were a hundred in number; so determine to stay here with him, for I will not restore him to you upon any account." Thus I stayed to enjoy the conversation of that excellent person. He had caused an apartment to be prepared for me, which would have been too magnificent even for a cardinal, and insisted upon my sitting constantly next to him at table; he then intimated to me, in the most modest terms he could think of, that it would be highly agreeable to him if I were to draw his likeness; there was, luckily for me, nothing that I desired more; so having put some pieces of the whitest alabaster into a little box, I began the work, applying the first day two hours without ceasing. I made so fine a sketch of

the head, that my illustrious friend was astonished at it; for though he was a person of immense literature, and had an uncommon genius for poetry, he had not the least knowledge of my business; for which reason he thought that I had finished the figure when I had hardly begun it; insomuch that I could not make him sensible, that it required a considerable time to bring it to perfection. At last I formed a resolution to take my own time about it, and finish it in the completest manner I could; but as he wore a short beard, according to the Venetian fashion, I found it a very difficult matter to make a head to please myself. I, however, finished it at last, and it appeared to me to be one of the most complete pieces I had ever produced. He appeared to be in the utmost astonishment; for he took it for granted, that as I had made it of wax in two hours, I could make it of steel in ten: but when he saw that it was not possible for me to do it in two hundred, and that I was upon the point of taking my leave of him, in order to set out for France, he was greatly concerned, and begged I would make him a reverse for his medal, and that the devise should be the horse Pegasus, in the midst of a garland of myrtle. This I did in about three hours, and it was finished in an admirable taste: he was highly pleased with it, and said; "Such a horse as this, appears to be a work ten times more considerable than that little head, upon which you bestowed so much pains; I cannot possibly account for this." He then begged and prayed of me to make it for him in steel, and said: "For God's sake oblige me; you can do it very soon, if you will." I promised him, that though it did not suit me to make it there, I would do it for him without fail, at the first place I happened to fix my residence. Whilst this conversation passed between us, I went

to bargain for three horses, which I had occasion for on my journey to France. My illustrious host, who had great interest in Padua, secretly befriended me on the occasion; insomuch that when I was going to pay for the horses, for which I had agreed to give fifty ducats, the owner of them said to me: "In consideration of your merit, sir, I make you a present of the three horses." I answered: "It is not you that make me the present; and I do not choose to receive it of him that does, because I have not earned it by my services." The good man told me, that if I did not take those horses, I could not get any others in Padua, but should be under a necessity of walking. I thereupon went to the munificent Signor Pietro, who affected to know nothing at all of the matter, but loaded me with caresses, and used his utmost persuasions to prevail upon me to stay at Padua. I, who would by no means hear of this, and was determined to perform the journey at any rate, found myself obliged to accept of the three horses, and with them instantly set out for France.

I took the road through the Grisons, for it was unsafe to travel any other way on account of the war. We passed the two great mountains of Alba and Merlina (it was then the eighth of May, and they were covered with snow notwithstanding) at the utmost hazard of our lives. When we had travelled over them, we stopped at a little town, which, as nearly as I can remember, is called Valestat, and there took up our quarters. In the night there arrived a courier from Florence, whose name was Burbacca. I had heard this courier spoken of as a man of character, and clever at his business, but did not know that he had then forfeited that reputation by his knavery. As soon as he saw me at the inn, he called to me by my

name, and said that he was going about some business of importance to Lyons, and begged I would be so good as to lend him a little money to defray the expense of his journey. I answered that I could not lend him money, but if he would travel in my company, I would bear his charges as far as Lyons. The rogue then fell a crying, and counterfeited great concern, telling me, that when a poor courier, who was about business of importance to the nation, happened to be in want of cash, it was the part of a man like me to assist him. He told me at the same time, that he was charged with things of great value belonging to Signor Filippo Strozzi; and as he had a casket with a leather cover, he whispered me very softly, that there were jewels to the amount of many thousand ducats in it, together with letters of the utmost consequence from Signor Filippo Strozzi. I thereupon desired him to let me fasten the jewels somewhere about his body, which would be running less hazard than carrying them in the casket; at the same time he might leave the casket, worth perhaps, ten crowns, to me, and I would assist him as far as five-and-twenty. The fellow made answer, that he would travel with me in that manner, since he had no other remedy, for it would do him no honour to leave the casket; and so we were both agreed. Setting out betimes in the morning, we arrived at a place situated between Valestat and Vezza, where there is a lake fifteen miles long, upon which we were to sail to Vezza. When I saw the barks, I was terribly frightened, because they are made of very thin deal boards, neither well nailed together, nor even pitched; and if I had not seen four German gentlemen with their horses in one of them, I should never have ventured on board, but have turned back directly. I thought with-

in myself at seeing the stupid security of these gentlemen, that the waters of the German lakes did not drown the passengers like those of Italy. My two young fellow-travellers said to me : " Benvenuto, it is a dangerous thing to enter one of these barks with four horses." My answer to them was : " Don't you see, ye poor cowards, that those four gentlemen have entered one before you, and that they sail away merrily? If it were a lake of wine, I should fancy that they were rejoiced at the thoughts of being plunged into it; but as it is a lake of water only, I take it for granted they have no more inclination to be drowned in it than ourselves." This lake was fifteen miles long, and about three broad; the country, on one side, was a lofty mountain full of caverns, on the other it was level and covered with grass. When we had advanced about four miles, it began to grow stormy, insomuch that the watermen called to us for help, begging that we would assist them in rowing; and so we did for a time. I signified to them soon after, that their best way was to make the opposite shore: but they affirmed it to be impossible, because there was not a sufficient depth of water, so that the bark would be soon beaten to pieces in the shallows and we should all go to the bottom; they however still importuned us to lend them a hand, and were constantly calling out to each other for assistance. As I perceived them in such terror and jeopardy, having a sorrel horse on board, I put on its bridle, and held it in my left hand: the horse, by a kind of instinct and intelligence common to those animals, seemed to perceive my intent; for by turning his face towards the fresh grass, I wanted him to swim to the opposite shore, and carry me over upon his back. At the very same instant there poured in from that side a wave so large, that it almost over-

whelmed the vessel. Ascanio then crying out, "Mercy! help me, dear father!" was going to throw himself upon me; but I clapped my hand to my dagger, and bid the rest follow the example I had set them, since by means of their horses they might save their lives, as I hoped to save mine; adding, "That I would kill the first who should offer to throw himself upon me." In this manner we advanced several miles in the most imminent danger of our lives. When we had advanced about half way, we saw a piece of level ground under the foot of a mountain, where we might get on shore and refresh ourselves. Here the four German gentlemen had landed. But upon our expressing a desire to go on shore, the watermen would not consent to it upon any account: I then said to my young men, "Now is the time, my boys, to show your spirit, clap your hands to your swords, and compel them to land us." We effected our purpose with great difficulty, as they made a long resistance; however, even after we had landed, we were obliged to climb a steep mountain for two miles, which was more difficult than going up a ladder of equal height. I was armed with a coat of mail, had heavy boots, with a fowling-piece in my hand, and it rained as hard as it could pour; those devils of Germans ascended at a surprising rate with their horses, whilst ours were quite unequal to the task, and ready to sink with the fatigue of climbing the rugged steep.

When we had mounted a good way, Ascanio's horse, which was a fine Hungarian courser, had got a little before Burbacca the courier, and the young man had given him his pike to carry. It happened, through the ruggedness of the road, that the horse slipped, and went staggering on in such a manner, being quite helpless, as to hit against

the point of the rogue of a courier's pike, which he could not keep out of the way, and which transpierced the beast in the throat and killed it. My other young man, in attempting to help his brown nag, slipped towards the lake, and caught at a vine-branch which was exceedingly small. Upon this horse there was a cloak-bag, in which I had put all my money, with whatever else I had most valuable, to avoid being under a necessity of carrying it about me: I bid the youth endeavour to save his life, and never mind what became of the horse; the fall was of above a mile, and he would have tumbled headlong down into the lake. Exactly under this place our watermen had planted themselves, so that if the horse had fallen, it would have come souse down upon their heads. I was before all the rest, and stood to see the horse tumble, which seemed, without the least fear, to go headlong to perdition; whereupon I said to my young men; "Be under no sort of concern, let us endeavour to preserve ourselves, and return thanks to God for all his mercies." Burbacca told me he was not concerned for his own loss, but for mine. I asked him why he was sorry for my trifling loss, and not for his own, which was so considerable. He then answered in a passion: "In such a case as this, and considering the terms we are upon, it is proper to tell the whole truth; I know that you had a good heap of ducats in the cloak-bag; as for my casket which I affirmed to be full of jewels and precious stones, it is all a story; there is nothing in it but a little caviar." When I heard this I could not help laughing; the young fellows laughed also; as for Burbacca, he lamented and expressed great concern for my loss. The horse made an effort to relieve and extricate itself, when we had let it go, so that it was happily saved. Thus

laughing and making ourselves merry, we again exerted our strength to ascend the steep mountain.

The four German gentlemen who had got to the summit of the craggy precipice before us, sent some peasants to our assistance. At last we arrived at the miserable inn, wet, tired, and hungry; we were received in the kindest manner by the people of the house, and met with most comfortable refreshment. The horse which had been so much hurt, was cured by means of certain herbs which the hedges are full of; and we were told that if we constantly applied those herbs to the wound, the beast would not only recover; but be of as much use to us as ever; accordingly we did as we were directed. Having thanked the gentlemen, and being well refreshed and recovered of our fatigue, we left the inn, and continued our journey, returning thanks to God for preserving us from so great and imminent a danger. We arrived at a village beyond Vezza, where we took up our quarters; here we heard the watch sing at all the hours of the night very agreeably; and as the houses in town were of wood, he was constantly bidding them take care of their fires. Burbacca, who had been greatly frightened in the day-time, was continually speaking and crying out in his dreams: "O God, I am drowning!" this was occasioned by his panic the day before, and by his having indulged the bottle too freely, and drinking with all the Germans; sometimes he hallooed out, "I am burning," sometimes, "I am drowning," and sometimes he thought himself in hell suffering punishment for his sins. This night passed away so agreeably, that all our anxiety and trouble were converted into laughter and merriment.

Having risen very early next morning, we proceeded on our journey, and went to dine at a very

agreeable place called Lucca; where we met with the best of treatment; we then took guides to conduct us to a town called Zurich. The guide who attended me passed over a dike which was overflowed, so that the stupid creature slipped, and both the horse and he tumbled into the water. I, who was behind, having that instant stopped my horse, staid awhile to see him rise; and behold, the fellow, as if nothing at all had happened, fell a singing again, and made signs to me to go on. I thereupon turned to the right, and breaking through certain hedges, served as a guide to Burbacca and my young men. The guide fell a scolding, telling me, in the German language, that if the country people saw me, they would put them to death. We travelled on and escaped this second danger. Our next stage was Zurich, a fine city, which may be compared to a jewel for lustre, and there we staid a day to rest ourselves; we left it early in the morning, and arrived at another handsome town called Solothurn; from thence we proceeded to Lausanne, Geneva, and Lyons: we stopped four days at this last city, having travelled thither very merrily, singing and laughing all the way. I enjoyed myself highly in the company of some of my friends, was reimbursed the expenses I had been at, and, at the expiration of four days, set out for Paris. This part of our journey was exceedingly agreeable; except only that when we came as far as Palesse, a gang of freebooters made an attempt to assassinate us, and with great difficulty we escaped them. From thence we continued our journey to Paris, without meeting any ill accident, and travelling on in uninterrupted mirth, arrived safely at that metropolis.

CHAPTER IX.

Ungrateful behaviour of Rosso the painter.—The Author is introduced to the French King, Francis I. at Fontainebleau, and meets with a most gracious reception.—The king offers to take him into his service; but from a sudden illness he conceives a dislike to France, and returns to Italy.—Great kindness of the Cardinal of Ferrara to the Author.—What happened to him on the road in his way from Lyons to Ferrara.—He is kindly received by the duke.—The Author arrives at Rome, where he finds his faithful servant Felice.—Curious letter from the Cardinal of Ferrara concerning the behaviour of Cardinal Gaddi.—The Author is falsely accused by his servant Perugia of being possessed of a great treasure, of which he had robbed the Castle of St. Angelo, when Rome was sacked by the Spaniards.—He is arrested and carried prisoner to the castle of St. Angelo.

AFTER having rested myself a short time, I went in search of Rosso the painter, who was then in the service of King Francis. I took it for granted that this man was one of the best friends I had in the world, because I had in Rome behaved to him in as obliging a manner as it is possible for one person to behave to another; and as a concise account may be sufficient to convey an idea of my conduct to the reader, I will here lay the whole before him, that the sin of ingratitude may appear in its most odious and shocking colours. When he was at Rome he endeavoured to depreciate the works of Raphael d' Urbino, at which his scholars were provoked to such a degree that they were bent on killing him; this danger I preserved him from, watching over him day and night with the greatest fatigue imaginable. Upon another occasion he had spoken ill of Signor Antonio da San Gallo, an ex-

cellent architect; in consequence of which the latter had him soon turned out of an employment, which he had procured for him from Signor Agnolo da Cesi; and from that time forward became so much his enemy, that he would have starved, if I had not often lent him ten crowns for his support. As he had never discharged this trifling debt, I went to pay him a visit, being informed that he was in the king's service, and thought he would not only return me my money, but do all that lay in his power in recommending me to the service of the great monarch. But the fellow no sooner saw me, than he appeared to be in a terrible confusion, and said: "My friend Benvenuto, you have put yourself to too great an expense to come so long a journey, especially at such a time as this, when the court is entirely taken up with the approaching war, and can give no attention to our trifling performances." I answered, "that I had brought with me money enough to bear my expenses back to Rome, in the same manner that I had travelled to Paris;" adding, "that he made me a very indifferent return for all I had suffered on his account, and that I began to believe what Signor Antonio da San Gallo had told me concerning him." Upon his turning what I said into a jest, I saw through his low malice; and showed him a bill of exchange for five hundred crowns, addressed to Ricciardo del Bene. The wretch was greatly ashamed, and would have detained me in a manner by force, but I laughed at him and went away in the company of a painter who happened to be then present. His name was Sguazzela, and he was a Florentine likewise. I went to lodge and board at his house, having with me three horses and three servants. I met with the best of treatment there, and paid accordingly. I afterwards solicited an interview

with the king, to whom I was introduced by Signor Giuliano Buonaccorsi his treasurer. I was in no haste on the occasion, as I did not know that Rosso had exerted himself to the utmost to prevent my speaking to his majesty. As soon as Signor Giuliano perceived this, he carried me with him to Fontainebleau, and introduced me into the presence of the monarch, of whom I had a most favourable audience a whole hour. The king was preparing for a journey to Lyons, which made him desire Signor Giuliano to take me with him, adding, that they should discourse by the way of some fine works which his majesty intended to have executed. So I travelled in the retinue of the court, and cultivated the friendship of the Cardinal of Ferrara, who had not as yet received the scarlet hat. I had every evening a long conversation with this great personage, who told me that I should stay at Lyons at an abbey of his, and there enjoy myself till the king returned from the campaign; adding, that he himself was going to Grenoble, and that I should find all proper accommodation at his abbey at Lyons. Upon our arrival at that city I was taken ill, and Ascanio found himself attacked by a quartan ague, so that I was quite disgusted with the French court, and began to be in the utmost impatience to return again to Rome. The cardinal, seeing me resolved to go back, gave me a sum of money to make him a bason and cup of silver. Things being thus settled, my young man and I set out for Rome, extremely well mounted. As we crossed the mountains of Sampione, I happened to fall into the company of some Frenchmen, with whom we travelled part of the way; Ascanio had his quartan ague and I a slow fever, which I thought would never leave me. My stomach was so much out of order that for four months I hardly ate a roll a week,

and was very eager to get to Italy, choosing rather to die in my own country than in France. When we had passed the mountains of Sampione above-mentioned, we came to a river hard by a place called Isdevedro. This river was very broad and deep, and had a long narrow bridge over it without any rails. There had fallen a considerable dew in the morning, so that when I came to the bridge, which was some time before the rest, I perceived it to be very dangerous; I therefore ordered my young men to dismount, and lead their horses. Thus I safely got over, and rode on talking to one of the Frenchmen, who was a person of condition; the other, who was a scrivener, staid behind us, and laughed at the French gentleman and me, for being so much afraid about nothing, as to take the trouble of walking. I turned about, and seeing him at the middle of the bridge, begged of him to come on cautiously, as the place was exceedingly dangerous; the other, keeping up to the national character of his country, told me in French, that I was a dastardly man, there being no danger at all. Whilst he uttered these words, he spurred his horse a little, which instantly stumbling fell by the side of a great stone; but as God is often merciful to fools, the beast of a rider happened to light with the dumb animal upon a great hole, where both man and horse tumbled in. As soon as I perceived this, I began to run as fast as I could, and with great difficulty got upon the stone; from this I hung suspended, and catching at a border of the scrivener's cloak, pulled him up by it, whilst the water still ran from his nostrils; for he had swallowed down a great quantity of it, and narrowly escaped being drowned: seeing him at last out of danger, I congratulated him on his escape, and expressed my joy at having saved his life. He answered in

French, that I had done nothing at all, and the point of most importance was his having lost a bundle of papers, to the value of many a score of crowns; and this he seemed to say in anger, being still wet, and his cloaths all dripping with water. I turned about to our guides, and desired them to help the fool, telling them I would pay them for their trouble. One of the men exerted himself to the utmost, and fished up his papers, so that the scrivener lost nothing. The other would put himself to no trouble to assist him or save his bundle, and therefore deserved no recompense. When we were arrived at the place above-mentioned, we had made up a purse amongst us, which was to be at my disposal. After dinner I gave several pieces out of the common purse to the guide that had helped the scrivener; the latter said that I might be liberal of my own, for he did not intend to give the man any thing more than was in our agreement for conducting us: this mean behaviour provoked me to give the sordid wretch much opprobrious language. The other guide, who had taken no trouble, came up, and insisted on sharing the reward: when I told him, that he who had borne the cross, deserved the recompense; he answered, that he would show me a cross at which I should bewail my folly. I told him that I would light a candle at that cross, by means of which I hoped that he should be the first who would have cause to weep. As we were then upon the confines of the Venetian and German territories, the fellow ran to alarm the neighbourhood, and returned with a hunting pole in his hand, followed by a crowd. I being still on horseback, cocked my piece, and turning about to my fellow-travellers, said: "I will begin with shooting that man, and do you endeavour to do your duty; these fellows are cut-throats and common assassins, who

catch at this opportunity to murder and rob us." The innkeeper, at whose house we had dined, then called to one of the ringleaders of the band of ruffians, who was a man advanced in years, and begged he would endeavour to prevent the mischief likely to ensue; telling him, that they had a young man of great spirit to deal with; that even if they were to cut me to pieces, I should be sure to kill a number of them; and that after all I might very probably escape out of their hands, and even kill the guide. Thereupon the old ruffian said to me: "Go your ways; you would have enough to do to cope with us, even if you had a hundred men to back you." I, who was aware that he spoke the truth, and finding resolution in despair, had determined to sell my life as dear as I could, shook my head, and answered: "I should have done my best, and endeavoured to show myself a man." We continued our journey, and as soon as we put up in the evening, we settled accounts with regard to our common purse: I separated from the sordid scrivener with the utmost contempt; whilst I had an equal esteem for the other Frenchman, who was in every respect a gentleman. Soon after, I arrived at Ferrara, accompanied only by my two fellow travellers on horseback.

I had no sooner dismounted, than I went to pay my respects to the duke, that I might set out next morning for our Lady of Loretto. I had waited till it was dark; at last the duke made his appearance: I kissed his hand, and he received me with all possible demonstrations of kindness, desiring me to stop to supper. I answered him in the politest manner: "Most excellent sir, for these four months past I have eaten so little, that it is almost a wonder I should be alive; as I am therefore sensible that I can eat nothing that is served up to

your table, I will pass away the time you are at supper in chat, which will prove more agreeable to us both, than if I were to sup with your excellency." Thus we entered into a conversation which lasted till late at night. I then took my leave, and upon returning to my inn, found grand preparations made there; for the duke had sent me the remains of his supper, with plenty of excellent wine; so, as I had passed my usual time of supper by two hours, I sat down to table with a most voracious appetite, and this was the first time I had been able to eat heartily during the course of four months.

Having set out in the morning, I repaired to our Lady of Loretto, and after paying my devotions at that place, I continued my journey to Rome; where I found my faithful friend Felice, to whom I resigned my shop with all my furniture and ornaments, and opened another, next door to Sugarello the perfumer, which was much more spacious and handsome than that which I had quitted. I took it for granted, that the great French monarch would forget me, and therefore I engaged in several jobs for noblemen; amongst others I began the cup and bason that I had promised to make for the Cardinal of Ferrara. I had a number of hands at work, and several things to be done both in gold and silver. I had made an agreement with my Perugian journeyman, who had kept an exact account of all the money that had been laid out for him in clothes and other articles, (which with his travelling expenses amounted to about seventy crowns,) that three crowns a month should be set aside to clear them off, as he earned above eight crowns a month in my service. In about two months the rogue left my shop, whilst I had a great deal of business upon my hands, declaring that I should have no

farther satisfaction. I was advised to have recourse to the law for redress; for I had formed a resolution to cut off one of his arms, and should certainly have done it, if my friends had not remonstrated to me, that I should take care how I attempted any such thing, as it might be the cause not only of my losing the money entirely, but even of my being banished a second time from Rome, since it was impossible to tell how far my violence might extend: they added, that it was in my power to get him arrested directly, by virtue of the bill in his own hand writing, which I had in my possession. This advice I determined to follow, but chose to behave as dispassionately in the affair as I could. I commenced a suit with him before the auditor of the chamber, and having succeeded in it, I threw him into prison in consequence of a decree of the court, after the cause had been several months depending. My shop was at this time full of works of great importance, and amongst others, were the ornaments in gold and jewels of the wife of Signor Girolauno Orsino, father to Signor Paolo, now son-in-law to our Duke Cosmo. These pieces I had brought pretty near a conclusion, and others of still greater importance offered every day. I had twelve hands in all, and worked day and night myself, excited by the desire of reputation and profit.

Whilst I was thus assiduous in going on with my business, I received a letter from the Cardinal of Ferrara, the purport of which was as follows:—

“My dear friend Benvenuto,—A few days ago his Most Christian Majesty mentioned your name, and said he would be glad to have you in his service; I told him that you had made me a promise, that whenever I should send for you upon his majesty’s account, you would come directly. His majesty replied: ‘I desire he may be supplied with money,

to enable him to perform the journey in a manner becoming so eminent an artist.' Upon saying this, he instantly spoke to his admiral to order me to be paid a thousand gold crowns out of the treasury. Cardinal Gaddi happened to be present at this conversation, who thereupon interposing told his majesty, that it was unnecessary for him to give such an order, as he had himself remitted to you a proper supply of money, and you were already upon the road. Now if this should not be the case, if you have neither received the money, nor are set out upon the journey, nor have heard any thing of the matter, but it should be a mere finesse of the cardinal, to show that he patronises men of genius favoured by the king, or to make an ostentatious parade of having befriended you, as I am inclined to think it is nothing more; immediately upon receiving this letter, which contains the real truth, send me your answer. In consequence thereof I will, at my next interview with the great monarch, contrive in the presence of the crafty cardinal to make the conversation turn upon you, and I will tell him that you never received any of the money which Cardinal Gaddi pretends to have remitted to you, nor ever set out upon the journey, but are still at Rome. And I intend to make it evident that Cardinal Gaddi said this merely through vanity; and shall contrive matters so, that his majesty shall again speak to his admiral to order the charges of your journey to be defrayed by the treasury: thus you may depend upon receiving the supply promised you by this munificent prince."

Let the whole world learn from hence the great power and influence of malignant stars and adverse fortune over us poor mortals. I had never spoken twice in my days to this foolish little Cardinal Gaddi; and he did not play me this trick with any view to

hurt or injure me, but merely through folly and senseless ostentation, that he might be thought to patronise men of genius whom the king was desirous to have in his service and to concern himself in their affairs in the same manner as the Cardinal of Ferrara. He was guilty of another folly in not apprizing me of it afterwards; for rather than expose him to shame, I should for the sake of my country have thought of some excuse to palliate the absurdity of his conduct. I had no sooner received the letter from the Cardinal of Ferrara, but I wrote him back word, "that I had heard nothing at all from Cardinal Gaddi, and that even if he had made me any proposal, I should never have quitted Italy without the knowledge of my friend the Cardinal of Ferrara, especially as I then had in Rome more business than I ever had before; but that at the first intimation of his Most Christian Majesty's pleasure, signified to me by so great a personage as his reverence, I should instantly lay aside all other business, and set out for France."

When I had sent my letters, my treacherous Perugian journeyman thought of playing me a trick, in which he was but too successful, through the avarice of Pope Paul Farnese, and still more that of his bastard son, who then had the title of Duke of Castro. This journeyman gave one of the secretaries of Signor Pier-Luigi to understand, that having worked in my shop several years, he had discovered that I was not worth less than eight millions of ducats; that the greatest part of this wealth consisted in jewels which belonged to the church; that they were part of the booty I had possessed myself of in the castle of St Angelo, at the time of the sacking of Rome; and that there was no time to lose, but that I ought without delay to be taken up and examined. I had one morning

worked above three hours at the jewels of the above-mentioned married lady, and whilst my shop was opening, and my servants were sweeping it, I put on my cloak in order to take a turn or two : bending my course through the Julian street, I entered the quarter called Chiavica, where Crispino, captain of the city guard, met me with his whole band of followers, and told me roughly, I was the Pope's prisoner. I answered him: "Crispino, you mistake your man." "By no means," said Crispino; "you are the ingenious artist Benvenuto; I know you very well, and have orders to conduct you to the castle of St. Angelo, where noblemen and men of genius like yourself are confined." As four of his myrmidons were going to fall upon me, and deprive me forcibly of a dagger which I had by my side, and of the rings on my fingers, Crispino ordered them not to offer to touch me; "It was sufficient," he said, "for them to do their office, and prevent me from making my escape." Then coming up to me, he very politely demanded my arms. Whilst I was giving them up, I recollected that it was in that very place I had formerly killed Pompeo. From thence they conducted me to the castle, and locked me up in one of the upper apartments of the tower. This was the first time I ever knew the inside of a prison; and I was then in my thirty-seventh year.

CHAPTER X.

Pier-Luigi, the Pope's bastard son, in hopes of getting the treasure mentioned in the last chapter from the Author, persuades his father to proceed against him with great severity.—Cellini undergoes an examination before the governor of Rome, and other magistrates.—His famous speech in vindication of his innocence.—Pier-Luigi does his utmost to ruin him, whilst the French King interposes in his behalf.—Kind behaviour of the governor of the castle to him.—Story of the friar Pallavicini.—The Author prepares to make his escape, with the assistance of his boy Ascanio.—The Pope is offended at the French King's interposition, and resolves to keep the Author in perpetual confinement.

PIER-LUIGI, the Pope's bastard son, having maturely reflected on the great sum of money which I was charged with having in possession, immediately applied to his father to make that money over to him: the Pope readily granted his request, at the same time adding, that he would assist him in the recovery of it. After I had been detained prisoner a whole week, they appointed commissioners to examine me, in order to bring the affair to some issue. I was thereupon sent for into a large handsome hall in the castle, where the examiners were assembled; these were, first, the governor of Rome, Signor Benedetto Conversini, a native of Pistoia, who was afterwards bishop of Jesi; the second, the procurator of the exchequer, whose name I cannot now recollect; the third, the judge of criminal causes, named Signor Benedetto da Galli. They began first to examine me with tenderness and humanity, but afterwards broke out into the roughest and most menacing terms imaginable, occasioned,

as I apprehend, by this speech of mine. "Gentlemen, you have, for above an hour, been questioning me about an idle story, and such nonsense, that it may be justly said of you, that you are trifling, and there is neither head nor tail in what you say; so I beg it of you as a favour, that you would tell me your meaning, and let me hear something like sense and reason from you, and not idle stories and fabulous inventions." At these words the governor could no longer disguise his brutal nature, but said to me: "You speak with too much confidence, or rather with too much insolence; however, I will humble your pride, and make you as tame as a spaniel, by what I am going to tell you, which you will find to be neither an idle story nor nonsense, but such conclusive reasoning that you will be obliged to submit to it." So he began to deliver himself as follows:—

"We know, with certainty, that you were in Rome at the time of the sacking of this unfortunate city; and in this very castle of St Angelo, where you performed the office of gunner: as you are by trade a goldsmith and jeweller, Pope Clement, having a particular knowledge of you, and incapable of meeting with others of the business, employed you secretly to unloose all the precious stones in his crowns, mitres, and rings; and putting an entire confidence in you, desired you to sew them up in your clothes: you availed yourself of that confidence to appropriate to your own use to the value of eighty thousand crowns, unknown to his holiness: this information we had from a journeyman of yours, to whom you discovered the whole affair, and boasted of the fraud. We now therefore enjoin and command you to find these jewels, or the value of them, after which we will discharge and set you at liberty."

I could not hear these words without bursting out into a loud laugh; when I had sufficiently indulged my mirth, I delivered myself thus: "I return my hearty thanks to the Supreme Creator, that this first time it has pleased his Divine Majesty I should be a prisoner, I have the happiness not to be confined for any criminal excess of passion, as generally happens to young men. If what you say were true, I am in no danger of suffering corporal punishment, as the laws at that time had lost all their force and authority; for I might excuse myself by affirming that, as a servant to his holiness, I had kept that treasure as a deposit for the apostolical see, with an intention to put it into the hands of some good Pope, or of those that should claim it of me, as you do now, if the fact were as you represent it." The tyrannical governor would not suffer me to proceed any farther, but interrupting me at these words, cried out in a fury: "Give what gloss you please to the affair, Benvenuto, it is enough for us that we have discovered the person who possessed himself of the treasure; be as expeditious therefore as possible, otherwise we shall take other methods with you, and not stop at words." As they were then preparing to depart, I said to them; "Gentlemen, you have not finished my examination; hear me out, and then do as you please." They seated themselves again, though they appeared to be in a great passion, and unwilling to hear any thing I could say for myself; nay, they seemed to be in a manner satisfied with the inquiry, and to think that they had discovered all they wanted to know: I therefore addressed them in the following terms: "You are to know, gentlemen, that I have lived in Rome nearly twenty years, and I was never before imprisoned either here or any where else." At these words, the brute of a governor interrupted me, and

said—"Yet you have killed men enough in your time." I replied—"This is your bare assertion, unsupported by any acknowledgment of mine; but if a person were to endeavour to deprive you of life, no doubt you would defend yourself in the best manner you could; and if you were to kill him, you would be fully justified in the eye of the law: so let me conclude my defence, as you propose to lay it before his holiness, and profess that you mean to pass a just judgment.

"I must repeat it to you, gentlemen, that I have been nearly twenty years an inhabitant of this great metropolis, and have been often employed in works of the greatest importance: I am sensible that this is the seat of Christ; and I should, in case any temporal prince had made a wicked attempt against me, immediately have had recourse to this holy tribunal, and to God's viceregent, to prevail on him to espouse my cause. But alas! what power shall I have recourse to in my present distress? To what prince shall I fly, to defend me from so wicked an attempt? Should not you, before you ordered me to be arrested, inquire where I had deposited the eighty thousand crowns in question? Should not you likewise have examined the list of those jewels, as they were carefully numbered in the apostolical chamber five hundred years ago? In case you had found any thing wanting, you should have taken my books and myself, and confronted them with the jewels. I must inform you, that the books, in which the Pope's jewels, and those of the triple crown have been registered, are all extant; and you will find that Pope Clement was possessed of nothing but what was committed to writing with the utmost care and exactness. All I have to add is, that when the unfortunate Pope Clement was for making an accommodation with the imperial freebooters who

had plundered Rome and insulted the church, there came a person to negotiate the accommodation, whose name was Caesar Iscatinaro, if my memory does not fail me; who having as good as concluded the treaty with that injured pontiff, the latter, in order to compliment the negotiator, let a ring drop from his finger, worth about four thousand crowns; and upon Iscatinaro's stooping to take it up, his holiness desired him to wear it for his sake. I was present when all this happened, and if the diamond be missing, I have told you what became of it; but I am almost positive that you will find even this registered. You may therefore well be ashamed of having thus attacked a man of my character, who has been employed in so many affairs of importance for the apostolical see. I must acquaint you, that had it not been for me, the morning that the imperialists scaled the walls of Rome, they would have entered the castle without meeting with any opposition; I, though unrewarded for my services, exerted myself vigorously in managing the artillery, when all the soldiers had forsaken their posts. I likewise animated to the fight a companion of mine, named Raphael da Montelupo, a statuary, who had quitted his post like the rest, and hidden himself in a corner quite frightened and dismayed; when I saw him entirely neglect the defence of the castle, I roused his courage, and he and I, unassisted, slaughtered such numbers of our foes, that the soldiers turned their force another way. I was the man that fired at Iscatinaro, upon seeing him speak disrespectfully to Pope Clement, and behave insolently to his holiness, like a Lutheran and an impious heretic as he was. Pope Clement, notwithstanding, caused the person who had performed that glorious action to be sought all over the castle, in order to have him hanged. I was the man that

shot the Prince of Orange through the head, under the ramparts of this castle. I have moreover made, for the use of the holy church, a vast number of ornaments of silver, gold, and precious stones; as likewise many medals, and the finest and most valuable coins. Is this then the priestlike return which is made to a man that has served you with so much diligence and zeal? Go now and repeat to the Pope all I have said; assuring him, that he has all his jewels, and that I got nothing else in the church's service at the melancholy sack of this city, but wounds and bruises; and reckoned upon nothing but an inconsiderable recompense which Pope Paul had promised me. Now I know what to think of his holiness, and of you, his ministers."

Whilst I uttered these words they stood astonished, and, looking attentively at each other, departed with gestures that testified wonder and surprise. They then went all three together, to inform the Pope what I had said; the latter, in some confusion, gave orders that a diligent and accurate inquiry should be made into the account of all the jewels; and upon finding that none of them were missing, they left me in the castle, without taking any farther notice of me. Signor Pier-Luigi, however, went so far as to endeavour to destroy me, in order to conceal his own misconduct in the affair.

During this time of agitation and trouble, King Francis had heard a circumstantial account of the Pope's keeping me in confinement so unjustly: and as a nobleman belonging to his court, named Monsieur de Montluc, had been sent ambassador to his holiness, he wrote to him to apply for my enlargement, as a person that belonged to his majesty. The Pope, though a man of sense and extraordinary abilities, behaved in this affair of mine like a person of as little virtue as undé standing; the

answer he returned the ambassador was—that the king, his master, need not give himself any concern about me, as I was a very turbulent, troublesome man; therefore he advised his majesty to leave me where I was, because he kept me in prison for committing murder and other atrocious crimes. The King of France made answer, that “Justice was strictly observed in his dominions; and that as he rewarded and favoured good men, so he punished and discountenanced the bad:” adding, that “as his holiness had suffered me to leave Italy, and had been no longer solicitous about my services, he, upon seeing me in his dominions, had gladly taken me under his patronage, and now claimed me as his subject.” Though these were the greatest honours and favours that could possibly be conferred upon a man in my station of life, they were highly prejudicial and dangerous to my cause. The Pope was so tormented with jealous fear lest I should go to France, and discover his base treatment of me, that he was constantly watching for an opportunity to get me dispatched without hurting his own reputation. The constable of the castle of St. Angelo was a countryman of mine, a Florentine, named Signor Georgio Ugolini. This worthy gentleman behaved to me with the greatest politeness, permitting me to walk freely about the castle, on my parole of honour, and for no other reason but because he saw the severity and injustice of my treatment: upon my offering to give him security for this indulgence, he declined taking it, though he knew the Pope to be greatly exasperated against me, merely because he heard every body speak of me as a man of truth and integrity. Thus I gave him my word and honour; and he even put me into a way of working a little at my business. As I took it for granted that the Pope’s anger would soon subside,

on account not only of my innocence, but of the King of France's intercession, I caused my shop to be kept open, and my young man Ascanio came to and fro to the castle, bringing me some things to employ me, though I could do very little whilst so unjustly confined; however, I made a virtue of necessity, and bore my hard fortune in the best way I could, having won the hearts of all the guards and soldiers belonging to the garrison. As the Pope sometimes came to sup at the castle, whenever this happened it was not guarded, but the doors were left open like those of any other palace. On such occasions the prisoners were put under closer confinement; but this general rule was not observed with respect to me, for I was always at liberty to walk about the courts: under these circumstances, I was frequently advised by the soldiers to make my escape; who moreover declared, that they would assist me in the recovery of my liberty, being sensible how unjustly I was treated. The answer I made them was, that "I had given my word and honour to the constable of the castle, who was one of the most worthy men breathing, and had conferred great favours on me."

Amongst the soldiers who advised me to make my escape, there was one a man of great wit and courage, who reasoned with me thus: "My good friend Benvenuto, you should consider, that a man who is a prisoner neither is nor can be bound to keep his word, nor to any thing else: take my advice, and fly from this villain of ———, and from his bastard son, who have sworn your destruction." I, being determined rather to lose my life than break the promise I had made to the worthy constable, bore my hard lot in the best way I could; and had for my companion of confinement, a monk of the Pallavicini family, who was a celebrated preacher.

He was confined for heresy, and had a great deal of wit and humour in conversation, but was one of the most profligate fellows in the world, contaminating himself with all sorts of vices ; I admired his shining qualities, but his odious vices I freely censured and held in abhorrence. This monk was constantly preaching to me, that I was under no obligation to keep the word I had given to the constable of the castle, because I was a prisoner : I made answer, that he spoke like a monk, but not like a man : for he that is a man, and not a monk, thinks himself obliged to keep his word upon all occasions, and in whatever circumstances he happens to be situated : therefore, as I was a man, and not a monk, I was resolved never to violate my plighted faith. The monk, perceiving that he could not corrupt me, by all the subtle and sophistical arguments which he urged with so much force, had recourse to other means to seduce my virtue. For several days after, he read to me the sermons of the monk Jeronimo Savonarola, and made so admirable a comment upon them, that I was more delighted with it than even with the discourses themselves, though they had given me such high satisfaction ; in fine, I had conceived so high an opinion of him, that I would have done any thing else at his recommendation, except break my word. The monk, seeing me astonished at his great talents, thought of another expedient ; so he asked me what method I should have recourse to, if they made me a close prisoner, in order to effect my escape. Desirous of giving the ingenious monk some proof of my own acuteness, I told him that I could open any lock, even the most difficult, especially those of that prison, which I should make no more of forcing than of eating a bit of cheese. The monk, in order to make me discover my secret, began to run

me down, observing, that men who have acquired reputation by their talents made many boasts, and that if they were afterwards called upon to carry their boastings into execution, they would soon forfeit all the reputation they had acquired : adding, that what I had said seemed so far to pass all the bounds of probability, that he apprehended, were I to be put to the trial, I should come off with but little honour.

Finding myself pushed hard by this devil of a monk, I told him that I generally promised much less than I was able to perform, and that what I had said concerning the locks was a mere trifle ; for I would soon convince him that I had said nothing but the truth ; in a word, I inconsiderately discovered to him my whole secret. The monk, affecting to take little or no notice of what he saw, immediately learned the mystery. The worthy constable continued to allow me to walk up and down the castle as I thought proper, and did not even order me to be locked up at night like the rest of the prisoners ; at the same time he suffered me to work as much as I pleased in gold, silver, and wax. I had been employed some weeks on a basin for the Cardinal of Ferrara ; but being weary of my confinement, I grew tired also of large works, and only amused myself with now and then making little figures of wax. The monk stole a piece of this wax, and by means thereof put in practice all I had inconsiderately taught him with regard to counterfeiting the keys of the prison. He had taken for his associate and assistant a clerk named Lewis, who was a native of Padua ; upon their attempting to counterfeit these keys, the smith discovered them ; as the constable sometimes came to see me at my apartment, and saw me working in this wax, he

immediately knew it, and said—"That poor unfortunate Benvenuto has indeed been very hardly used; he should not, however, have concerned himself in such tricks, since I have done so much to oblige him; for the future I will keep him a close prisoner, and show him no indulgence." So he ordered me to be closely confined, and with some circumstances of severity, which I suffered from the reproaches and opprobrious language of his servants, who had been my well wishers, but now upbraided me with the obligations their master had laid me under; calling me an ungrateful and faithless man. As one of them was more bitter and abusive on the occasion than was consistent with decency, I, being conscious of my own innocence, answered boldly that I had never acted the part of a traitor or a faithless man; that I would assert my innocence at the hazard of my life; and that if either he, or any other, ever again offered to give me any such abusive language, I should without hesitation give him the lie. Not being able to bear this affront, he ran to the constable's apartment, and brought me the wax, with the model of the key. As soon as I saw the wax, I told him that both he and I were in the right; but begged to speak with the constable, that I might let him into the whole affair, which was of much greater importance than they imagined. The constable soon after sent for me, and I told him all that had passed; he thereupon put the monk into close confinement; and the latter informed against the clerk, who was near being hanged for it. The constable, however, hushed up the affair, which was already come to the ears of the Pope, saved the clerk from the gallows, and restored to me the same liberty as I had enjoyed before.

When I found I had been treated with so much

rigour in this affair, I began to think seriously, and said within myself—"If this man should again happen to take such a freak, and not choose to trust me any longer, I should not care to be beholden to him, but should make a trial of my own skill, which I doubt not would have a very different success from that of the monk." I got my servants to bring me new thick sheets, and did not send back the dirty ones; upon their asking me for them, I answered, that I had given them away to some of the poor soldiers; adding, that if it should come to be discovered, they would be in danger of being sent to the galleys; thus my journeymen and servants, Felice in particular, took the utmost care to keep the thing secret. I pulled all the straw out of the tick of my bed, and burned it, for I had a chimney in the room where I lay. I then cut those sheets into a number of slips, each about one third of a cubit in length; and when I thought I had made a sufficient quantity to reach from the top to the bottom of the lofty tower of the castle of St. Angelo, I told my servants that I had given away as much of my linen as I thought proper, and desired they would take care to bring me clean sheets, adding, that I would constantly return them the dirty ones. These orders my journeymen and servants quickly forgot. The cardinals Santiquattro and Cornaro caused my shop to be shut up, telling me in plain terms, that his holiness would not hear of my enlargement; and that the great favour shown me by the King of France had rather been of prejudice than any benefit to me: they added, that the last words which Monsieur de Montluc had spoken to the Pope, by the direction of the king, were, that his holiness should get the cause tried by the ordinary judges of the court, and that if I had any

way transgressed, I should suffer the punishment ordained by the law; but in case I were innocent, it was but just they should discharge me. These words had provoked the Pope to such a degree, that he had almost formed a resolution to detain me prisoner the rest of my days. It must be acknowledged that the constable of the castle, on this occasion, espoused my cause to the utmost of his power.

CHAPTER XI.

Quarrel between the Author and Ascanio.—Strange disorder of the constable of the castle, which causes an alteration in his behaviour to Cellini.—The latter is confined more closely than ever, and treated with great severity.—His wonderful escape out of the castle.—He is recognised, and concealed for a time at Cardinal Cornaro's palace.

My enemies, when they saw that my shop was shut up, took every opportunity to insult and revile my servants and friends, who visited me in my confinement. It happened that Ascanio, who came twice every day to see me, begged that I would get a little waistcoat made for him of a blue satin waistcoat of mine, which I had worn but once, when I walked in procession with it. I told him that it was no time or place for such finery. The lad was so affronted at my refusing him a rag of a waistcoat, that he declared he would go home to his father's at Tagliacozzo. I answered with indignation, that I should be glad if I were never to see his face more; and he swore in a most furious passion, that he would never again appear in my presence. Whilst this altercation passed between us, we were walking round the battlements of the castle; and as the constable himself happened to be taking a turn at the same time, we met him just as Ascanio said to me—"I am going to leave you, farewell for ever." To this I answered—"For ever let it be! And to make it more certain, I shall speak to the guards not to let you pass for the future." So, turning to the constable, I earnestly intreated him to command the sentinels never to suffer Ascanio to pass,

telling him at the same time, that the good-for-nothing fellow came only to increase my sufferings; and therefore I begged it as a favour, that he might no longer have any admittance. The constable was sorry for what had happened, as he knew the lad to be possessed of uncommon genius, and as his beauty was so great, that those who had seen him but once could not help conceiving an affection for him. The young man left the place weeping, and had with him a little scimitar, which he sometimes wore concealed under his clothes: as he was coming out of the castle, with his face bedewed with tears, he happened to meet two of my most inveterate enemies, Jeronimo the Perugian, and Michele, both goldsmiths. This Michele, who was a friend to that rogue of a Perugian, and an enemy to Ascanio, said to the latter—"What can this mean? Ascanio weeping! Is your father dead—I mean your father at the castle?" "He is living," answered Ascanio, "but you are a dead man." Thereupon raising his arm, he with his scimitar gave him two wounds, both on the head; with the first he brought him to the ground, and with the second he cut off the fingers of his right hand, at the same time wounding him on the head; so that he lay motionless, like one deprived of life. The Pope, having received information of what had happened, said with great indignation—"Since it is the king's pleasure that Benvenuto be brought to a trial, go, bid him prepare for his defence in three days' time." The proper officers came to me from his holiness, and delivered themselves according to his directions. The worthy constable upon this repaired to the Pope, and made him sensible that I had nothing at all to say to the affair, and that I had turned off the youth who had committed the rash action; in short, he defended my cause so well, that he prevented my

falling a victim to the pontiff's resentment. Ascanio fled to Tagliacozzo, to his father's house, and wrote to me from thence to beg my pardon a thousand times, and acknowledge his fault in having added to my sufferings by his misbehaviour; he concluded by assuring me, that if God should ever be so merciful as to deliver me from my confinement, he would never again forsake me. In answer I desired he would endeavour to improve in his business, telling him that if the Almighty restored my liberty, I should be sure to send for him.

The constable of the castle had annually a certain periodical disorder, which totally deprived him of his senses; and when the fit came upon him, he was talkative to excess; every year he had some different whim; one time he conceited himself metamorphosed into a pitcher of oil; another time he thought himself a frog, and began to leap as such; another time again he imagined he was dead, and it was found necessary to humour his conceit by making a show of burying him: thus had he every year some new frenzy. This year he fancied himself a bat, and when he went to take a walk, he sometimes made just such a noise as bats do; he likewise used gestures with his hands and his body, as if he were going to fly. His physicians, who knew his disorder, and likewise his old servants, procured him all the pleasures and amusements they could think of; and as they found he delighted greatly in my conversation, they frequently came to me to conduct me to his apartment, where the poor man often detained me three or four hours chatting with him. He sometimes kept me at his table to dine or sup, and always made me sit opposite to him; on which occasion he never ceased to talk himself, or to encourage me to join in conversation: at these interviews I generally took care to eat

heartily; but the poor constable neither ate nor slept, inasmuch that I was tired and jaded by constant attendance; upon examining his countenance, I could perceive that his eyes looked quite shockingly, and that he began to squint. He asked me whether I had ever had a fancy to fly; I answered, that I had always been readiest to attempt such things as men found most difficult; and that with regard to flying, as God had given me a body admirably well calculated for running, I had even resolution enough to attempt to fly. He then proposed to me to explain how I could contrive it: I replied, that when I attentively considered the several creatures that fly, and thought of effecting by art what they do by the force of nature, I did not find one so fit to imitate as the bat. As soon as the poor man heard mention made of a bat, his frenzy for the year turning upon that animal, he cried out aloud: "It is very true, a bat is the thing." He then addressed himself to me and said—"Benvenuto, if you had the opportunity, would you have the heart to make an attempt to fly?" I answered, "that if he would give me leave, I had courage enough to attempt to fly as far as Prati by means of a pair of wings waxed over." He said thereupon—"I should like to see you fly; but as the Pope has enjoined me to watch over you with the utmost care, and I know that you have the cunning of the devil, and would avail yourself of the opportunity to make your escape, I am resolved to keep you locked up with a hundred keys, that you may not slip out of my hands." I then began to solicit him with new intreaties, putting him in mind that I had had it in my power to make my escape; but through regard to the promise I had made him, would never avail myself of the opportunity; I therefore beseeched him, for the love of God, and as he had conferred so

many obligations on me, that he would not make my condition worse than it was. Whilst I uttered these words, he gave instant orders that I should be tied, and confined a closer prisoner than ever. When I saw that it was to no purpose to entreat him any farther, I said before all present—"Confine me as close as you please, I will contrive to make my escape notwithstanding." So they carried me off, and locked me up with the utmost care.

I then began to deliberate upon the method I should pursue to make my escape: as soon as I saw myself locked in, I set about examining the place in which I was confined; and thinking I had discovered a sure way to get out, I revolved in my mind in what manner I could descend the height of the great tower. Having first of all formed a conjecture of the degree of line sufficient for me to descend by, I took a new pair of sheets which I had cut into slips and sewed fast together. The next thing I wanted was a pair of pincers, which I took from a Savoyard who was upon guard at the castle. This man had the care of the casks and the cisterns belonging to the castle, and likewise worked as a carpenter; and as he had several pair of pincers, and one amongst others which was thick and large, thinking it would suit my purpose, I took and hid it in the tick of my bed. The time being come that I intended to make use of it, I began with it to pull at the nails which fastened the plates of iron fixed upon the door; and as the door was double, the clenching of those nails could not be perceived. I exerted my utmost efforts to draw out one of them, and at last with great difficulty succeeded. As soon as I had drawn the nail, I was again obliged to torture my invention in order to devise some expedient to prevent its being perceived: I immediately thought of mixing a little of the filings of the rusty

iron with wax; and as this mixture was exactly of the colour of the heads of the nails which I had drawn, I with it counterfeited their resemblance on the iron plates, and as many as I drew I imitated in wax. I left each of the plates fastened both at top and bottom, and refixed them with some of the nails that I had drawn; but the nails were cut, and I drove them in slightly, so that they just served to hold the plates. I found it a very difficult matter to effect all this, because the constable dreamed every night that I had made my escape, and therefore used to send frequently to have the prison searched; the person employed on this occasion had the appearance and behaviour of one of the city-guards. The name of this fellow was Bozza, and he constantly brought with him another, named John Pedignone; the latter was a soldier, the former a servant. This John never came to the room where I was confined without giving me abusive language. The other was from Prato, where he had lived with an apothecary; he every evening examined the plates of iron above-mentioned, as well as the whole prison. I constantly said to him: "Examine me well, for I am positively determined to make my escape." These words occasioned a bitter enmity between him and me; so with the utmost care I deposited all my tools, that is to say my pincers, and a dagger of a tolerable length, with other things belonging to me, in the tick of my bed; and as soon as it was day-light, swept the room myself; for I naturally delighted in cleanliness, but on this occasion I took care to be particularly neat. As soon as I had swept the room, I made my bed with equal care, and adorned it with flowers which were every morning brought me by a Savoyard. This man, as I have observed before, took care of the cistern and the casks belonging to the castle, and sometimes amused himself with working in wood;

it was from him I stole the pincers with which I pulled out the nails that fastened the iron plates on the door. To return to my bed; whenever Bozza and Pedignone came, I generally bid them keep at a distance from it, that they might not dirty and spoil it; sometimes I would say to them (for they would now and then merely for diversion tumble my bed)—“You dirty dogs, I will draw one of your swords, and maul you at such a rate as you never were mauled before: do you think yourselves worthy to touch the bed of a man like me? Upon such an occasion I should not spare my own life, but am sure that I should be able to take away yours: so leave me to my own troubles and sorrows, and do not make my lot more bitter than it is; if you act otherwise, I will show you what a desperate man is capable of.” The men repeated what I said to the constable, who expressly commanded them never to go near my bed; ordering them at the same time when they came to me to have no swords, and to be particularly careful with respect to every other circumstance. Having thus secured my bed from their searches, I thought I had gained the main point, and was on that account highly rejoiced.

One holiday evening, the constable being very much disordered, and his madness risen to the highest pitch, he scarcely said any thing else but that he was become a bat, and desired his people, that if Benvenuto happened to make his escape, they should take no notice of it, for he must soon catch me; as he should, doubtless, be much better able to fly by night than I; adding, “Benvenuto is a counterfeit bat, and I am a bat in good earnest; let me alone to manage him; I shall be able to catch him, I warrant you.” His frenzy continuing thus in its utmost violence for several nights; he tired the patience of all his servants; and I by various

means came to the knowledge of all that passed, though I was indebted for my chief information to the Savoyard, who was very much attached to me. As I had formed a resolution to make my escape that night, let what would happen, I began with praying fervently to Almighty God, that it would please his Divine Majesty to befriend and assist me in that hazardous enterprize: I then went to work, and was employed the whole night in preparing whatever I had occasion for. Two hours before day-break I took the iron plates from the door with great trouble and difficulty, for the bolt and the wood that received it made a great resistance, so that I could not open them, but was obliged to cut the wood: I however at last forced the door; and having taken with me the above-mentioned slips of linen, which I had rolled up in bundles with the utmost care, I went out and got upon the right side of the tower; and having observed from within two tiles of the roof, I leaped upon them with the utmost ease. I was in a white doublet, and had on a pair of white spatterdashes, over which I wore a pair of little light boots that reached half-way up my legs, and in one of these I put my dagger. I then took the end of one of my bundles of long slips, which I had made out of the sheets of my bed, and fastened it to one of the tiles of the roof that happened to jet out four inches; the long string of slips was fastened to the tiles in the manner of a stirrup: when I had fixed it firmly, I addressed myself to the Deity in these terms: "Almighty God, favour my cause, for thou knowest it is a just one, and I am not on my part wanting in my utmost efforts to make it succeed." Then letting myself down gently, and the whole weight of my body being concentrated in my arm, I at last reached the ground. It was not a moon-light night, but the stars shone with a re-

splendent lustre. When I had touched the ground, I first contemplated the great height which I had descended with so much courage, and then walked away in high joy, thinking I had recovered my liberty: but I soon found myself mistaken; for the constable had caused two pretty high walls to be erected on that side, which made an inclosure for a stable and a yard to keep his poultry in: this place was shut with great bolts on the outside. When I saw myself immured in this inclosure, I felt the greatest anxiety imaginable. Whilst I was walking backwards and forwards, my foot happened to hit against a pole covered with straw; this I with much difficulty fixed against the wall, and by the strength of my arms climbed to the top of it; but as the wall was sharp, I could not get a sufficient hold to enable me to descend by the pole to the other side. I therefore resolved to have recourse to my other string of slips, for I had left one tied to the great tower: so I took the string, and having fastened it properly, I descended down the steep wall; this put me to a great deal of pains and trouble, and likewise tore the skin off the palms of my hands, insomuch that they were all over blood; for which reason I rested myself a little, and washed them in my own water. When I thought I had sufficiently recruited my strength, I came to the last wall, which looked towards the meadows; and having prepared my string of long slips, which I wanted to get about one of the niched battlements; in order to descend this as I had done the other higher wall, a sentinel perceived what I was about. Finding my design obstructed, and myself in danger of my life, I resolved to cope with the soldier, who, seeing me advance towards him resolutely with my drawn dagger in my hand, thought it most advisable to keep out of my way. After I had gone a little way from my

string, I instantly returned to it; and though I was seen by another of the soldiers upon guard, the man did not care to take any notice of me. So I fastened my string to the niched battlement, and began to let myself down: whether it was owing to my being near the ground, and preparing to give a leap, or whether my hands were quite tired, I do not know; but being unable to hold out any longer, I fell, and becoming quite insensible, continued in that state about an hour and a half, as nearly as I can guess: having afterwards for a while refreshed myself with sleep, and the day beginning to break, the cool breeze that precedes the rising of the sun brought me to myself; but I had not yet thoroughly recovered my senses, for I had conceived a strange notion, that I had been beheaded, and was then in purgatory.

I however by degrees recovered my strength and powers, and perceiving that I had got out of the castle, I soon recollected all that had befallen me. As I perceived that my senses had been affected, before I took notice that my leg was broke; I clapped my hands to my head, and found them all bloody: I afterwards searched my body all over, and thought I had received no hurt of any consequence; but upon attempting to rise from the ground, I found that my right leg was cut three inches deep, just above the heel, which threw me into a terrible consternation. I thereupon pulled my dagger out of the scabbard, which had a sharp point, for that occasioned the hurt to my leg; as the bone could not bend any way, it broke in that place; I therefore threw away the scabbard, and cutting the part of my string of slips that I still had left, I bandaged my leg the best I could; I then crept on upon all fours, towards the gate, with my dagger in my hand; and upon coming up to it, found it shut; but observing a stone under the gate, and thinking

that it did not stick very fast, I prepared to push it away; clapping my hands to it, I found that I could move it with ease; so I soon pulled it out, and effected my entrance. It was above five hundred paces from the place where I had had my fall, to the gate at which I entered the city. As soon as I got in, some mastiff dogs came up, and bit me severely; finding that they persisted to worry me, I took my dagger and gave one of them so severe a stab, that he set up a loud howling; whereupon all the dogs in the neighbourhood, as it is the nature of those animals, ran up to him; and I made all the haste I could to crawl towards the church of St. Mary Transpontina. When I was come to the entrance of the street that leads towards the castle of St. Angelo, from thence set out towards St. Peter's gate; but as it was then broad day-light, I reflected that I was in great danger; and happening to meet with a water-carrier that had loaded his ass, and filled his vessels with water, I called to him, and begged he would put me upon the beast's back, and carry me to the steps of St. Peter's church; I told him, that I was an unfortunate youth who had been concerned in a love intrigue, and had made an attempt to get out at a window, from which I fell and broke my leg; but as the house I came out of belonged to a person of the first rank, I should be in danger of being cut to pieces if I were discovered. I therefore earnestly intreated him to take me up, and offered to give him a gold crown; so saying, I clapped my hand to my purse, which was very well lined: the honest waterman instantly took me upon his ass, and carried me to the steps before St. Peter's church, where I desired him to leave me. I immediately set out, crawling in the same manner I had done before, in order to reach the palace of the duchess, consort to Duke Ottavio,

natural daughter to the emperor, who had been formerly married to Alexander, Duke of Florence; I knew that there were several of my friends with that princess who had attended her from Florence, as likewise that I had the happiness of being in her excellency's good graces. This last circumstance had been partly owing to the constable of the castle, who, having a desire to befriend me, told the Pope that when the duchess made her entry into Rome, I prevented a damage of above a thousand crowns that they were likely to suffer by a heavy rain; upon which occasion, when he was almost in despair, I had revived his drooping courage by pointing several pieces of artillery towards that tract of the heavens where the thickest clouds had gathered; so that when the shower began to fall, I fired my pieces, whereupon the clouds dispersed, and the sun again shone out in all its brightness; therefore it was entirely owing to me that the above day of rejoicing had been happily concluded. This coming to the ears of the duchess, her excellency said that Benvenuto was one of those men of genius who loved the memory of her husband Duke Alexander, and she should always remember such whenever an opportunity offered of doing them services: she had likewise spoken of me to Duke Ottavio Farnese her husband. I was therefore going directly to the place where her excellency resided, which was in Borgo Vecchio, at a magnificent palace. There I should have been perfectly secure from any danger of falling into the Pope's hands; but as the exploit I had already performed was too extraordinary for a human creature, and lest I should be puffed up with vain glory, God was pleased to put me to a still severer trial than that which I had already gone through. What gave occasion to this was, that whilst I was crawling along upon all fours, one of

the servants of Cardinal Cornaro knew me, and running immediately to his master's apartment, awakened him out of his sleep, saying to him—"Reverend sir, here is your jeweller Benvenuto, who has made his escape out of the castle, and is crawling along upon all fours, quite besmeared with blood: by what I can judge from appearances, he seems to have broken one of his legs, and we cannot guess where he is bending his course to." The cardinal, the moment he heard this, said to his servants—"Run, and bring him hither to my apartment upon your backs." When I came into his presence, the good cardinal bid me fear nothing, and immediately sent for some of the most eminent surgeons of Rome to take care of me; amongst these was Signor Jacomo of Perugia, an excellent practitioner. This last set the bone, then bandaged my leg, and bled me; as my veins were swelled more than usual, and he wanted to make a pretty wide incision, the blood gushed from me with such violence, and in so great a quantity, that it spurted into his face, and covered him in such a manner that he found it a very difficult matter to continue his operation. He looked upon this as very ominous, and was with difficulty prevailed upon to attend me afterwards; nay, he was several times for leaving me, recollecting that he had run a great hazard by having any thing to do with me. The cardinal then caused me to be put into a private apartment, and went directly to the Vatican, in order to intercede in my behalf with the Pope.

CHAPTER XII.

General surprise caused by the Author's escape.—Account of the escape of Pope Paul III. when he was a young man.—Pier-Luigi does his utmost to prevent his father from setting Cellini at liberty.—Cardinal Cornaro is excited by a motive of interest to deliver him up to the Pope.—He is a second time committed close prisoner to the castle of St Angelo, and treated with the utmost severity by the crazy constable.

A GREAT noise was at this time raised all over Rome; for the long string made of slips of sheets had already been seen fastened to the top of the lofty tower of the castle, and the inhabitants ran in crowds to behold the strange sight. In the mean time the frenzy of the constable had risen to its highest pitch; he wanted, in spite of all his servants, to fly from the same tower, in order to retake me, declaring that nobody was equal to the task but himself, and that he could succeed only by flying after me. Just then Signor Roberto Pucci, father to Signor Pandolfo, having heard the report, went in person to see whether it was as fame had spread it; he then repaired to the Vatican, where he happened to meet with Cardinal Cornaro, who told him all that had passed, that my wounds were dressed, and I was at his apartments. These two worthy men threw themselves upon their knees before the Pope, who, before they could begin their supplication, cried out, "I know what you want." Signor Roberto Pucci made answer—"Most holy father, we come to intercede for that poor man, who on account of his extraordinary abilities deserves some compassion; he has moreover displayed such courage, and exerted such extraordinary efforts

of genius, as seem to surpass human capacity. We know not for what offences your holiness has so long confined him; if his crimes however are enormous, convinced of your piety and wisdom, we have no objection to your inflicting upon him condign punishment; but if they are of a pardonable nature, we beg you would forgive him at our intercession." The Pope in some confusion made answer, "That he had detained me in prison by the advice of some persons at court, because I had been too presumptuous; that in consideration of my extraordinary talents, he had intended to keep me near his person, and to confer such favours upon me that I should have no occasion to return to France; however," added he, "bid him take care of his health, and when he is thoroughly recovered, it shall be my study to make him some amends for his past sufferings." The two great personages then came to me from the Pope, with this good news. Upon this occasion I was visited by the nobility of Rome, by young and old, and persons of all ranks. The constable of the castle, quite out of his senses, caused himself to be carried into his holiness's presence, and when he was come, began to make a terrible outcry, declaring that if the Pope did not send me back to prison, it would be doing him great injustice; he added, that I had made my escape in violation of my word, for that I had promised him upon my honour, that I would not fly, and had flown notwithstanding. The Pope answered him, laughing—"Go, go, I will by all means restore you your prisoner." The constable said to the Pope—"Send the governor then to examine him concerning the accomplices of his escape; if any of my people had a hand in it, I will have them hanged from the same niched battlement whence Benvenuto descended." As soon as the constable was gone, the

Pope sent for the governor of Rome and said to him, laughing—"This Benvenuto is a brave fellow; the exploit he has performed is very extraordinary; and yet, when I was a young man, I descended from the very same place." In this the Pope spoke the truth, for he had himself been a prisoner in the castle of St Angelo, for forging a papal brief, when he was abbreviator in the pontificate of Pope Alexander, who kept him a long time in confinement, and afterwards, as his offence was of a very heinous nature, formed a resolution to have him beheaded; but as he chose to defer the execution till after Corpus Christi day, Farnese, having discovered his design, got Peter Chiavilluzzi to come to him with some horsemen, and bribed several of the guards, so that whilst the Pope was walking in procession on that day, Farnese was put into a basket, and with a cord let down to the ground. The precincts of the castle wall had not yet been erected, but the tower only; so that he had not so many difficulties to encounter in making his escape as I; besides, he was a prisoner for a real crime, and I upon an unjust accusation. He meant to boast to the governor only of his having been a brave and gallant fellow in his youth, but at the same time he discovered his villany unknown to himself. He then said to the governor—"Go to Benvenuto, and desire him to let you know who assisted him in making his escape; let him be who he will, Benvenuto may depend upon being pardoned himself, and of that you may freely assure him."

The governor, who had two days before been made Bishop of Jesi, came to me in consequence of the order from the Pope, and addressed me in these terms: "My friend Benvenuto, though my office is of such a nature that it shocks and terrifies men, I come to encourage you and dispel your fears, and

that by authority of his holiness, who has told me that he made his escape himself out of the castle of St. Angelo, but that he had been assisted by several associates, otherwise he could not have effected his purpose. I swear to you by the sacrament that I have just now received, and it is but two days since I was consecrated bishop, that the Pope has discharged and pardoned you, and that he is sorry for your sufferings; therefore endeavour to recover your health, and you will find that all has happened to you is for the best; and that the confinement which you have suffered, though innocent, will be the making of you for ever: for you will thereby emerge from your poverty, and not be obliged to return to France, or to endure any distresses in foreign countries. So freely tell me how the whole affair passed, and who assisted you in your escape; then be comforted, indulge yourself in repose, and endeavour to recover your health." I thereupon began my story from the beginning, delivered a circumstantial account of the whole affair exactly as it happened, and gave him all the tokens of the truth of my narrative that I could possibly think of, not forgetting even the poor waterman that had taken me upon his ass. The governor, having heard my story to the end, said—"You have achieved too many great things for one person: somebody should have shared with you the glory of so noble an exploit." So, taking me by the hand, he said to me—"Be of good cheer: by this hand you are free, and shall be a happy man." He thereupon withdrew, and I was obliged all the while to make a considerable number of the nobility and gentry wait; (for they were every day coming to see me, as a man that in a manner had worked miracles;) these afterwards staid with me, and some of them made me promises, whilst others loaded me with presents. In the



mean time the governor of Rome repaired to the Pope, and related to him all that he had heard from me; Signor Pier-Luigi, the Pope's son, happened to be then present; and both he, and all who heard the story, expressed the utmost astonishment. The Pope said—"This is certainly one of the most extraordinary events that ever happened." Signor Pier-Luigi, then interposing, said—"Most holy father, if you set at liberty this man, he will do something else still more daring, for he is one of the boldest and most audacious of mortals; I must tell you of another exploit of his which you have not heard of. This favourite of yours, Benvenuto, happening before his confinement to have some words with a gentleman belonging to Cardinal Santa Fiore, (words occasioned by some trifling thing said by that gentleman to this fellow,) Benvenuto answered boldly as if he intended to challenge his adversary. The gentleman having informed Cardinal Santa Fiore of all that had passed, the latter said, that if he once took Benvenuto in hand, he would soon find means to tame him. Upon hearing this, Benvenuto got in readiness a fowling-piece with which he often shoots at a mark; and the cardinal happening one day to look out at a window, (the shop of Benvenuto being under his palace,) the latter took his fowling-piece, and was going to fire at the cardinal, who, being apprised of his intention, instantly quitted the place; Benvenuto thereupon, in order to conceal his purpose, took aim at a pigeon which was hatching its eggs in a hole upon the roof of the palace, and hit it on the head: this whole affair has something in it almost incredible. Your holiness may now act as you think proper with respect to the man. I thought it a duty incumbent on me to tell you what I knew. He may possibly one day, in a persuasion that he

was imprisoned unjustly, take it into his head to fire at your holiness : he is a man of too bold and audacious a spirit : when he killed Pompeo, he gave him two stabs with a dagger in the throat, though he was surrounded by ten of his friends, and then made his escape, to the great infamy of those ten, though they were men of worth and reputation." Whilst he was saying this, the gentleman belonging to the Cardinal Santa Fiore, with whom I had the dispute, happened to be present, and confirmed to the Pope all that his son had related. The pontiff swelled with indignation, but said nothing.

I should be wanting to myself, were I to neglect giving a true and impartial account of all that passed on the above occasion. This gentleman belonging to Cardinal Santa Fiore one day came to me, and put into my hand a little gold ring which was all over sullied with quicksilver, bidding me clean it with all possible expedition. As I had then upon my hands several works of the utmost importance both in gold and jewels, I was piqued at being commanded in that peremptory manner by one that I had never seen or spoke to before ; and telling him that I was then busy, I bid him go to somebody else. The other without more ado called me an ass : I told him that he was mistaken, for I was in every respect as good a man as himself, and that if he provoked me too far, he should find I could kick worse than any ass. The gentleman told the cardinal his story, exaggerating and misrepresenting the affair in such a manner as to make it appear in a most terrible light. Two days after, I shot behind the palace at a wild pigeon that was hatching its eggs in a hole : I had several times before seen one John Francesco della Tacca, a Milanese goldsmith, shoot at the same pigeon without killing it. The day that I discharged my piece, the pigeon happened

to just show its head, being suspicious and in fear, from having so often been shot at before: as John Francesco and I vied with each other in shooting at a mark, some gentlemen and friends of mine, who were in my shop, showed me the pigeon, and said—"Yonder is the bird which John Francesco so often shot at and always missed; do but observe, the poor creature is so timorous and suspicious, that it scarce ventures to show its head." I then looked up, and said—"That head is mark enough for me to take aim at and kill the pigeon; if I had but just time to take aim cleverly, I should be sure of bringing it down." The gentlemen then said, "That the very inventor of fowling-pieces would not hit such a mark." To this I answered—"Go for a pitcher of our good host Palombo's Greek wine, and just stay till I charge my broccardo, (so I called my fowling-piece,) and I will engage to hit that little bit of a head which peeps out of yonder hole." I that instant took aim, and performed all I had promised, without thinking of the cardinal or any body else; on the contrary, I took it for granted that the cardinal was my patron and friend. It appears from hence what a variety of means fortune has recourse to, when she is bent on a man's destruction.

The Pope, who was provoked and angry at what he had heard from his son, revolved it seriously in his mind: two days after, Cardinal Cornaro went to ask his holiness for a bishopric for one of his gentlemen, named Signor Andrea Centano. It is true the Pope had promised him the first bishopric that should become vacant; he did not therefore offer to retract, but acknowledging that he had made such a promise, told the cardinal he would let him have the bishopric on condition of his doing him one favour, which was that he would again

deliver Benvenuto into his hands. The cardinal cried out—"What will the world say of it, since your holiness has pardoned him! And as you have consigned him over to my care, what will the people of Rome say of your holiness and of me?" The Pope replied—"I must insist upon having Benvenuto, if you have a mind to the bishopric; and let people talk as they will." The good cardinal desired that his holiness would give him the bishopric, and that he might afterwards do as he thought proper. The Pope, appearing to be almost ashamed of the violation of his faith, said—"I will send to you for Benvenuto, and for my own satisfaction put him into certain apartments of the privy-garden, where he may recover at leisure; take proper care of his health, and his friends shall be at liberty to visit him: I will myself bear all his expences till he is thoroughly recovered." The cardinal came home, and sent me word, by the person in whose behalf he had applied for the bishopric, that the Pope would fain have me again in his hands, and that he intended to keep me in one of the ground-floor apartments belonging to the privy-garden, where I might receive the visits of the nobility and gentry and of all my friends in the same manner I had done at his house. I then requested Signor Andrea to desire the cardinal not to surrender me to the Pope, but to leave the rest to me; adding, "That I intended to get myself wrapped up in a mat, and carried to a place of safety at a distance from Rome; for in delivering me up to the Pope he would consign me to certain destruction." The cardinal when he heard this, was upon the point of complying with my desire; but Signor Andrea, who was to have the bishopric, discovered the whole affair. In the mean time the Pope sent for me all on a sudden, and caused me to be put into one of

the ground-floor apartments belonging to his privy-garden, as he said he would. The cardinal sent me word not to eat any thing dressed in the Pope's kitchen, for he would supply me from his own table; at the same time he assured me that he could not possibly avoid acting as he had done, begged I would make myself entirely easy, and promised that he would contrive to procure me my liberty by some means or other.

Whilst I was in this situation, I was every day visited by many persons of condition, and received from them several valuable presents and offers of service; victuals were sent me by the Pope, but these I would never touch, instead of which I ate of those sent me by the Cardinal Cornaro; this rule I constantly observed. Amongst my other friends there was a young Greek, about five-and-twenty years of age: he was an active clever young fellow, and the best swordsman at that time in Rome: he seemed somewhat defective in point of courage, but was faithful, virtuous, and very easy to be persuaded. Having therefore heard what the Pope had said at first, and that he afterwards spoke in quite a different style, I opened myself to this young Greek in the following manner: "My dear friend, these people are bent on taking away my life, so that now is the time to assist me; they think I do not perceive that whilst they show me such external acts of civility, it is all with an intention to betray me." The good youth made answer—"My friend Benvenuto, a report prevails all over Rome that the Pope has given you a place worth five hundred crowns a year; I therefore beg you would not suffer yourself to be so far swayed by your suspicions as to forfeit so great an emolument." But all this made no impression on me; still I beseeched him to take me out of that place, being thoroughly

convinced, that though the Pope had it in his power to do me great favours, he intended to injure me all he could under hand, consistently with his honour: I therefore urged him to be as expeditious as possible in rescuing me from such an enemy; adding, that if he would release me from my confinement in the manner I should point out, I should always consider myself as indebted to him for the preservation of my life, and should, when occasion offered, gladly venture it in his service. The poor young fellow replied, with tears in his eyes—"My dear friend, you are bent on your own destruction, but I cannot refuse complying with your desire; so tell me how you would have me proceed, and I will do whatever you require, though much against my inclination." Thus we were at last agreed, and I told him in what method to proceed, and what measures to adopt; so that we should have found it a very easy matter to carry our design into execution. When I thought he was on the point of performing all that he had promised, he came to tell me that for my own sake he must disobey me; adding, that he had been informed by those who were near the Pope's person of the real state of my case; insomuch that I, who had no other means of effecting my purpose, remained forlorn and in despair. This happened on Corpus Christi day, in the year 1539. Our dispute being over, and night approaching, there was brought me from the Pope's kitchen a great quantity of provisions, and at the same time I received plenty from Cardinal Cornaro; several of my friends happening to be with me, I invited them to stay to supper; they consented, and I spent the evening cheerfully, keeping my leg wrapped up in the bed-clothes: about an hour after sunset, they took their leave of me; and two of my servants, having put me to bed, re-

tired to the antiehamber. I had a shock dog as black as a mulberry, who was of great use to me when I went a fowling, for he never would quit me a moment; as he happened in the night to be under my bed, I called to the servants to take him away, because he kept howling most hideously: when the servants came, the dog flew at them like a tiger; they were frightened out of their wits at this, and under terrible apprehensions that the creature was mad, from its incessant howling. This lasted till one in the morning: as soon as the clock struck the hour, the captain of the city guards entered my apartment with a considerable number of his followers; the dog then came from under the bed, flew at them with great fury, tore their cloaks and their spatterdashes, and put them into so great a fright that they thought he was mad. But the captain, being a man of experience, said—"Such is the nature of faithful dogs, that they, by a sort of instinct, foreknow and proclaim any misfortune that is to befall their masters; let two of you take sticks and defend yourselves from the dog; let the rest seize Benvenuto, bind him fast to that seat, and carry him you know where." The guards obeyed their order; I was covered and wrapped up; while four of them walked on before the rest, to disperse the few people who might happen to be still walking in the streets.

In this manner they conveyed me to a prison called the Tower of Mona; and putting me into that part of it assigned to condemned criminals, laid me upon a piece of a mat, and left one of the fellows to watch me: this man all the night lamented my hard fate, saying—"Alas! poor Benvenuto, what have you done to offend these people?" So I quickly conjectured what was to be my lot, as well from the circumstance of my being confined

in such a place, as because my guard had apprised me of it. I continued part of that night in the utmost anxiety of mind, vainly endeavouring to guess for what cause it had pleased God to afflict me; and not being able to discover it, I beat my breast with despair. The guard did the best he could to comfort me; but I begged of him, for the love of God, to leave me to myself and say no more, as I should sooner and more easily compose myself by my own endeavours: he promised he would do as I desired. I then turned my whole heart to God, and devoutly prayed that it would please him to afford me his divine aid, though I could not help lamenting my hard fate: I thought my escape was justifiable, and even innocent, according to all laws both divine and human; and though I had sometimes been guilty of manslaughter, yet as his vicar upon earth had recalled me from my own country, and confirmed my pardon by his authority, and all that I had done was in defence of the body which his Divine Majesty had given me, I did not see how I could in any sense be thought to deserve death: my case indeed appeared to be much the same with that of those unfortunate persons who, whilst they are walking the streets, are killed by the falling of a stone upon their heads. This is often owing to the influence of the stars; no that they conspire to do us either good or mischief, but it proceeds from their conjunctions, to which we are all said to be subject. I know indeed with certainty, that if my faith were as strong and lively as it should be, angels would be sent from heaven to deliver me out of this prison, and to relieve me from all the distresses I groan under; but as I do not think myself worthy of being so highly favoured by the Divine Power, the stars must shed all their baleful influence on my devoted head. Having continued

in this agitation of mind some time, I at last composed myself and fell asleep. As soon as it was morning, my guard awaked me, and said—"Oh unfortunate though virtuous man! this is no time for you to sleep, for here comes the messenger of dismal tidings." To this I answered—"The sooner I am delivered from the prison of this world, the better, especially as I am sure of salvation, being unjustly put to death. The glorified and divine Jesus makes me a companion to his disciples and friends who suffer death without a cause; and I return thanks to the Almighty for the favour. Why does not the person come who is to pronounce my sentence?" The guard made answer—"He is grieved on your account, and even now weeps your approaching fate." I then called to him by his name, which was Benedetto da Cagli: "Draw near, Benedetto, now that I am ready and prepared for my latter end; it is much more for my glory that I should die innocent, than if I were to suffer for my crimes. Come hither, and let me have a priest to talk with for a while before my exit; though I have indeed but little occasion for such assistance, as I have already made my confession to the Almighty: I desire it merely in compliance with the will of our holy mother the church; for though she has cruelly wronged me, I freely forgive her. Therefore approach, my dear Benedetto, and dispatch me whilst I am resigned and willing to receive my sentence." When I had uttered these words, honest Benedetto bid the guard lock the door, as he was obliged to quit the prison for a time. He went directly to Pier-Luigi's lady, who was in company with the duchess abovementioned; and as soon as he was come into their presence, he addressed her thus: "I request it of you, most illustrious patroness, for the love of God, that you

would send to the Pope to desire him to appoint another person to pronounce Benvenuto's sentence, and do the office that I was to have done; for I renounce it, and nothing shall ever prevail on me to comply with such orders." Having thus delivered his sentiments, he departed with the greatest demonstrations of sorrow and concern. The duchess exclaimed with an air of indignation—"Is this the justice administered in Rome by God's vicar upon earth? The duke my first husband greatly patronised this man on account of his abilities and his virtues, and would not let him return to Rome, because he took great delight in his company." Having spoke thus, she left the place muttering, and expressing the highest disapprobation of the Pope's proceedings. Thereupon Pier-Luigi's lady, who was called Signora Jeronima, repaired to his holiness, and falling upon her knees in the presence of several cardinals, pleaded my cause with such eloquence, that the Pope was covered with confusion, and said—"For your sake, madam, we will proceed no farther against him; not that we were ever bent on his destruction." The Pope delivered himself thus, because the cardinals who were present had heard the words of that noble-spirited lady. I continued in prison in a most terrible agitation, my heart beating violently with terror; and even the men who were to perform the cruel office of executioners were in some disorder; at last dinner-time approached, when all present departed, and I had my victuals brought me: at this sight I said with surprise—"Now indeed truth has been too powerful for the malignant influence of the stars! I therefore intreat the Almighty that he would deliver me from this danger, if it be his divine pleasure." I then began to eat with an appetite; for as I had at first bore up with resolution

against my unrelenting fate, I now conceived an animating hope that all would be well. Having dined heartily, I remained without seeing or hearing any thing till an hour after sunset. Just at that time the captain of the city guards came with a considerable number of his followers, who put me again upon the same seat on which I had been conveyed the evening before to that prison; he spoke to me in the most kind and obliging manner, and bidding me banish all fear, commanded his followers to take care of me, and in particular to avoid touching my broken leg. Thus they carried me to the castle from whence I had made my escape, and when we had ascended pretty high, to a little court, there they left me.

CHAPTER XIII.

Account of the horrid barbarities which the Author undergoes during his confinement.—His great resignation under his afflictions.—Wonderful vision denoting his speedy deliverance.—He writes a sonnet upon his distress, which softens the heart of the constable of the castle towards his prisoner.—Death of the constable.—Signor Durante attempts to poison Cellini, who escapes death in an extraordinary manner through the avarice of an indigent jeweller.

Soon after, the constable of the castle, though diseased and afflicted, caused himself to be carried to the place where I was confined, and said to me—"So, have I got you again?" "'Tis true you have," answered I; "but you see I escaped out of your clutches; and if I had not been sold under the papal faith, for a bishopric, by a Venetian cardinal and a Roman of the Farnese family, both of whom in so doing violated the most sacred laws, you never would have had this opportunity to insult me: but since they have introduced that bad practice, you may do your worst likewise, for I mind nothing more in this world." The poor gentleman then began to make terrible exclamations, crying out—"So! so! this man makes nothing either of living or dying, and is more daring and presumptuous in his present condition than when he was well; put him there under the garden, and mention not his name any more to me, for he is the cause of my death." I was accordingly carried to a very dark room under the garden, where there was a great quantity of water, full of tarantulas and other

poisonous insects; a mattress was thrown me, covered with a blanket; and that evening I had no supper, but was fast locked in, and so I continued till the next day; at three in the afternoon my dinner was brought, and I desired those who came with it to let me have some of my books, that I might amuse myself with reading; they made me no answer, but mentioned my request to the poor constable, who was desirous to know every thing I said. The next morning they brought me a bible of mine in the vulgar tongue, with another book containing the chronicles of Villani; upon my asking for some other books, I was told that I should have no more, and that I had had too many already. Thus wretchedly did I drag my time, lying upon the rotten mattress above-mentioned: in three days every thing in the room was under water; so that I could hardly stir an inch, as my leg was broken; and when I wanted to get out of bed to ease myself, I was obliged to crawl along with great difficulty, that I might not void my excrements at the place where I slept. For about an hour and a half of the day I enjoyed a little of the reflected light of the sun, which entered my wretched cell by a very small aperture, and that was all the time I had to read; I passed the remainder both of the day and night patiently in the dark, revolving in my mind the most serious thoughts on God, and on the frail condition of human nature; I had scarce any doubt but I should there in a few days end my miserable life. I however made myself as easy as I could, and was comforted with the reflection, that it would be much worse to feel the excruciating pangs which must have been the unavoidable consequence of suicide; whereas, in my circumstances at that time, I passed away my life in a sort of dose, which was much more agreeable than

my former situation : thus by degrees I found my spirits so far broken, that my constitution became habituated to this purgatory. When I found myself thus reconciled to my condition, I formed a resolution to bear up under my unhappy lot as well as I could. I began the bible from the beginning, and perused it every day with so much attention, and took such delight in it, that if it had been in my power, I should have done nothing else but read : but as soon as the light failed me, I felt all the misery of my confinement, and grew so impatient, that I several times was going to lay violent hands upon myself ; however, as I was not allowed a knife, I had not the means of carrying my design into execution. I once, notwithstanding, contrived to place a thick plank of wood over my head, and propped it in such a manner, that if it had fallen upon me, it would instantly have crushed me to death ; but when I had put the whole pile in readiness, and was just going to loosen the plank, and let it fall upon my head, I was seized by something invisible, pushed four cubits from the place, and terrified to such a degree that I was become almost insensible. In this condition I remained from break of day till three in the afternoon, when my dinner was brought me : the persons that attended me must have been with me several times before I perceived them ; for when I at last saw that they were there, Captain Sandrino Monaldi entered the cell, and I heard him say—" Unfortunate man, what a pity it is that such virtue should have such an end ! " Upon hearing these words I opened my eyes, and saw several priests in their sacerdotal robes, who cried out aloud—" How came you to tell us that he was dead ? " Bozza made answer—" I found him so, and therefore made that declaration. " They immediately removed me from the place where I lay, and taking

the mattress, which was quite rotten, threw it out of the cell; upon telling the constable what they had seen, he ordered me another mattress. Having afterwards reflected within myself what it could be that prevented me from carrying my design into execution, I took it for granted that it was some divine power, or in other words my guardian angel. There afterwards in the night appeared to me in a dream a wonderful being, which in form resembled a beautiful youth, and said to me in a reprimanding tone—"Do you know who gave you that body, which you would have destroyed before the time of its dissolution?" My imagination was impressed as if I had answered that I acknowledged to have received it from the great God of nature. "Do you then," replied he, "despise his gifts, that you attempt to deface and destroy them? Trust in his providence, and never give way to despair whilst his divine assistance is at hand:" with many more admirable exhortations, of which I cannot now recollect the thousandth part. I began to reflect within myself that this angelical apparition had spoken the truth; so having cast my eyes around the prison, I perceived a few rotten bricks, which I rubbed together, and made of them a sort of a mash; I then crawled along as well as I could to the door of the prison, and gnawed with my teeth till I had unloosed a splinter: this done, I waited for the time that the light shone into my cell, which was from half an hour past four till half an hour past five; and then I began to write the best I could with the composition above-mentioned, upon one of the blank leaves of my bible, and reproved my soul, which scorned to continue any longer in this world; and it answered my body, excusing itself the best it could; the body then suggested hopes that all would be well. Thus did I write a dialogue between

my soul and body, the purport of which was as follows:—

Body. Say, plaintive and desponding soul,
Why thus so loth on earth to stay?

Soul. In vain we strive 'gainst heaven's controul;
Since life's a pain, let's haste away.

Body. Ah, wing not hence thy rapid flight;
Content thyself, nor fate deplore;
New scenes of joy and pure delight
Heaven still for thee may have in store.

Soul. I then consent to stay awhile,
Freedom once more in hopes to gain,
The rest of life with ease beguile,
And dread no more the rattling chain.

Having at length recovered my strength and vigour, after I had composed myself and resumed my cheerfulness of mind, I continued to read my bible, and so used my eyes to that darkness, that though I was at first able to read only an hour and a half, I could at length read three hours: I then reflected on the wonderful power of the Almighty upon the hearts of weak and simple men, who had carried their enthusiasm so far as to believe firmly that God would indulge them in all they wished for; and I promised myself the assistance of the Most High, as well through his mercy as on account of my innocence. Thus turning constantly to the Supreme Being, sometimes in prayer, sometimes in silent meditations on the divine goodness, I was totally engrossed by these heavenly reflections, and came to take such delight in pious meditations, that I no longer thought of past misfortunes; on the contrary, I was all day singing psalms and many other compositions of mine, in which I celebrated and praised the Deity. At this time nothing gave me so much pain and torment as my nails, which

grew to a most immoderate length : I could not touch myself without being cut by them ; neither was I able to put on my clothes, because they at that time pricked and gave me the most exquisite pain. My teeth likewise rotted in my mouth, and this I perceived, because the foul teeth being pushed forward by the sound ones, and at last obstructing the gums, the stumps came beyond their sockets ; when I saw this, I pulled them as it were out of a scabbard, without any pain or effusion of blood : in this manner I got them out pretty easily. Then being reconciled to my other sufferings, one time I sung, another time I played, and sometimes wrote with the compound of brick-dust : I began a few stanzas in praise of the prison, in which I related all the accidents that had befallen me ; these stanzas shall be inserted in their proper place.

The worthy constable of the castle sent several times privately to inquire how I went on ; on the last of July I expressed great joy, recollecting the festival which is generally celebrated at Rome on the first of August ; and I said within myself, " Hitherto I have kept this delightful holiday in worldly vanity ; this year I will keep it with the Almighty : " at the same time I reflected how much happier I was at this festival than at any of the former. The spies who heard me express these sentiments, repeated them to the constable, who said with surprise and indignation—" Good God ! this man triumphs and lives happily in distress, while I am miserable in the midst of affluence, and suffer death on his account ! Go directly, and put him into the deepest subterranean cell of the castle, in which the preacher Fojano was starved to death ; perhaps, when he sees himself in so wretched a situation, he may at last come to himself." All on a sudden Captain Sandrino Monaldi entered my cell,

attended by about twenty of the constable's servants; who found me upon my knees praying; I never once turned about nor took any notice of them; on the contrary, I worshipped God the Father, surrounded with a host of angels, and Christ rising victorious over death, which I had drawn upon the wall with a piece of charcoal that I had picked off the ground. After four months that I had been obliged to keep my bed with my broken leg, and so often dreamed that angels came to cure it, I was at length become quite hearty, as if it had never been broken at all. Hence it was that a band of armed men rushed in upon me at once, seeming, nevertheless, to dread me as a poisonous dragon. The captain said to me—"You see there is a strong body of us, and we have made noise enough upon entering the cell; why then did you not turn about?" At these words I guessed the worst that could befall me, and being long inured to sufferings, I made this answer: "To God the king of heaven have I turned my soul, my contemplation, and all my vital spirits—and to you I have turned exactly what suits you; for what is good in me you are neither able to see nor touch; so do whatever you please to that part of me which is in your power." The captain then, quite frightened, and not knowing what I intended to do, said to four of the boldest of his followers, "Get all of you your arms in readiness." As soon as they had done so, he cried out to them—"Fall on him quickly, and seize him; were he the devil himself, we should not be so much afraid of him: hold him fast, and do not suffer him to escape." I, being thus roughly handled and ill treated, expected much worse than what afterwards befell me; I therefore lifted up my heart to Christ, and said—"Oh just God! thou who upon that high tree didst expiate all our sins, why is my innocence

to suffer for offences that I am ignorant of? Nevertheless thy will be done." Whilst they were carrying me off with a lighted torch, I thought they intended to throw me into the sink of Sammalo; that is the name of a frightful place where many have been swallowed up alive, by falling from thence into a well under the foundations of the castle. As this happened not to be my lot, I thought myself very fortunate; they however put me into the dismal cell in which Fojano was starved to death, and there they left me without doing any farther harm. As soon as I found myself alone, I began to sing the following psalms:—

"Out of the depths I have cried unto thee, O Lord," &c.

"Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness," &c.

"Truly my soul waiteth upon God," &c.

That whole day, which was the first of August, I solemnised with God; and my heart continually exulted with faith and hope. In two days they took me out of that dungeon, and carried me again to the cell where I had drawn the figures above-mentioned; when I came there, the sight of the images on the wall made me weep with joy and gladness of heart. The constable after that wanted every day to know what I did and what I said. The Pope, having heard all that had passed, and that the physicians had already despaired of the constable's recovery, said—"Before my constable departs this life, as Benvenuto is the cause of his untimely fate, I shall be pleased to hear of his putting that fellow to death in what manner he thinks proper." The constable, having been informed of this speech by Pier-Luigi, said to him—"Is the Pope then willing that I should wreak my revenge on Benvenuto? and does he put him into my power? If he does,

leave me to manage him; I shall know how to wreak a proper revenge." As the Pope had borne me the utmost malice and ill-will, so the anger and resentment of the constable were now turned with equal fury against me. Just at this juncture the invisible being that had prevented my laying violent hands upon myself, came to me, still invisible, but spoke with an audible voice, shook me, made me rise up, and said—"Benvenuto! Benvenuto! lose no time, raise your heart to God in fervent devotion, and cry to him with the utmost vehemence!" Being seized with a sudden consternation, I fell upon my knees, and said several prayers, together with the whole psalm,

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High," &c.

I then, as it were, spoke with God for awhile; and in an instant the same voice, altogether clear and audible, said to me—"Take your repose, and now fear nothing." The reason of this was, that the constable had given cruel and bloody orders to have me put to death, but all on a sudden revoked them, saying to himself—"Is not this Benvenuto, whose cause I have so often espoused, whom I know with certainty to be innocent, and to have suffered all that has been inflicted on him unjustly? How can I expect that God should have mercy upon me, and forgive me my sins, if I do not show mercy to those that have offended me? And why should I hurt a man of worth, who has served me and done me honour? Go tell him, that instead of putting him to death, I grant him his life and liberty, and shall direct in my will, that no one shall sue him for the expenses he has been at in this place." When the Pope heard this, he was highly offended.

I continued to put up my usual prayers, kept writing my stanzas, and began to have every night the most joyful and encouraging dreams imaginable; I likewise constantly thought myself visibly in the company of this divine person whom I had often heard whilst invisible; I asked but one favour of him, that he would carry me where I could see the sun, telling him that was of all things what I desired most, and that if I could see it but once, I should die contented, and without repining at any of the miseries and tortures I had gone through; for I was now inured to every hardship, and nothing gave me any farther uneasiness. Some of the constable's over-zealous servants had been in expectation that he would have hanged me, as he himself had threatened, from the very same niched battlement which I had descended; but when they saw that he had entirely altered his mind, they were highly mortified, and were continually trying by one artifice or another to put me in fear of my life. But as I have already observed, I was now so familiarised to these things, that none of them terrified me in the least, or had any effect upon my mind; the strongest and almost only desire which animated my breast, was an earnest longing to see the sun, the golden orb of day! So, continuing to pray with the same earnestness and fervour of devotion to Jesus Christ, I thus delivered myself: "Oh thou true Son of God! I beseech thee by thy birth, by thy death upon the cross, and by thy glorious resurrection, that thou wouldst deem me worthy to see the sun, in my dreams at least, if it cannot be otherwise! But if thou thinkest me worthy of seeing it with these mortal eyes, I promise to visit thee at thy holy sepulchre!" These vows did I make, and these prayers did I put up to God, on the second of

October, 1539. When the next morning came, I awoke at day-break, almost an hour before sunrise; and having quitted my wretched couch, I put on a waistcoat, as it began to be cool, and prayed with greater devotion than ever I had done before: I earnestly intreated Christ that he would be graciously pleased to favour me with a divine inspiration, to let me know for what offence I was so severely punished; and since his Divine Majesty did not think me fit to behold the sun, even in a dream, I beseeched him by his power and his goodness that he would at least deem me worthy of knowing the cause of such rigorous chastisement. When I had uttered these words, my invisible guide hurried me away, like a whirlwind, to an apartment where he unveiled himself to me in a human form, having the figure of a youth with the first down upon his cheeks, and of a most beautiful countenance, on which a particular gravity was conspicuous: he then showed me innumerable figures upon the walls of the apartment, and said to me—“All those men whom you see thus represented, are such as have here finished their mortal career.” I then asked him, “Why he brought me thither?” To this he answered—“Come forward, and you will soon know the reason.” I happened to have in my hand a little dagger, and on my back a coat of mail; so he led me through that spacious apartment, and showing me those who travelled several ways to the distance of an infinite number of miles, he conducted me forward, went out at a little door into a place which appeared like a narrow street, and pulled me after him: upon coming out of the spacious apartment into this street, I found myself unarmed, and in a white shirt, without any thing on my head, standing at the right of my companion. When I saw myself in this situation, I was in great

astonishment, because I did not know what street I was in : so lifting up my eyes, I saw a high wall on which the sun darted his refulgent rays. I then said—"Oh my friend, how shall I contrive to raise myself so as to be able to see the sphere of the sun?" He thereupon showed me several steps which were upon my right hand, and bid me ascend them. Having gone to a little distance from him, I mounted several of those steps backwards, and began by little and little to see the approaching sun. I ascended as fast as I could in the manner above-mentioned, so that I at last discovered the whole solar orb : and because its powerful rays dazzled me, I, upon perceiving the cause of it, opened my eyes, and looking steadfastly on the great luminary, exclaimed—"Oh brilliant sun ! whom I have so long wished to behold ; I from henceforward desire to view no other object, though the fierce lustre of thy beams quite overpowers and blinds me." In this manner I stood with my eyes fixed on the sun ; and after I had continued thus wrapped up for some time, I saw the whole force of his rays united fall on the left side of his orb ; and the rays being removed, I with great delight and equal astonishment contemplated the body of the glorious luminary, and could not but consider the centering of its beams upon the left as a most extraordinary phenomenon. I meditated profoundly on the divine grace which had manifested itself to me this morning, and thus raised my voice : "Oh wonderful power ! Oh glorious influence divine ! How much more bounteous art thou to me than I expected !" The sun divested of his rays appeared a bath of purest melted gold. Whilst I gazed on this noble phenomenon, I saw the centre of the sun swell and bulge out, and in a moment there appeared a Christ upon the cross, formed of the self-same matter as the sun ; and so

gracious and pleasing was his aspect, that no human imagination could ever form so much as a faint idea of such beauty. As I was contemplating this glorious apparition, I cried out aloud—"A miracle! a miracle! Oh God! Oh clemency divine! Oh goodness infinite! what mercies dost thou lavish on me this morning!" At the very time that I thus meditated and uttered these words, the figure of Christ began to move towards the side where the rays were concentrated, and the middle of the sun swelled and bulged out as at first: the protuberance, having increased considerably, was at last converted into the figure of a beautiful Virgin Mary, who appeared to sit with her son in her arms in a graceful attitude, and even to smile; she stood between two angels, of so divine a beauty that imagination could not even form an idea of such perfection. I likewise saw, in the same sun, a figure dressed in sacerdotal robes: this figure turned its back to me, and looked towards the Blessed Virgin holding Christ in her arms. All these things I clearly and plainly saw, and with a loud voice continued to return thanks to the Almighty. This wonderful phenomenon, having appeared before me about eight minutes, vanished from my sight, and I was instantly conveyed back to my couch. I then began to make loud exclamations, crying out thus—"It has pleased the Almighty to reveal to me all his glory in a splendor which perhaps no mortal eye ever before beheld; hence I know that I am free, happy, and in favour with God; as for you, unhappy wretches, you will continue in disgrace with him. Know that I am certain that on All Saints day, on which I was born in 1500, the night of the first of November, exactly at twelve o'clock,—know, I say, that on the anniversary of that day you will be obliged to take me out of this dismal cell; for I have seen it with my

eyes, and it was prefigured on the throne of God. The priest, who looked towards Christ, and had his back turned to me, was St Peter, who pleaded my cause, and appeared to be quite ashamed that such cruel insults should be offered to Christians in his house. So proclaim it everywhere, that no one has any farther power to hurt me; and tell the Pope, that if he will supply me with wax or paper to represent the glorious vision sent to me from heaven, I will certainly do it."

The constable, though his physicians had entirely given him over, had recovered a sound mind, and got the better of all those whims and vapours which used to torment him yearly; so he gave his whole attention to his soul; and as he felt great remorse of conscience on my account, and was of opinion that I had been from the beginning, and still continued to be, most cruelly injured, he informed the Pope of the extraordinary things which I declared to have seen. The pontiff (who neither believed in God, nor in any other article of religion) sent him word that I was mad, and advised him to think no more about me, but mind the salvation of his own soul. The constable, having received this answer, sent some of his people to comfort me, and likewise ordered me pen, ink, paper, and wax, with the proper implements to work in wax; as well as his best respects and most courteous expressions of kindness, repeated to me by some of his servants who were my well-wishers. These people were indeed in every respect the very reverse of his wicked domestics, and others who were for having me put to death. I took the paper and the wax, fell to work, and at my leisure wrote the following sonnet, inscribed to the worthy constable:—

SONNET

TO THE

CONSTABLE OF THE CASTLE OF ST ANGELO.

Could I, my lord, convey in labour'd strain
 Some emanation of that light divine
 Which late illum'd my soul, I more should gain,
 Approved by thee, than were an empire mine.

Would heaven it were but to our pentiff told,
 How to my eye his glory Christ reveal'd,
 Glory which human tongue can ne'er unfold!
 Glory from mortal view by clouds conceal'd!

Soon Justice would unbar her iron gate,
 Soon thou wouldst see vile impious Fury bound,
 Wouldst hear her rave at heav'n and cruel fate,
 And with her cries make all th'expanses rebound.

Did I, alas! enjoy the light of day,
 Or were my limbs but free and unconfined;
 I then could heaven's unbounded love display,
 Smile at my pain, to death and fate resign'd:
 The cross I bear would then appear more light,
 And freedom's rays dispel the gloom of night.

The day following, when that servant of the constable, who was my well-wisher, came with my breakfast, I gave him the sonnet; the good man, unknown to his malicious fellow-servants, my enemies, showed it to the constable, who would gladly have released me; being of opinion that the injury done me was in a great measure the cause of his death. He took the sonnet, and having read it several times over, said—"These are not the expressions, nor is this the thought, of a madman, but of a worthy and virtuous person:" he then ordered his secretary to carry it to the Pope, and put into his own hand, at the same time requesting him to set me at liberty.

Whilst the secretary was carrying this sonnet to the Pope, the constable sent me candles both for day and night, with all the conveniences that could be wished for in such a place ; I thereupon began to recover my indisposition, which had increased to a very high pitch. The Pope read the sonnet, and sent word to the constable, that he would soon do something that would please him ; and I make no doubt but he would have been willing to release me, had it not been for his son Pier-Luigi, who caused me to be detained against his father's inclination. Whilst I was drawing a design of the late wonderful miracle, the constable, sensible of the approaches of death on the morning of All-Saints day, sent his nephew Piero Ugolini to me, in order to show me some jewels ; as soon as I saw them, I said within myself, "This is a proof that I shall shortly be at liberty." When I expressed myself to that effect, the young man, who was a person of few words, said to me—"Think no more of that, Benvenuto." "Take away your jewels," replied I, "for I am under so strict a confinement, that I see no light but what glimmers in this gloomy cell, so that I cannot distinguish the quality of precious stones ; but with regard to my releasement from this prison, before this day expires you will come to deliver me from it : this will positively happen as I tell you, and cannot be otherwise." The young man left the cell, having first ordered me to be locked up ; he staid away above two hours, and then returned without any armed men, attended only by two boys to support me ; and in that manner he conducted me to the large apartments which I occupied at first, (I mean in 1538,) at the same time allowing me all the conveniences of accommodation I could desire.

A few days after, the constable, who thought I was released, being quite overpowered by the violence of

his disorder, departed this life; he was succeeded by Signor Antonio Ugolini, his brother, who had made the deceased constable believe that he had discharged me from my confinement. This Signor Antonio, as far as I could understand, was ordered by the Pope to keep me a sort of a prisoner at large, till he should let him know how I was to be disposed of. Signor Durante of Brescia, who has already been spoken of, had entered into a conspiracy with a villain of an apothecary of Prato, to mix some poisonous infusion amongst my food, which was not to operate suddenly, but to produce its effect in four or five months. They at first thought of mixing with my meat the powder of a pounded diamond; this is not poison of itself, but is so excessively hard, that it retains its acute angles; differing from other stones, which when they are pounded entirely lose the sharpness of their particles, and become round; the diamond alone preserves the acuteness of its angles. Hence it follows, that when it enters the stomach with the meat, and the operation of digestion is to be performed, the particles of the diamond stick to the cartilages of the stomach and the bowels; and as the newly received food is impelled forward, the minute parts of the diamond, which adhere to those cartilages, in process of time perforate them; and this causes death: whereas every other sort of stone or glass, when mixed with meat, is incapable of sticking to the coat of the stomach, and of consequence is voided with the food. The rascal Durante gave for this purpose a diamond, of little or no value, to one of the guards belonging to the castle. I was informed that one Lione Aretino, a goldsmith and my inveterate enemy, was employed to pound the diamond; but as this fellow was very indigent, and the diamond was worth several scores of crowns, he gave the guard to understand, that a certain dust

with which he supplied him, was the pounded diamond designed for my destruction. On the day that it was administered to me, they put it into all my victuals, into the sallad, the sauce, and the soup. I ate very heartily, as I had had no supper the night before; and it happened to be a holiday. I indeed felt the meat crash under my teeth, but never once dreamed of the villanous designs of my enemies. When I had done dinner, as there remained a little of the sallad in the dish, I happened to fix my eyes on some of the smallest particles remaining. I immediately took them, and advancing to the window, upon examining them by the light, recollected the unusual crashing above-mentioned; then viewing the particles with attention, I was inclined to think, as far as my eye could judge, that a pounded diamond had been mixed with my victuals. I immediately upon this discovery concluded myself to be a dead man, and with the most heartfelt sorrow had recourse to my devotion. As I thought my death inevitable, I made a long and fervent prayer to the Almighty, thanking his Divine Majesty for so easy a death; and as my stars had so ordered it, I thought it a great happiness that my life was to terminate in that manner. I therefore composed myself with the greatest resignation, and blessed the world and the time that I had lived in it; for I hoped that I was then departing to a better place by the grace of God, which I thought I had perfectly secured. Whilst I revolved these thoughts in my mind, I had in my hand some of the little grains of the supposed diamond.

But as hope is never totally extinct in the human breast, I had still some glimmering of it left; I therefore laid hold of a little knife, and taking some of the small particles above-mentioned, put them upon one of the irons of the prison, then passing

upon them with the point of the knife as hard as I could, I heard the little grains crack; upon this I examined them attentively with my eye, and found that it was really so. Hence I conceived new hopes, and said within myself—"This is not the stone which was intended for me by the villain Durante; it is a small brittle stone, which is not likely to do me any manner of injury;" so, though I had at first formed a resolution not to have recourse to any remedy, but to die in peace, I now altered my mind. But I at first returned thanks to God, and blessed poverty, which, though it often causes death, was on this occasion the preserver of my life; for Durante, my mortal enemy, having given a diamond worth above a hundred crowns to Lione to pound, his poverty made him keep it for himself; and in lieu of it he pounded a counterfeit diamond not worth above twenty-pence, thinking that as that was a stone as well as the other, it was equally likely to do the business.

At this very time the Bishop of Pavia, brother to the Count of St Secondo, called Monsignor Rossi of Parma, was prisoner in the castle. I called to him with a loud voice, telling him that a parcel of villains had given me a pounded diamond with a murderous intention; I then got one of his servants to show him part of the dust which was left on the plate; yet I did not let him know, that what they gave me was no diamond, but maintained that they had certainly poisoned me, knowing that my good friend the constable was dead. I moreover requested him, that for the short time I had to live he would supply me with bread from his table, being determined to eat nothing that came from them for the future: he thereupon promised to furnish me every day with provisions. This bishop was prisoner in the castle on account of certain plots and intrigues

which he had been concerned in at Pavia ; and as he was sincerely my friend, I put an entire confidence in him. Signor Antonio, the new constable, who certainly was not an accomplice in the design upon my life, made a great stir on the occasion, and desired to see the pounded diamond himself, in a persuasion that it was a real diamond ; but thinking that the Pope was at the bottom of the affair, he chose to take no farther notice of it. I was now so circum-spect as to eat only of the victuals which were sent me by the bishop ; and I continued my stanzas on the prison, setting down every day such new events as befell me. Signor Antonio always sent me my victuals by one John, of whom mention has already been made, who had been a journeyman apothecary at Prato, and was then a soldier upon duty at the castle : this man was my inveterate enemy, and it was he that had brought me the pounded diamond. I told him that I would eat nothing that came through his hands, unless he first performed the ceremony of tasting it ; but he answered me with an air, that this ceremony was only for popes. To this I replied, that as gentlemen are obliged to perform the office of tasting for the Pope, so he, who was a soldier, a journeyman apothecary, and a low fellow from Prato, was in duty bound to taste for a Florentine of my character. High words thereupon ensued between us. After this, Signor Antonio, in some confusion for his past conduct, but intending to make me pay the fees and other expenses which his brother had forgiven me, chose another of his servants, who was my friend, to carry me victuals ; and the man readily tasted them for me, without there being any dispute between us. This servant told me every day, that the Pope was constantly solicited by Monsieur de Montluc in the name of the king his master, and that his holiness seemed to be very

unwilling to part with me; he added, that Cardinal Farnese, who had formerly been so much my friend and patron, had declared that I must not think of being released from my confinement in haste: upon hearing this, I affirmed that I should recover my liberty in spite of them all. The worthy youth advised me to be quiet and attempt nothing; but above all to avoid speaking in that style, as it might prove highly prejudicial to my interest, if it came to be known; he at the same time exhorted me to trust in God, and to depend on his Divine Majesty for my deliverance. I made answer—"That the goodness of God secured me from all fear of the injustice of my persecutors."



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